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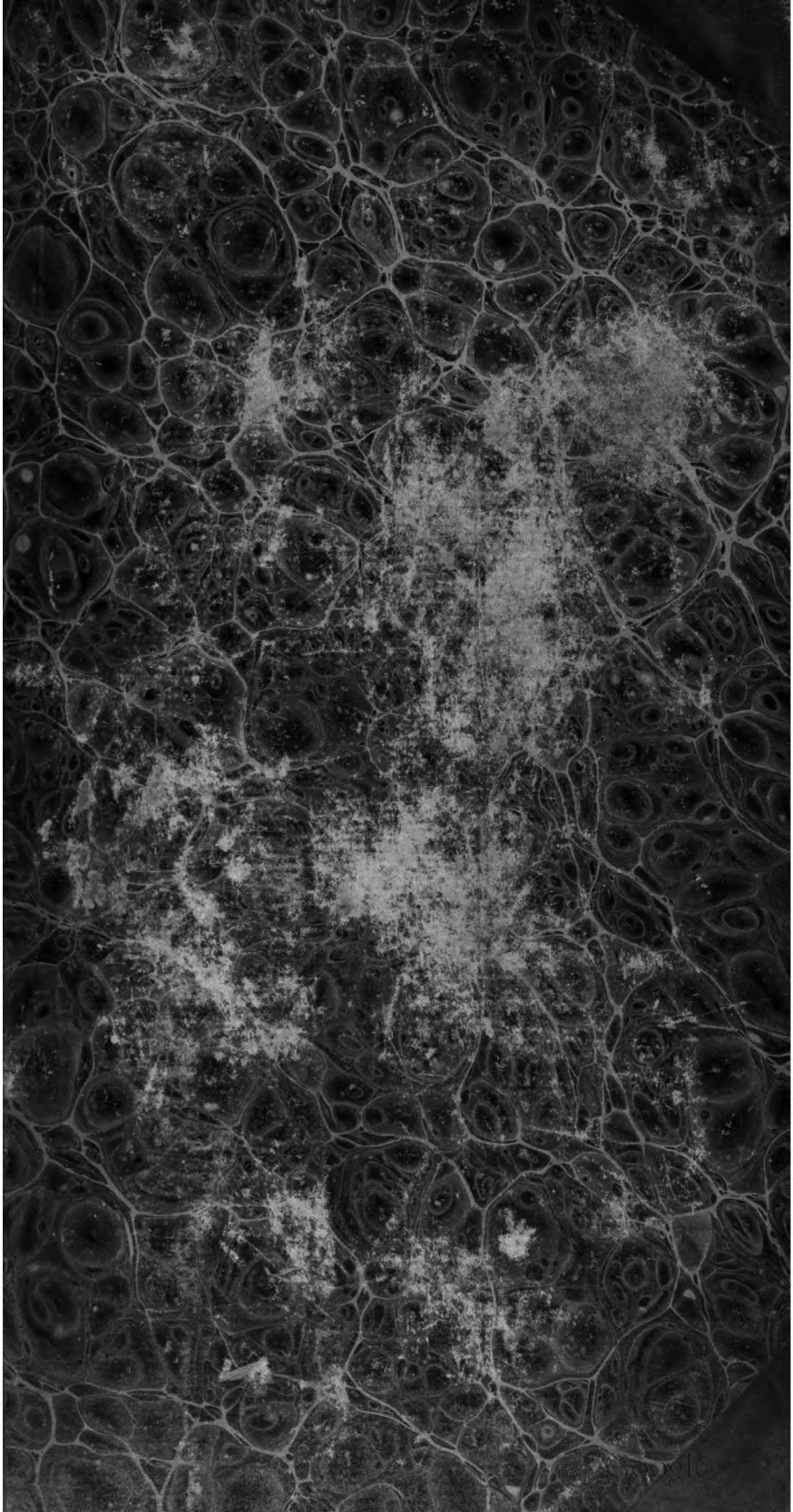
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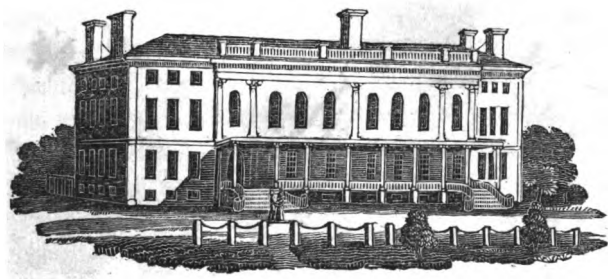
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Elisha R. Potter Jun
Rhodisland
1828

THE
HARVARD REGISTER.

1827-28.

"I wont philosophize and will be read."
BYRON.



CAMBRIDGE:
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1828.

TO VIETNAMESE
ATTENTION
PLEASE

378.1 H26
QH5

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE plan of a periodical journal to be conducted by the members of Harvard University, was first started in February 1827, and was encouraged by the success which an experiment of the same kind had met with, some years before.

The first number of the Harvard Register appeared in March 1827, and has continued for a year, a number being issued every month. It was at first under the direction of three gentlemen of the class which was graduated in 1827, who superintended the publication of the first seven numbers. In August 1827 the editorial department was entrusted to three gentlemen of the class of 1828, with whom, after the publication of the ninth number, six other gentlemen of the same class were associated and formed a Club, by whom the work was conducted till its close in February 1828. The articles, with a few exceptions, have been written by undergraduates in the few leisure moments which could be snatched from more important pursuits, and the pieces not written by undergraduates, were the composition of those who are otherwise connected with the University.

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THE

HARVARD REGISTER.

NO. I.

MARCH, 1827.

INTRODUCTION.

It is now some time, as our subscribers well know, since the design of this work was first formed. We have reflected much and long upon the situation we have taken in regard to the public, and yet we cannot summon philosophy enough to prevent a little awkwardness and embarrassment on our first introduction, which, it is hoped, will be worn away by the familiarity of further acquaintance. Every one knows the singular sensations that are excited by seeing his own lucubrations in print for the first time, even in the corner of a newspaper. What, then, must be *our* feelings, on beholding our meditations ushered into the world in this portentous and alarming form, staring us in our very face from the interior of a decently sized book, with fine paper, fair, broad pages, and printed covers, and all to be read by more than—*a hundred!*

Some will, perhaps, censure us for presuming to appear before the august presence of the public, at this early period of our literary pursuits. We may be told that many wise and experienced pens are already employed to instruct the public mind, and that it is absurd and arrogant in us to expect to add even a *mite* to the general treasury. But we have no expectation of affording any great instruc-

tion to our readers. We shall never pretend to be sages. We have no idea that our words will be listened to with deference, or our opinions accepted as authority, conscious as we are that many of those who will favour our pages with a perusal, are men whose extensive literary attainments have acquired for them a reputation which time will not soon bury in oblivion. To those who take a part in supplying our work, it will be a useful and pleasant way of employing the leisure they can command from other indispensable duties. To a part of our readers it will serve to recall the memory of the pleasant scenes that they participated in while they too were dwelling beneath the roof of our venerable *Alma Mater*. We have had frequent occasion to observe that all the sons of Harvard who are now engaged in the active business of life, or are surrounded by the perils and cares of responsible stations, look back with delight upon the exemption from anxiety, the unrestrained intercourse of friendship, and the almost unmingled happiness that shed a brightness over the halcyon days of college life. By calling up these pleasing reminiscences we may hope to afford gratification to those whose experience and wisdom we cannot of course expect to instruct. To other readers, our work will show how students think, reason, and write; and if perchance there should be among them a luckless wight less wise than ourselves, it will give us sincere satisfaction to help him out of his difficulties.

The essays that appear in our work will necessarily show what are the most prominent objects of attention among us, and thus afford a means of comparing the present with the past. In an institution like this, and in an age and country where improvements of every kind are going rapidly forward, each successive class of students ought to advance somewhat beyond the point attained by their predecessors. Whether or not we have performed our duty in this respect, our readers must judge for themselves.

The seclusion of college life, and devotion to the pursuits of general literature and science, will of course prevent us from entering very often or very deeply into the discussion of those affairs, whose temporary interest calls forth the present activity and energy of the people around us. Yet students are no hermits in New England. Many of us frequently lay

aside the speculations of Plato, the oratory of Demosthenes, the poetic splendors of Homer, and the triangles of Legendre, to assume the looks, the tones, the authority, and that still more efficient instrument, the ferule, of country schoolmasters. By this means we season our visions, theories, and demonstrations, with something of practical, political, and statistical wisdom. Thus our readers must perceive we enjoy opportunities of catching the busy spirit of the age, and of breathing some portion of its life and animation into the calmer and more dispassioned trains of thinking and reasoning, which our retired and uniform habits and literary pursuits would otherwise inspire us with. Besides, the activity and bustle that are urging on all ranks of people around, sometimes penetrate the recesses of this retirement. The stir of the world falls upon our ears like the distant roar of the ocean, and diffuses the animation of its spirit-stirring voice around and among us.

One object with us will be to put our readers in possession of such historical and other information respecting Harvard as it may be proper for us to communicate, and interesting for them to read.

Whenever we shall speak of literary works, it will be from the impressions our own minds have received in perusing and contemplating them. The past history of our country, and its growing literature, the progress the latter has made from time to time in the hands of those who have gone before, and the means that have been employed in improving and advancing it, are, we conceive, some of the most interesting topics that come within the design of a work like the present, and, therefore, as far as we can command the materials, we shall illustrate them by historical disquisitions.

We are aware that those who in times past were engaged in a similar work, counselled all posterity to avoid every thing of the kind. We are aware, too, of the danger of attempting to follow in the high paths where genius has gone before. That we have not adopted their advice must not be imputed to a self-complacent idea that we are capable of rivalling our distinguished predecessors. We pretend to no such thing. We shall do as well as we can, and we hope to obtain, if our efforts deserve, the approbation of our readers.

Felton

USES OF LITERARY HISTORY.

HISTORY, in some shape or other, is practically useful to all every moment of their existence. The narrow sphere of our own experience is far too straitened for the mind to act in. To be matured and perfected it must range over the most extensive regions; traverse the field of knowledge as displayed by the efforts of antiquity, and improved upon, and extended, and more highly cultivated by the research of later days. It must enter into the reasonings and feelings of others, and make them all its own.

We read the history of nations for political instruction. The examples of others instruct us in regulating our own conduct. The examples of different nations give instructive lessons to rulers, and no one rises from the pages of a well written biography without being benefited by the perusal. It is not strict and invariable rules of conduct that we derive from the experience of others, but rather occasional hints, that serve to shed a light upon the situation in which we may happen to be placed; not an exact delineation of the course we ought ourselves to pursue, but the developement of the consequences which the same or a different line of conduct has ended in with others. The history of nations, then, instructs rulers in their official duties; politicians in the best means of serving their country; and the people in their rights and privileges; and it is the philosophic historian, displaying the successions of events that make up the sum of a nation's existence, and unfolding the origin and developing the consequences of all important transactions, who is the means of communicating all this useful knowledge to mankind.

But when we have done with ordinary business of life, when we have gone through with long and laborious operations, that are to increase our wealth, or hasten our progress in advancement, it is pleasant and refreshing to withdraw and contemplate objects disconnected with the vulgar concerns of life, to trace out the progress superior minds have made in moral and intellectual culture, and improve ourselves by the examination of the brilliant achievements of enterprising genius. The field at once opens in all its extent and richness, before our view; our natures are,

as it were, immediately changed by the undying glories of every thing around ; us we breathe a new air, and seem conscious almost of a new existence, and every thing of a terrestrial nature dwindles to insignificance before the splendor and magnificence that break upon us. The effect of an extensive cultivation of literature, of a careful study of the great efforts of mind among all nations, is obviously to elevate and improve our nature. Descriptions of the unchanging beauties of nature, mellowed by the softening drapery that fancy throws around them ; delineations of feelings, that are of permanent, eternal, universal interest, cannot but call away the thoughts from whatever is debasing and low, cannot but give a glory to our existence, an attractiveness to whatever is lovely and pure, and a rooted aversion to whatever is mean and contemptible.

But although it would be a desirable object for all to cultivate an extensive knowledge of literature, drawn from the original sources, yet this is the privilege of a few. All may, however, understand the spirit of literature in a good measure by a careful perusal of a few judicious and philosophic histories, where the principal topics that present themselves, in the examination of a national literature, are discussed with candor, learning, and impartiality.

The philosophy of literature is what is very little attended to by rapid and superficial readers. The play, the novel, the biography, the history, are looked upon as amusements, and the popular writer of the day is valued, not as giving correct and masterly delineations of character, bold and graphic descriptions of scenery that actually exists, but as interesting and exciting the *feelings* of his reader, as giving an occasion for those dreams and reveries which it is delightful to indulge in, but which, nevertheless, are of inferior importance to that more elevated object, the exercise of reason and the improvement of the understanding. Well written and judicious histories of literature are well calculated to counteract this evil effect, as may be shown by considering some of the objects to which the philosophic historian of literature devotes his attention.

In the early part of every nation's existence, literature, as well as laws, is crude and imperfect. The human mind is vested with powers that render it always active. If it can-

not move in the right direction, it will choose some other. Hence, before it receives that careful culture, which is bestowed upon it in civilized nations, its efforts, for efforts it will make, are wild, incoherent, and extravagant. The fancy, wandering uncontrolled among the sublime, and as yet unexplained phenomena of the natural world, will form for itself the most grotesque and fantastic visions, and rear fabrics of its own creation "to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." The delusions of superstition lead the untaught mind irresistibly away, and lose it in a crowd of phantasms, that never had an existence but in the disordered brain of the fanatic. The principal feature of literature at this period is its poetry; not the regular, beautiful, and majestic creations that the imagination forms when it has received the polish of literary culture, when it is guided by the refined principles of taste, when it is improved by a knowledge of whatever has been done in the same region of thought by others, but the poetry of unrestrained passion, sudden bursts of feeling, hatred, love, indignation. Before the forms of society have become fixed, its customs established, its opinions settled, men will speak from the impressions of the moment, will utter feelings which at other times may appear absurd and ridiculous. Their effusions will be short; generally the description of a single emotion. The descriptions of those feelings which the common affections of mankind, or the striking objects of the external world inspire, form the principal part of the poetry of early ages. To such periods we are indebted for the poetic efforts in the *Courts of Love*, and the wild and glowing effusions of troubadours and improvisadores. Nor are these an unimportant object of inquiry. The songs of bards in ages of rudeness become the foundation of more permanent works, built upon them by the genius, culture, and industry of later and more enlightened days. And in tracing his way back to these dark ages, the literary traveller will discover many a gem that had long been concealed beneath the ruins of time.

Another object that demands the attention of the historian of literature, is civil institutions. The form of government, and the feelings and principles of a court, hold a strong influence over the productions of men of letters.

Where it is dangerous to entertain certain opinions, where the freedom of inquiry and discussion are checked by the arbitrary dictum of a despot, the efforts of the mind will be cramped, and its best creations defective. Even when princes have lavished their revenue and nobles poured out their abundance to nourish and foster genius, it has been with an expectation, very rarely deceived, of reaping a full harvest of praise and honour at their hands. In revolving the pages of literary history, it is mournful to meet with so many instances where men of transcendent minds have offered the incense of adulation to those who in the scale of moral and intellectual greatness were as much beneath themselves as the earth is beneath the heavens. To pass over the distinguished names among the classic authors of Rome, the modern history of letters abounds in such disgraceful examples. Boileau prostituted his genius to flattering that voluptuous, that debased, that vainglorious monarch, Louis XIV. This is not the only sin of the lettered courtier. He turned his sarcastic pen against one of the finest poets that modern Italy has produced,—the rich, the elegant, the sublime, the melodious Tasso; whose strains will be repeated and re-echoed as long as poetic genius, grandeur of conception, elevation of sentiment, and enthusiasm for whatever is beautiful and magnificent in the natural and imaginary world, shall find a chord to vibrate in unison, or be able to awaken the human breast to delight and admiration. But Tasso himself affords another instance of the weakness to which genius has been led by a deference to factitious greatness. The man who was capable of uttering strains that should be the delight of ages, was likewise capable of flattering the base and degenerate Alphonso.

“Tu, *magnanimo* Alphonso,” &c.

When we sit down to sober reflection, without having our eyes dazzled by the “pomp and circumstance” of royal pride and hereditary rank, we cannot but ask, How can these things be? They seem to be treachery to the best principles of our nature; the yielding up of the only principle of distinction which any rational man will ever admit to be valid, the distinction of moral and intellectual qualities. One would think that the conscious superiority of him who

thus debased himself, would make him blush at the falsehood of his flattery ; that the pen would drop from his hand while he wrote, and his tongue would falter while he attempted to pronounce the infamous adulation. Such examples are subject of remark to the historian, and he may place them before us in such a manner as to afford lessons of deep instruction.

We cannot but observe, in studying the writings of men who have lived under despotic governments, the restraining and chilling influence of tyranny on the mind. A great and noble mind, if it utter anything freely, will utter sentiments that are dignified and elevated,—sentiments that raise our hopes and animate our spirits, increase our energies and inspire us with enthusiasm. Splendid and striking images, glowing thoughts, and brilliant expressions are natural to a mind of the highest order. But when it feels the depressing weight of *power* bearing heavily upon it, its efforts are checked, its action is straitened ; and though its inborn greatness will sometimes burst out, it will be the sun shorn of his radiance by the obscurity of the passing cloud.

Another curious topic of inquiry, is the influence of external scenery upon the operations of the mind. That it has a decided and powerful influence, no one who reflects upon his own experience, can for a moment doubt. It would be an object worthy the attention of an accomplished and philosophic mind, to trace out from the earliest dawn of literature to its present meridian splendor, the secret yet certain influence that striking objects in the natural world, with which the eye is perpetually conversant, have upon the form in which the intellect shapes its creations. A national literature is the character, feelings, and views of the whole body of the people, presented to the world in such a form that others may be able to comprehend them. That this character and these feelings receive a coloring from peculiar impressions made upon the senses is absolutely certain. Every one knows the effect upon our after life, that results from the early bent given to our trains of thought. When we first wake to a consciousness of our being, whatever we meet with makes a strong, deep, and lasting impression, and therefore tends powerfully to give a peculiar direction to our mental energies. In the gaiety of infancy and child-

hood, our eyes are struck with the beautiful scenery around us; and the landscape which we first beheld, becomes associated with a thousand tender and delightful recollections; we are exhilarated by the freshness and loveliness of spring, we are animated by the bloom and beauty of summer, our feelings are solemnized by the sober aspect that nature assumes in autumn, and our own intellectual resources and the pleasures and amusements that our social feelings afford us, are put in requisition during the inclement season of winter. All these circumstances, combined with many others, lead the mind to act in a peculiar direction, and consequently give a peculiar tone of feeling to those who are under their influence. The pensive and solemn character of much of the English poetry, is undoubtedly to be attributed to climate and the aspect of the country. The scenery of England is such as to inspire sentiments of a melancholy yet pleasing nature. The mind takes a healthful pleasure in contemplating the rich and variegated beauties of highly cultivated lawns, populous villages, sloping hills, whose ascent is clothed with the richest verdure, tall and shady forests, and majestic rivers. All these combine in producing the most agreeable, and at the same time the most serious impressions the human mind is capable of receiving. Hence the English muse delights to indulge in strains of a pensive cast, or to present to our imaginations graphic and glowing descriptions of scenery, where the irregularity of uncultivated nature has been shaped and pruned by the hand of art.

Truth, however, is universal. Whatever is true for one man, or one nation, is true for another man, or another nation. But truth assumes innumerable shapes. It is come at in a thousand different ways. Many truths, which are either proved or confirmed, not by direct reasoning, but by analogy and illustration, are set forth in different lights, according to the objects that have attracted most attention and investigation, and that have most frequently and most powerfully acted upon the mind, and are therefore the most copious sources whence analogies and illustrations may be drawn. Those objects, therefore, that are perpetually meeting the eye and suggesting images and forms of expression to clothe the conceptions of the mind with, must have no

small influence in modifying the form in which truth is presented.

We have thus briefly touched upon what appear to be some of the leading topics, which, beside a knowledge of what has actually been done in the literary world, ought to engage the attention of the philosophic student. An intimate acquaintance with the great works of the "master spirits" of mankind, is a high and important object. But we cannot relish them so well, or judge of them so justly, unless we investigate the peculiar circumstances that attended their production. The associations of early youth, the prospects of advancing maturity, the hopes and fears of ambition, the desire of fame, the tumult and excitement of public life, the quiet of retirement, the gentle and cheering influence of friendship, the violence of turbulent passions, gloominess or cheerfulness of temperament, the peculiar condition of the nation, added to the peculiar condition of the individual, all combine in giving a tone to literary efforts. He, therefore, who can point them out to us clearly and accurately, has a claim upon our respect, that we ought most cheerfully to acknowledge. That these are unimportant objects, I believe no one will say. If it be useful and improving to exercise the mind in the close deduction of consequences from causes, here is ample room. If it be a good thing to reason upon the moral influences that act upon man, here is the widest possible field opened for the discussion of them. If it be interesting and well calculated to enlighten our minds upon the laws of human nature, to trace out the connexion between the mental phenomena and the external world, here we have the best possible chance of accomplishing our work successfully; for the effects that result from this connexion will remain as objects of our attention and admiration till the end of time.

Such are some of the *practical* uses of literature in exercising and improving the understanding. I say *practical*, for this is the magic word by which every thing is to be recommended in this country. It is supposed to express the essence of all good qualities imaginable. We know that literary pursuits, *merely literary*, as they are called, are considered by a large proportion of the community as a luxury to be indulged in only by those who command for-

tunes sufficient to support them in lettered leisure ; or as an entertainment fit only to occupy the hours of relaxation of the statesman, and man of business. Letters, we know, form the principal charm of the retirement to which a veteran statesman withdraws, after having spent long years in political struggles ; they adorn the private intercourse of the man of business ; they are a noble enjoyment and consolation in sorrow and adversity ; and wherever they are admitted, spread an enchantment over the scenes of domestic life. These are some of the *ornamental* uses of literature. But is not a study, which embraces such topics of inquiry as have been hinted at above, worthy of being looked upon as a more serious matter ? We confess we are heretical enough to think so. Much as we respect the *practical sciences*, and much as we venerate those great names who stand forth conspicuously in the history of science, as benefactors of mankind by the useful and wonderful discoveries they have made, we cannot help venerating, too, that band of illustrious men, whose works have opened new regions of thought for the mind to expatiate in, and drawn thence crowds of thrilling sentiments that warm the imagination, waken our best feelings, improve the understanding, and mend the heart. We do not pretend that literature has superior claims to science, but we do think it has equal claims. We do not believe it a mere amusement, an entertainment, a luxury, but most sincerely believe it to be an object worthy the serious labour of the most powerful minds ; an object of such vast concern, that a portion of the leading spirits of every nation should devote their lives to it. Scholarship is very rarely held in proper estimation in our country,—nay, it is often sneered at. Other nations have supported bodies of learned men, who have spent their lives in studious labour, and devoted their best energies to the building up of a national literature. It would, indeed, be useless to deny that there has been many an erudite blockhead, who has poured out his tomes upon the world, filled with the profoundest stupidity, and that these fellows have come from the lettered ranks of scholars. But we are forced to believe that it requires equal efforts to build up an American literature, that it has required to build up other literatures. No one can deny that the elements of a mag-

nificent literature exist in the American character, and lie concealed in the bosom of American society. What is wanting is learning, and leisure, and industry, to call them out and shape and adorn them. Genius is not wanting. Go into the ranks of our politicians, and you will find there a body of men who are able to compete in talents with any set of men under heaven. Enter all the professional walks, and you will see the power of mind acting with astonishing effect in promoting what is called the substantial good of the community. It is true, too, that we have many sound and practised writers,—men who do not assume the pen lightly or rashly, who do not destroy paper for the sake of curing the vapours or the spleen, or to avoid the ennui of utter idleness,—but men who are full of their subject, and write with a zeal and earnestness that comes directly home upon the mind, and stamps it with conviction. But where are our scholars? You ask if those just mentioned are not the best kind of scholars. Certainly. But how many are they compared with the whole extent of our population? Go as far as our national vanity will allow us, and we cannot boast of having a body of *litterati*. It is not one, or two, or six scholars that are to give us the character of a lettered nation. It is not a few forcible appeals to the public on important subjects, nor an occasional brilliant effort from the pen of a public man, that are to stand as monuments of our literary character, for other nations, and after ages. Nor can we think that it is the divided attention which men extensively engaged in the active concerns of life are able to devote to the work, that is to rear the glorious fabric of our national literature. There is nothing in our condition that we can see at present (we know not how our opinions may change hereafter), which is to exempt our scholars from devoting their lives to retired and laborious study, as other men have done before them. On the contrary, there are strong reasons why our countrymen should be, if possible, more learned than other nations. The entire freedom we enjoy, of speaking, writing, and studying, the absence of systems whose errors have become venerable by the lapse of ages, the want of a literary inquisition like that which cramped the theatre of France, are peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of true learning, and to the most

powerful action of mind upon mind. Nor is there any occasion to fear that we shall tinge the spotless newness of our literary aspect with a hue from other climes. We shall not lose our American character, how much soever we may study and admire the literatures of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. We need not fear that we shall lose our interest in present things, and become metamorphosed into rusty antiquarians, by a most intimate acquaintance with the classical authors of Greece and Rome. There is enough of activity in all our institutions to prevent any of the greatest quantum of learning we are capable of attaining, from hanging like a dead weight upon us, or from remaining in concealment, like locked up treasure, useless to the world, and useless to ourselves. The last thing in the world that we should fear, is too much learning.—We cannot close these reflections without expressing a hope, and a firm belief, that hereafter, when the historian of literature shall employ his genius in describing the magnificent creations of human wit, on which universal consent has fixed the seal of immortality, after he has set forth whatever is beautiful, grand, or inspiring, in the literatures of the nations of Europe, he will devote the last, most interesting, and most animating pages of his work to the LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

C. C.

Belton

MISERIES OF THE SPECTACLE FAMILY.

‘With spectacles on nose.’

IN this misanthropic, Byronizing, confession-writing, misery-loving age, when every one is making merry on his calamities, I am afraid that the unfortunate family, whose sufferings I am about to point out to the eye of compassion, will rather be laughed at withal, than pitied withal. So be it, then. If the maxim of Rochefoucault is indeed true, that all people are inwardly pleased with those calamities of which they are not partakers, it is better perhaps that they should openly laugh at them, than by pretending to sympathize with them, add hypocrisy to their selfishness.

Know, then, Messrs. Editors, that I am the fourth son in a family of seven children, all of whom were born as near-sighted as they could stare. Perhaps you see no such terrible misfortune in this lack of vision, and inform me that there is the best possible remedy for it—that of wearing spectacles. There's the rub. We *do* wear spectacles, and hence originate all our misfortunes. In the first place we are a set of hatchet-faced gentry, and our glasses give to our visages such a diabolical expression, that we are sure to set a crying every child under three years of age, wherever we go. But if there were nothing worse than this, we could willingly resign the pleasure of being seen for that of seeing.

Another of our misfortunes is, that we cannot persuade any one to believe that we are really near-sighted, and that we do not wear glasses because we think them becoming. We are welcomed everywhere by salutations of this kind, "Well, I declare, every body wears spectacles nowadays." "If I was you, I would not wear spectacles, I don't think they become *you*." But the most aggravating person is my good aunt Grizzle, who was born in a time when no one under fifty years of age would dare to mount goggles, even though he were half blind. Every time for the last ten years that I have been to see her, she has invariably commenced with, "Why, nephew John, do you wear spectacles too? why I am fifty-six years old next March, and I don't wear them yet."

I was once so maddened by these things, that I took a hammer and deliberately broke the glasses of my spectacles, making a solemn determination never to put them on again. Numberless were the solecisms which I committed in the following week. I met a young lady, in whose affections I thought I had made some progress, three times, without noticing her, and she has never spoken to me since. I came very near being run through the body for bowing to a gentleman whom I did not know, and lost one of my best friends by *cutting* him, as he supposed, in the most wilful manner. At a large ball I went up to a person whom I took to be the lady of the house, and after having made her a low bow, and having made a few observations on the state of the weather, fullness of the rooms, &c., I was informed by a good natured friend that she was a servant. I turned.

rushed out of the house, and made my way home, which I reached, after walking into one cellar, and tumbling into sundry puddles. The next day I sent my spectacles to Mr. P—— to be reglassed, and shall never be persuaded to put them off again.

My second brother is a great sportsman ; that is to say, he goes a shooting often, and sometimes bags a bird ; but as he is near-sighted also, the wonder is, how he ever does that. He commits a few mistakes, however, like the rest of us. For instance, he sometimes brings home a tame duck, or a few tame pigeons, and he once shot a terrier, which he mistook for a fox. He once came near committing a more serious mistake. He fired at something which he thought was a grey squirrel running on the top of a wall. It fell, but when he came up, he discovered that he had put twenty-four robin shot through the top of a white hat, belonging to a gentleman who was walking on the other side of the wall. Luckily, high crowned hats were in fashion at the time, and as the gun carried close, the gentleman sustained no injury ; but I have observed that my brother has never fired at a squirrel since.

Such are the calamities to which we are liable, and which, though trivial in themselves, are more tormenting to us than more serious evils. And now you may, perhaps, inquire, what good I expect to gain from thus publishing my misfortunes. A French physician has lately discovered, that a person in pain can alleviate his sufferings by groaning and crying out. So it is with me. By communicating my distresses to you, I unburden my mind, and know that there are some who may sympathize with me. I also mean this communication as a warning to all, never again to insinuate that I wear spectacles for any other reason than that I am near-sighted. I am naturally a peaceable man, but if any one should ever offer me this worst of insults, neither rank, nor wealth, nor station, shall secure him from my vengeance.

C. J. Clarke

FUNERAL RITES.

Here rose the funeral pyre—there sank the grave :
Why thus should mortal clay exact our cares,
When the freed soul has rent the veil of time !

New Play.

WHENCE arises in man that universal feeling of dread, at the sight, at the thought of the lifeless corpse, when the thinking, feeling, acting something has left it. Is it only that there is in it, that which too strongly reminds us of the irrevocable change which must be, a change that makes all endeavours powerless, and sharpens grief by the certainty that its severest pang can never reinstate the spirit which has fled, nor light up with the beam of life the countenance that wears only the vacant paleness of death?—Why does the savage, whose mind owns no teacher but nature, and man exalted in reason, enriched with knowledge, made wise by the inspiration of infinite intelligence, feel an impulse strong and uncontrollable to veil from his sight the perishing remains of mortality? Is it only because that, which moved and felt, which wore the brightness of health and the smile of hope, is now inanimate and ghastly—is it that the tongue, whose accents gave sweetness to consolation, and liveliness to mirth, is now silent, and that the eye which spoke an eloquent language from the soul has lost its power?

There is something more, and beyond this—a feeling within us allied to something other than the frail body marked with the seal of mortality and bearing upon it the impress of corruption. Could man feel that there was no future, that death was not merely a change of state, but the end of being, the grief which has sought consolation in honoring and reverencing, in preserving the memory and cherishing the praises of the dead—the care and solicitude which has originated and preserved the various and splendid ceremonies of sepulture, would never have found a place in the human heart. If life were looked upon as the only scene of action, death would be hailed as the wished for event—the last act—which finishes the tedious drama of existence. The spirit of man shrinks at dissolution, which bears in it a mystery, that calls him to press beyond the visible to the thick dark-

ness of the future, and at the same time hold him back from daring to attempt, while he feels that stirring within that assures him of a higher and nobler existence to which he shall attain when the bonds and shackles shall be thrown off, which he is conscious now bind him down and restrain the free and bold exertion of which he is capable. But when or how? He sees his companion fall, he knows not where to rise; he perceives the fatal blow, and a wild imagination is left to "body forth" the unknown arm that was raised against him, and search out the reason which directed it. Fancy strives to penetrate into the "undiscovered country," to follow the soul in its flight to its eternal rest; and having swept away the mystery of the grave, in the triumph of reality and perfect knowledge, to meet the fell destroyer, robbed of his power to terrify, as the friendly porter to the gates of bliss.

In contemplating the treatment which has, in different ages and in different countries, prevailed in the disposition of the bodies of the dead, we cannot but remark a connexion between the nature of the ceremonies and the existing notions of the qualities of the soul and the character of a future state; and it will generally be found that the more gross and irrational modes of belief are accompanied by the unnatural rites of cremation, while the interment of the dead, so accordant with the course of nature and so little repugnant to the feelings, has always obtained where the heaven of bliss was least a creation of the poet, whose ideas of happiness lay in sensual delight; and is universal where the superstitions of Paganism have been dispelled before the light of revelation. The old patriarchs, whose ideas of a future state were undoubtedly of a rational character, made the sepulchre the sacred deposit of the bodies of the deceased. There was nothing in their ceremonies inconsistent with nature, nothing which bespoke a wild and visionary notion of futurity. The burying places of their fathers were looked upon with reverence—to be gathered among them by their children was the satisfaction of their declining years, and the funeral train of survivors mourning departed worth, while they performed the duty which filial love enjoined and the basest impiety only neglected, demonstrated

their grief, and gave a decent testimonial of respect, not to the mortal which was among them, but to the memory of the immortal that had gone to the bosom of its father.

Most of the eastern nations, and particularly the Persians, followed the example of the Hebrews. They had indeed degenerated in their religion, and paid homage to the material emblems which represented the attributes of the Divinity. But the first principles of their faith were yet pure; and their philosophers, while they neglected the morality of their neighbors, imbibed from them some of their most just and noble opinions. For although they prostrated themselves before the king of day, and worshipped fire as the purest of all things—the emblem of infinite purity; yet their belief of the universal Supreme Being, to whom adoration belonged, who, pervading all space, needed no other temple than the firmament which he had spread out above them, and no other altar than the mountain which his hand had formed; the ministering angels of this being, the one delighting in virtue, in goodness, and the happiness of men; the other in sin and pollution; the final retribution, after which the souls of men were forever to be subject to the spirit they had served in life, the partakers of felicity in the kingdom of *Light*, or the companions of woe in the regions of *Darkness*; these ideas, though in some degree vague, are free from the grossness and sensuality of most Pagan creeds. From these views they imbibed the opinion, that nothing could be more impious than burning the dead, and nothing would be looked upon as so atrocious and inhuman. Cambyzes, when he thought to offer the last indignity to the remains of an enemy, committed them to the flames; and a Persian poet, expressing the strong abhorrence of this practice, calls upon Prometheus to take back again from earth the fire he had stolen from the gods, to save it from such impious pollution. It was the usual custom of the nation to bury the body enclosed in wax; and the dying injunction of Cyrus, that “his body should return to earth from whence it came,” well expresses the justness and propriety of their ideas, so nearly accordant with those of more enlightened days.

In Egypt, the admiration of travellers has ever been fixed upon the massive structures which have outlived the memory they were designed to perpetuate; their monuments

and repositories of the dead have excited the wonder and attention of the inquiring and curious ; and that strange solicitude to stay the hand of corruption and stop the progress of decay which the skill in the art of embalming manifests, is proof of a peculiarity that attracts by its novelty, as well as its apparent uselessness. The memory of worth is a strong and powerful principle of action ; but the monument which is raised as the source and centre of thought and reflection, as the respectful tribute of gratitude, and the constant subject of instructive suggestion, has a sanctity higher than that of being the mere depository of the frail remnant of mortality. But with the Egyptians, the lifeless and mutilated contents of the Sarcophagus were the faithful monitors to keep alive the reverence for superior excellence, and preserve bright the recollection of the great and the good who had gone before. Life was only a short scene—earthly dwellingplaces were only as the inn to the traveller—the place of temporary rest and comfort in the fatigues of his journey, while the grave was the mansion of the body through a long series of ages. It was the home of the good and the virtuous, while the bad were left unhonored and forgot. It is surprising that a people, degraded as they were, to all that is shocking and disgusting in superstition, embodying their divinities in the most loathsome reptiles, and prostrating themselves in devotion to the vilest and most destructive of the animal world, should, amid all this, maintain a regard so powerful and efficient for virtue and goodness. This is manifested in a peculiar ceremony connected with their funeral rites. Philosophers have talked of future distinctions and retributions, and poets have imagined and peopled the confines of darkness ; they have erected the throne in the dominions of Pluto, and brought the naked trembling soul before the awful tribunal to receive its doom, and conducted it to revel in the voluptuous paradise of the Islands of the Blessed, or abandoned it to the dark caverns of despair. But the Egyptians have placed this tribunal upon earth, assembled the judges beyond the lake, of which the Styx is but the emblem ; have brought in the accuser, and pronounced the sentence, which decides whether the body is worthy the rites of embalming and sepulture, with eternal felicity, or an unknown grave and endless wo.

The throne was no security ; rank and birth were forgotten ; a virtuous life was the only guarantee for the favor of the judge.

The religious opinions of the people of India bore a great similarity to those of the Egyptians. In some respects they were more consistent, while peculiar notions with regard to the soul led them to the greatest cruelties in their funeral rites. The cause of all things, the immediate agent in the creation of the universe, they inferred must be a spirit pervading all space, and present to every creature of its power. The soul of man was but an emanation from this omnipresent essence ; and death only the occasion on which this part was again to be united, and mingle in the infinite whole ; as the single drop that falls upon the ocean is incorporated with it, and though lost in its vastness, is the same in nature, in properties, in qualities, with the world of waters into which it is diffused. To be purged from the pollution of earth, it passed through the fire—the purifier of all things. It was honorable—a mark of high and generous mind to seek this separation from mortal alloy ; it was evidence of superior fortitude, of firm reliance, of pure faith, to march with fearless step to the burning pile. From this notion originated that self-devoting heroism of the Indian widows, which philosophers, who have thought the weakness of humanity a disgrace, and good feelings unworthy regard, honor with the title of magnanimity. To those who cherish not the pride of stoical indifference, or the folly of cynical contempt, this illusion, which gives courage to the matron, to ascend with exultation the funeral pyre, and while the flames are gathering around her, with songs and praises to conciliate the favor of her gods, and buy peace for the soul of her husband and happiness for herself, must be viewed with utter abhorrence. It is neither courage nor fortitude, but the power of superstition, which has entwined itself more closely around the heart than the cords of nature, robbed feeling of its prerogative, clothed with admiration what is revolting, made death more like the syren which enchants to the bowers of bliss, than the king of terrors, and by a change too, as wonderful as that which should lead the beast of the forest to seek the embraces of the monster of its clime, whose folds are thrown around it but to destroy.

It might be supposed that, among the refinements and philosophy of Greece and Rome, reason might have had some exercise, in prescribing the form and character of those rites which humanity demands. We are told that they were driven by necessity to the alternative, which they adopted, to save the sacred repose of the grave, from the inhuman intrusion of enemies. Their reverence for the dead was indeed always active. The graves of their heroes were the scenes of prayer and sacrifices, and their spirits the guardians of the land, until the tomb of the honored became the temple of a god, and the deities of heaven as numerous as the sons of renown on earth. But, with what was unnatural, they combined the most atrocious cruelty. They did not, indeed, like the Peruvians and Mexicans of our savage wilds, number their human victims to a thousand, and fill the coffin of their warriors with his arms, provide the hunter with his spear, and all with provision for the journey to the land of the great spirit, who dwelleth with the rising sun. But human blood mingled with that of the beast at the altar, and the acceptable incense, arose to their gods from the funeral pyre, with the fragrance of cypress; and praise was offered, in the songs and lamentations of friends, in their solemn march around the flame, kindled by the mother or the relation, to consume the lifeless corpse of a son or a friend.

Among all nations and in all ages the great and the good have received peculiar honors in death. The monument on the battle field to the courage and devotion of the warrior; the temple to the saviour of a country; the columns and the statues to statesmen, philosophers, and poets, are among the means of preserving from oblivion the names and character, and of doing honor to the memory of those, who, while among men, exalted themselves by their noble deeds, their generous patriotism, their wisdom or their worth, above the nameless and admiring multitude. It is too great a shock to the pride of man, as well as too inconsistent with discriminating feeling, that the grave should be the unsparing leveller of all ranks and distinctions, without an effort to rescue the worthy from the empire of oblivion. But time laughs at the powerless exertion of man, and soon sweeps away the faint mimicry of the inequalities of life which the

magnificence or the meanness of the splendid monument or unlettered stone presents. And yet there is something praiseworthy in setting a mark upon those who "were an example while living, and have bequeathed a name to posterity," which may be a watchword to awaken the spirit to glorious deeds, and give it nerve and energy, in its proud race, to virtue and fame. It is the same principle which erects the magnificent temple to the hero, and inspires the bard to buy for the warrior an immortality of fame, in the traditional songs that enliven the gloomy assemblage of the sons of the forest,—the same that carved the statue for genius in olden time, and piles the sculptured tomb to the sage of modern days. But with the change of feeling and sentiment, with a difference in notions and belief as wide as the lapse of time which separates us, the ceremonies and rites we have been considering wear a new character, and although robbed of the splendours of Eastern, and the magnificence and costliness of Grecian and Roman pageantry, they accord with the dictates of nature and humanity, they fulfil the end for which they were designed,—the moderate and feeling demonstration of regard for all that remains of what was once the object of tenderness and solicitude, and the kind and grateful solace of the grief that preys upon the heart. Earth to earth, when the living and animating principle has fled, is the language of nature and reason, and wherever revelation has dispelled the twilight of philosophy, and the darkness of superstition, the victim and the pyre have alike been banished. It is impossible that we should not feel the peculiar fitness and superiority of our own institutions above all that any age or nation has adopted. The expression of tender regard, the solemn and decent disposal of the last remnant of mortality, around which blighted affection loves to linger; the sable vestments of the mourner, the emblem that the light of life has been extinguished; the sad and solemn train slowly following to the grave, the faint representation of the mighty and numerous procession of the whole human family to the gates of eternity; all these are signs of grief which touch strongly on the heart, and, while they awaken sympathy, assuage the sorrow which, nursed in solitude, entwines itself closer and stronger, until its victim perishes in its folds.

E. Y. Sweetser

NOTICE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ARIOSTO.

From Sismondi's "Histoire de la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe."

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO was born on the 8th of September 1474, at Reggio, where his father was governor under the Duke of Ferrara. He was destined to the study of law, but like many of the distinguished poets, he was for a long time wavering between the will of his father, who was desirous that he should follow in the common career, and his own wishes, which urged him to the pursuit that was best adapted to his abilities. After five years spent to no purpose in studying the law, his father permitted him to devote himself entirely to literature. Ariosto immediately repaired to Rome, and there wrote his first comedy in prose (*La Cassaria*), which is either the most ancient Italian comedy, or at least is the only one which can dispute this distinction with the *Calandra* of Cardinal Bibbiena. A short time afterwards he wrote a second comedy, called *I Suppositi*. About that time, he began to write sonnets and amorous verses in imitation of Petrarch; but it is not known who was the object of his affections, or whether, indeed, he ever had any.

In general, there was nothing of melancholy or enthusiasm in his character; his conversation showed him to be a man of wit and talent; his manners, though polished, were reserved, and there was nothing in his appearance which indicated the poet.

The death of his father obliged him to return to Ferrara in 1500, and he was obliged by the scantiness of his fortune to engage in the service of the Cardinal Hippolyto d' Este. Ariosto accompanied the Cardinal on his travels, and was employed by him in some very important transactions. But although he had the superintendence of all the Cardinal's affairs, he engaged in them with secret disgust, while his patron saw him capriciously devoting himself to the trifles of poetry.

About the year 1505, he commenced writing his *Orlando Furioso*, and for eleven years he was employed in executing this difficult work, amidst the cares and distraction of business. He read his cantos as fast as they were composed to

his friends and men of taste in Ferrara, and eagerly availed himself of their criticisms in order to polish and perfect his style.

At length, in 1516, he was able to publish the first edition of this poem, containing forty-six cantos. His *Orlando Furioso* was received in Italy with the greatest enthusiasm, and before the year 1532, it had gone through four editions.

The Cardinal Hippolyto was the only one who did not join in the admiration for the works of his protégé; and in 1517, they separated, mutually discontented; Ariosto having refused to accompany the Cardinal to Hungary. But soon afterwards a ruinous lawsuit compelled him again to seek employment from the court, and he entered into the service of the Duke Alphonso. Ariosto was employed in subduing the banditti of Garfagnana, and we are told that the fame he had acquired by his poetry increased the respect which these barbarians had for him, and served as a protection in time of danger.

At length the Duke of Ferrara gave him a situation much better suited to his taste, employing him to oversee the building of a theatre, and giving him the direction of all the magnificent scenes which were to be represented there. In this employment Ariosto spent the last years of his life. With a very small income he was obliged to provide for three children;—who their mother was is not known. He died on the 6th of January 1533. His brother and son erected a monument to his memory.

The eagerness with which all nations, in every age, have read the works of Ariosto, even when they were robbed of the charms of poetry by translation, is a proof that he had the power to give them that interest in the minutiae, which, taken as a whole, they do not possess. Above all, he knew how to excite the feeling of courage. Notwithstanding the continual absurdity of the chivalric combats, the great disproportion of causes to their effects, and the air of ridicule which is thrown over all his descriptions of battles, Ariosto always excites an indescribable enthusiasm for valor in his readers, which even renders them desirous of engaging in the combats of the knight. One of the greatest enjoyments of man consists in the developement of all his powers and all his resources; the great art in writing romance, is to

awaken a confidence in ourselves by raising up against the hero of the story, all the forces of nature and of magic, and in showing the superiority which the determination and courage of an individual may acquire over all the powers that are conjured up for his ruin.

The world into which Ariosto transports us is one of the greatest sources of our pleasure. *This world*, existing entirely in the fictions of poetry, where all the common interests of life are forgotten, where love and honor alone give laws and excite to exertion, where no factitious wants, no cold calculations, freeze the soul, where pain and anxiety, arising from the vanity and inequality of rank, are forgotten; this imaginary world is a delightful asylum, to which we joyfully fly from the cares that surround us. The difference, indeed, between this life of chivalry and the real life is so great, that it is impossible to apply to the one, the lessons contained in the other; and it is ever a characteristic of this kind of poetry, that no instruction can be drawn from it. Still much pleasure may be experienced, when the mind is engaged in a subject which makes no pretence to instruct; for reverie, without any object, is conformable to the spirit of poetry, which ought never to be a means, but which contains within itself its own peculiar end.

V. *Cleveland*

POETRY.

THE ORIENTAL MUSE.

WHERE a deep and dark river is winding its way
And its banks are all lovely in nature's array,
As fair and as verdant as a garden in bloom,
And the air is burdened with the rose's perfume,
And the songs of the birds are heard in the grove,
The echo of joy and the emblem of love;
Where the voice of the breeze is bearing along
The lark's cheering notes or the vesper bird's song,
The rapt ear may list to the Muse's soft lay,

That floats like the Zephyr on a bright vernal day.
 Not the harsh note of war, not the wail of despair
 Wakes the soul of the bard to melody there :
 He pours forth the strain—he sweeps o'er the lyre,
 'Tis the Rose and the Bulbul that kindle the fire.
 'Tis not the wild thrill that lights the eye's glare
 Where nature assumes her wilderness air,
 Gazing with the burning intenseness of wo
 That scathes like the lightning where'er it may go :
 'Tis the glow of bright pleasure, the sunshine of joy,
 The halo of nature with nought of alloy.
 Not the gloom of the mountain, the home of the storm,
 Where the wild winds gather, the dark clouds swarm,
 And the tempest prepares in its wrath to descend,
 And the trees in its pathway their proud summits bend ;
 Where the storm-beaten rocks their dark forms are rearing,
 And heaven's own thunders are madly careering ;
 But the smile of the spring, the bloom of the flower,
 The charms of the garden, the shades of the bower,
 Enwrap the full soul and inspire the soft strain
 That pours from the lyre and swells o'er the plain.
 'Tis not the dark passions that wither the soul,
 That absorb all its powers, its feelings control,
 That gaze upon man with vengeance and hate,
 That frown on his bliss, and smile on his fate ;
 But the bright eye of Beauty in loveliness beaming,
 And tresses of auburn o'er the white bosom streaming,
 And the music that breathes from the lips of the fair,
 Stir the soul to impassioned harmony there.

* * * * *

Thou bard of the East, sweet Hafiz, 'tis thine
 Thy brows with a garland of roses to twine
 Of beauty immortal as the star-rays above
 For thy lay is the voice of Nature and Love.

F. T. Jellon

NAPOLEON'S DEPARTURE TO ST. HELENA.

THE white flags of England proudly are waving,
As they float on the breeze in beauty unfurled,
And the sea's foaming billows in fury are raving,
As they roll by the man who wept for a world.

Britain's high nobles gaze on the blue waters,
As proudly they lash the fair ship in their roar,
And with them are seen her beautiful daughters,
To gaze on a man—a monarch no more.

Ye may look on him now, bereft of his crown,
Ye nobles and daughters of Albion's isle !
Ye may look on him now and dread not his frown,
Nor fearing his sceptre, nor courting his smile.

He comes not to conquer—in pride of his power,
Enrobed in his glory a host to defy,
As a captive he comes—in adversity's hour !
How bravely to yield him, how bravely to die !

Beneath his dread sceptre the nations bowed low,
With Europe's best blood he hath crimsoned the field,
He would have in his pride a world for his foe ,
But his legions have vanished and he too must yield.

Napoleon's colors no longer are flying,
But those of the Bourbons are streaming on high ;
His tri-colored banners are over him sighing,
While the white flags of Louis wave out to the sky.

As a captive he goes to the sea-beaten Isle,
 And looks back on France as she fades from his view ;
 There is grief in his eye, and despair in his smile,
 As he bids to her spires a final adieu.

H. *Harland*

[We have taken the liberty to make a few alterations in the above piece, which to our ear improve the melody of the verse without essentially changing the sense. We hope to be frequently favored with communications from the same pen. Eds. REG.]

"HARP OF MY COUNTRY."

HARP of my Country ! must it be,
 Thy chords will never wake to song ?
 Oh ! breathe the strain as breathed by thee,
 When the young dreamer threw along
 Thy strings a frenzied arm, and thou
 Respondedst to his virgin lay.
 As Paine awoke thee, wake thee now,
 Or give again the strain as they
 Gave it to air by Helle's wave
 When love-bewildered Sappho came,
 And in its waters made her grave.
 Or blind old Homer when from fame
 He took the wreath, that ages flown
 Has never seared in one bright leaf,
 Since first he made the harp his own
 That sung a nation's joy or grief.
 The bards of Greece no longer breathe,
 Yet in their deathless song they live ;
 Oh ! wherefore may not we enwreath
 Our names with theirs, with them outlive

The wreck of empires, and when Time
Would give us to forgetfulness,
With all of Earth, as t'were a crime
To be remembered when we press
The damp grave ; then t'were pleasure few
Have known e'en from the grave to bless,
And rob Oblivion of its due.
Does not Imagination dare
To rise above the things of earth
And trust its late fledged wing to air
To prove it of celestial birth ?
As the young eagle soaring on
From mountain peak to peak on high,
Scarce trusts the wings he soars upon
E'er that he give them to the sky.
When nature blessed the land she gave
To freedom, could she mean that where
She most luxuriant bloomed, the grave
Of song should be for ever there ?
Where nature lavished all her store,
And all around her spoke of bliss
Till sated passion wished no more,
Did she curse it but in this ?
What heavens may show a purer blue,
What land hath brighter orbs above,
What maids can show a darker hue
In eyes, bright eyes, that tell of love,
Whose glance full often doth reveal,
Bright windows of the speaking mind,
The secret they would fain conceal,
The bliss, the plague of human kind.

* * * *

Our minstrel bards, and where are they ?

Where? with the future all unknown,
 A few we boast, 'tis but the ray
 That tells us of the coming day
 Ere in his pride the sun hath shone.
 The day is coming when the strain,
 Of genius wakens and shall sound
 Till the west echo back again,
 And all our land be classic ground.

K. Little

NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF W. O. PRESCOTT.

It is our mournful duty to record, in this early stage of our work, the death of one of our community. W. O. Prescott, of Groton, a member of the Sophomore class, died on the third instant. We have been favored with the following extracts, descriptive of the character of this promising young man, from an Address, delivered in the Chapel, by a friend and classmate.

"His was a character, distinguished rather for the milder, than the more shining virtues.***Uniting the greatest regard for the feelings of others, to an utter carelessness of himself, he was distinguished for his generosity and a willingness to sacrifice his own inclination to the convenience or happiness of those around him. But, because his character was founded principally on virtues like these, let it not be thought that he possessed no others, of a higher order. He joined to the most high and honorable ambition, the most determined perseverance, a perseverance which must inevitably have conducted to success, in whatever he undertook. His talents were good, but like his virtues, they were rather of a solid than a brilliant order. Possessing a strong mind, and the power of applying it to advantage, he held a high rank in his class.***But there was one quality which he possessed, in the highest degree, and which he was obliged constantly to exert. I mean *fortitude*; for during the whole of the time that he remained here, I have reason to believe, that

his health was far from being good. But this was no interruption to his studies ; for he applied himself with an intensity, that could only be equalled by his desire to excel ; and often, when scarcely able to go through with his accustomed duties, he has exerted himself so successfully to conceal his illness, that it was scarcely known to any one around him. This must necessarily have impaired his health ; and having within him the seeds of a disorder, whose end seems to be only the more certain, because removed to a greater distance, it was only wonderful that he should live so long. But he bore up to the last with unexampled fortitude ; never permitting a complaint to escape him, he endured the sufferings of a long illness, with firmness and patience, and died with a perfect reliance on the justice and mercy of his Creator. To this reliance may be referred the fortitude with which he bore his sufferings, a fortitude every way worthy of a man and a Christian. Making no profession, he acknowledged religion, rather as the rule than the business of life. His principles were firm, and his adherence to them undeviating. Believing then, as we do, that his 'faith can't be wrong, whose life is right,' we think that no one could be more truly called a Christian than he. To the friends who mourn his loss, we can offer no better consolation than this. To them we would say, that he who, during his sickness, could look back upon a life well spent, and look forward to futurity, without a fear, is far happier than he could be in this world."

Curtis

NOTICE TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

NOT being deeply versed in the mysteries of the press, we have overstepped the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, in the Prospectus. Instead of twenty-four pages, we present our readers with thirty-two. Perhaps it is incumbent on us to make out some apology ; but having puzzled our brains with attempts to conjure up sundry plausible arguments, to convince the minds of our readers that it must not be attributed to "malice prepense and aforethought," we have at length desisted from the vain attempt. The best remedy we

can devise for this unforeseen evil is, to recommend to our readers, to leave off at the twenty-fourth page. Nor is it a solecism, to put this advice on the last page, like that of the Hibernian, who, in his letter, entreated his friend to wait a fortnight, and shed tears of grief at the mournful intelligence it contained, before he broke the seal. Far from it. The good old Hebrew fashion, of *beginning* at the *end* of a book, has been brought up again and revived, by the improving spirit of this remarkable age. Our lucubrations, we presume, must undergo the same process, and therefore, we cannot but think this is just the place to give this warning to our readers.

We take this occasion to inform our correspondents, that the number for every month will be arranged by the 15th of the preceding. We request them, therefore, to leave their communications at the Bookstore of Hilliard & Brown, before that time; otherwise, they must be deferred to some future number.

Jelton

BOWDOIN PRIZE QUESTIONS FOR 1827.

1. THE History of the discovery of the Northwest Coast of America.

2. The support which Revealed Religion has afforded to Morals.

Candidates will mention their standing, as Graduates or Undergraduates, and if the latter, of what class. Their dissertations must be in the hands of the President on or before the 15th of June.

MILITARY.

At a meeting of the Members of the Harvard Washington Corps, the following gentlemen were chosen Officers for the present year.

R. C. Winthrop, of Boston, *Captain*; Robert Gilmore, of Baltimore, *1st Lieutenant*; Joseph Dana, of Cambridge, *2d Lieutenant*; Patrick Grant, of Boston, *Ensign*; John G. Tarbell, of Cambridge, *1st Commandant*; James S. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, N. Y., *2d do.*; Charles T. Murdock, of Havana, Cuba, *3d do.*; Josiah D. Hedge, of Cambridge, *4th do.*

THE
HARVARD REGISTER.

NO. II.

APRIL, 1827.

ESSAY ON THE WRITINGS OF IRVING.

True bard and holy!—thou art e'en as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie.
Unseen awhile they sleep—till touch'd by thee,
Bright, healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer free!
Mrs. Hemans.

WE are among those who love to be amused as well as instructed, and feel as willing to have our hearts improved as our understandings enlarged. We are moreover ready to confess, that our affections are apt to wander away from the venerable classics, and the more abstruse studies, to twine themselves around the light productions of later times. We can, without regret, lay aside Homer and the mathematics, to take up the simple works which tell of our own day and generation, and introduce us into the society of our fellow men. We prefer to converse with an author in friendly intimacy, rather than to sit down and have him lecture to us in all the pomp and circumstance of learning. And whenever we meet with a writer, whose character admits of this freedom, we readily give up our more serious pursuits for a time, to enjoy his pleasant society. Such is the literary character of the author of the *Sketch Book*.

The works of Washington Irving display that happy talent, which is possessed by few, of pleasing the taste and gaining the good will of every reader. The truths he inculcates, and the moral instruction he gives, steal their way into our bosoms under the disguise of his beautiful language, and we find our stock of knowledge increased and our hearts improved, while we have been enjoying the purest pleasure. The familiarity of his style puts us at once at our ease. There is no straining to reach the high place of dignity, where authors are wont to sit; no tedious ceremony before we can be introduced to his presence. We take up a volume of his works, and we find ourselves making a morning call; we are seated in his study, and engaged in lively or sober conversation; there is no restraint—no embarrassment; he makes us entirely at home by his delightful familiarity. In short, the amiable qualities, the original and chaste humor of our talented countryman, are seen in all his productions.

The purity and good taste of Geoffry Crayon have done more than any thing else towards melting away the unnatural feelings, which have existed between England and America. To all the tauntings and boasting of the unkind reviewers and saucy travellers of our 'father land,' he has given that soft answer which turneth away wrath. He has gone forth to meet them in mildness, and by his winning manners lulled to sleep,—we hope to an everlasting sleep,—most of their bad feelings. The tear of sympathy has washed off the gall from the pen of the critic, and the smile of good humour chased away all his sarcastic intentions. But if he has thus raised our literature,—if he has thus broken down the prejudices which were against it, and by so doing won for himself the respect and esteem of another people, he more especially deserves that friendship and affection which is felt towards him by his countrymen. His love of his country, his vindication of her literature, both by word and deed, his vivid descriptions of her scenery and the manners of her inhabitants, his deep feeling, have graven for him an everlasting remembrance on the heart of every American.

And when we consider his powers and efforts without regard to the land of his birth, and his relation to this country as her most beautiful writer, we find ourselves still bound to him by a deep and intense interest. Every story of his

telling, every scene of his describing, chains down the attention and strikes every sympathizing cord in our bosoms. This is to be ascribed to the emotion with which he writes. When we are perusing his productions, we feel, to use his own words, that it is heart calling unto heart, and we are ever ready to acknowledge him to be the amanuensis of feeling. Whatever affection he delineates, whatever peculiarity of character he would illustrate, he so works himself into it, that it seems a part of his own nature; particularly when he touches upon a melancholy tale. We know that his humor has been most generally admired. But we love him most when he meditates among the tombs and moralizes among the monuments of the mighty, which are cold and heartless, as were the splendors which surrounded their living greatness; when he tells us in his pathetic language of the heart which was strained in affection until its vital strings were broken; or when he presents to our view the saddening picture of disappointed and injured love. While we contemplate this part of his literary character, we feel truly the worthlessness of pomp, the hollowness of power; we are ready to believe too, that sorrowing and suffering affection "withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave;" and the tear will moisten the page which speaks of the wounded delicacy, the repentant lover, and the forgiving spirit of her whom consumption is leading to the tomb. This may appear to some the romantic sensibility of youth; but it is a sensibility of which we suspect many whose hairs are growing grey have found themselves guilty.

In those efforts which have gained so much reputation on account of their original humor, the same delicate taste is discernible, which gives so much beauty to his sentimental works. There is in them nothing broad, nothing coarse, nothing that is not proper for the lips and thoughts of the most innocent; while they possess a richness and playfulness of description which entitles them to the highest rank among the productions of refined and chastened wit. Who has ever read, even for the twentieth time, the dolorous fate of poor Rip Van Winkle—his mysterious departure—the scene of his reappearance, when he gazes on his fac-simile of a son, without feeling good natured for a long time after it? And where is the weeping philosopher, who has retain-

ed his sorrowful visage, when listening to the wonders of Sleepy-Hollow, the gallantry of Ichabod Crane and his awful race with the headless Hessian?

But it is more particularly the style in which Irving writes, that has given him his well-merited popularity. He is, it is true, an essayist, but he has no one from whom he copies. He has found out a hitherto hidden, but beautiful path in literature, and has pursued it without a rival. He has melted down the roughness of our language, and given it a smoothness which few writers have been able to impart to it. In choosing his themes he has aimed at the beautiful rather than the sublime. He has not endeavoured to strike out new and dazzling thoughts, but has preferred to divide them into many mellow and beautiful tints by the prismatic power of his fancy. If his pictures are destitute of the force and boldness of Michael Angelo, they possess all the grace and softness of Raphael; and although he binds up with serpents no tortured Laocoon, still he is always presenting to us delicate and finely wrought Apollos and Venus de Medicis. When he gives us a description of scenery, whether it be the sublimity of the mountain or the loveliness of the valley, the page of print is turned to a picture, and we may almost be said to enjoy the beauties of rhetoric and painting at the same time. It matters not whether he speaks of nature clothed in the grandeur of our own land or in the softness of English landscapes, we always see the hand of a master sketching her likeness.

There are few writers more abounding with epithets and figures than Washington Irving, yet the former are seldom redundant and never misplaced, while there is no dragging in of the latter. His similes possess that charm of fitness which gives to metaphorical writing all its effect. They seem to grow out of the subject, and are the natural associations which are called up in the mind. As the stream flows along and receives much of its loveliness from the shadows it gives of the verdant banks, so are the figures of Irving the beautiful reflections of the objects among which the current of his thought winds its way.

We have said we were most pleased with the sentimental pieces of our author. This preference may be caused by the superior delicacy with which he describes the tenderest

emotions. In most tales of blighted love and hopeless passion there is a sickness which is always disgusting. There is in his works none of this; he has exhibited to us the romance of love exactly as it is, mingling with our daily avocations and softening the rough features of life. He has given to it all the purity, innocence, and chasteness which belong to its nature. And there is no one, although he may not, like Ichabod Crane, possess a soft and foolish heart towards the female sex, who can read "The Wife," "The Broken Heart," "The Pride of the Village," without having the best feelings of his heart drawn out into delightful exercise.

We intended to speak of Irving's fine descriptions of English rural life and Dutch manners, and more especially of those specimens of beautiful irony scattered through his works, but our limits will not allow it.

Washington Irving has been blamed, particularly on this side of the Atlantic, for leaving his native land and giving up describing her beauties. We think this is harsh treatment. We are ready to fall in with the praise given to our country for the resources she affords to descriptive talent; we own with pride that our lakes, rivers, and mountains are an everlasting theme for the poet; that the history and character of the natives, the events of our revolution, and that sublime page in the history of the world, the landing of the pilgrims, form a prolific field for the novelist. But yet we doubt whether all this is so well fitted for the talents of Irving. There is a newness about us little congenial to the sentimentalist. We want that soft melancholy, those time-worn customs, possessed by other nations, which are the things that most exercise his talents. Besides, we know well that the heart of our favorite author is wholly patriotic. For whenever he could he has gladly come home for his scenes and his tales; and so long as the heart remains unchanged, so long as he loves this land above all others, we care not whether the banks of the Hudson, the summits of the Highlands, the villages and inns of England, the vine hills of France, or the peaks of the Alps, are the places where he builds up the works of his fancy.

T. B. *T. B.*

THE LAND OF NATURE.

"Trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all her magnificence."
Sketch Book.

ONCE upon a time, when I was on a visit to an uncle of mine, who resides in a romantic village on the Penobscot, in the further part of Maine, I was solicited one morning to go with him on a pigeon-hunt, as game was very plenty in those new and thinly settled parts. We accordingly provided ourselves with two small fowling-pieces and a crust of bread in our pockets—for hunters you know are apt to be hungry—and cheerly set off. My uncle, being an old, grey-headed man, whose vigor of body was not quite equal to the sportive turn of his mind, was seated on a red pony, while I walked by his side. We thus proceeded along between log fences, on a winding road, which led to the wilderness, and after some miles' travel, we approached its woody confines. I helped my uncle jump his horse over some fences, when, after having charged our pieces, we concluded to take different directions, threatening great carnage among the tenants of the forest.

I should have been wearied by the distance I had already travelled, had not the excitement arising from the expected delight I should have in hunting, dispelled every duller sensation. But these hunting pleasures, as I afterwards found, existed most in anticipation.

I had not proceeded far, however, before I espied, at a distance, on an awkward scrag of a decayed and leafless beech-tree, two black crows. Clapping my hand to the trigger and dropping my gun to a ready position, I crept cautiously along beneath a log fence, the better to conceal my approach, although the crows had been for a long time eyeing me with much suspicion. Having advanced within shot, I still would advance a little nearer, so as to be sure; but while my heart was palpitating and I was making one more step with my gun already levelled, away went the crows, whose flight I still followed with a sigh of chagrin, until they sunk from my sight into a distant part of the forest. Vexation! cried I with vehemence, the next time I will fire, if I get within sight; for my ardor was not to be damp-

ed by a single disappointment, especially as I expected to find a plenty more of game. So I wandered on among high, black stumps, where the land had lately been cleared up, gazing round after game, over rough and rocky hillocks, whose loamy surface had never yet been molested by the plough. Indeed, a distinguishing characteristic of this new country, and one which first attracted my attention, is the constant inequality of the surface of the earth, a gentle undulation, which reaches even to their village doors, as if some green sea in moderate agitation had become petrified in the midst of its motion, and assumed the more beautiful green of vegetable verdure. The plants and trees were nearly the same as in my native state, with the exception of high beech and birch trees, which overspread the whole country, and hung over the dark waters of the Penobscot in towering grandeur. But hush ! hunters are always digressing.

Led on by one curiosity and another, I sauntered from hill to dale, it is impossible to tell where. At length I came to a little swamp so impenetrably thick and so filled with rotten wood, that I concluded it must be in a state of nature, for I could no where see into the full and thwarting underwood to the distance of one rod. I was much struck with this first view of "wild land," as the inhabitants term it, and proceeded on with the strong presumption of making more important discoveries. I now no longer cared for game, and although a sheering fox made light steps across a distant glade, yet he had lost the fascinating power of the crows. I was a student from Cambridge, and used only to the cultivated fields of Massachusetts ; how could I fail of being interested in this eastern wilderness ? The pleasures of taste and novelty soon displaced the lower sensations of the sportsman. It was the first part of September, and the rich foliage of summer had not yet struck her gay colors to the first frosts of autumn. Earth still retained her beauty.

After advancing a little way further, I at length was fairly embosomed in the true forest of nature. This was a truly original and strangely novel scene. The woods were deep and majestic, the timber heavy and clear from underwood. But what most astonished me was the prodigious quantity of perishing timber ; aged trees falling and fallen in every state of decay. Some, overgrown with moss,

leafless, and forsaken by most of their limbs. Some reclining with burdensome weakness upon their younger and more vigorous neighbours; and others, from still greater infirmity, fairly levelled with the ground, their unwieldy trunks opening in mealy rottenness, and returning "unto earth as it was," which, by these new accessions and the protuberances, occasioned by old stumps, lay upon all sides in continual heaps and ridges; thus accounting for the undulatory surface of the open country. The soil, from its vegetable composition, is extremely rich and mellow, divested of sward or grass, with here and there a solitary, languid plant, enfeebled by shade. "Heaps upon heaps" lay the age-strown forest; the fallen trees thwarting each other in every direction, like armies, slaughtered by the unsparing hand of time.

I leaped for exultation and shouted in my enthusiasm; then involuntarily hushed, for fear of attracting some catamount, wolf, or Indian, as I imagined, and holding fast my gun, I now skulked through the interstices of thwarting trees, now sprang about a little lawn, gazing on all around with insatiable curiosity. Come over here, men of Europe, cried I, and behold the ruins of nature, for in your old countries, even the Alps's clifted sides are clothed with vineyards. You, indeed, can point out to us the picturesque remnants of perishing art, the mouldering grandeur of moss-grown abbeys, the lonely relics of Gothic castles, adding romance to sublimity; but here we will show you a *forest in ruins*; Nature, uninterrupted in her deepest recesses, and still continuing those wild operations which she has been carrying on ever "since the great flood;" the fruits of fertility being gathered again into the bosom of earth to afford nutriment in their turn to green posterity. Shall we compare this wild originality with the narrow remnants of art? Traverse, stranger, our native mountains, be awed at our cataracts, plunge into our caverns, and roam the diversified wilderness, then say if our country is not more than equal to romantic Switzerland.

There is something singular, and accompanied with a tinge of melancholy in contemplating a lofty forest tree, which has reigned in air for centuries, yielding at last in cowering submission to the strong hand of time, and render-

ing back again to earth that fertility, which it has so long been extracting from it. It is a scene remote from common life. Here, thought I, while I cast my eye down a wild glen among the woods, here I tread on earth never before pressed by the foot of a white man; but, while I was thus deeply cogitating, and not a leaf rustled to disturb the solemn silence of the forest, my hair suddenly stood on end at the hoarse, alarming caw-caw of a petulant crow among the thick boughs right above my head. You shall soon pay dear, thought I, for your intrusion, looking up in anger to find aim at her, but the leaves were so thick, that I could not. So prying round to find an opening, I no sooner discovered myself to the wary bird, than she immediately took flight.

Having now become sickened at the idea of hunting by this second disappointment, I determined not to give another crow a chance of crowing over me, so after wandering about for some time in the forest and fully satisfying my curiosity, I began to think of turning homeward. But to what point of the compass home lay was more than I could tell; by dint of perseverance, however, I succeeded in retracing my steps, finding my way out of the forest, and eventually to my uncle's house, where I arrived just before sunset. My uncle had got home on his red pony some time before me, but with as little to produce from his fowling wallet as I had myself.

X.

Tuft

THE DRAMA.

The moving picture of our changeful life.—*New Play.*

THE drama is in its nature well fitted to conduce to the most rational enjoyment, while it is capable of imparting the highest moral instruction. The knowledge of the heart and an acquaintance with the power of the passions cannot better be obtained than through such a representation, as connects the motive with the action, and by a sensible train unites the consequence with the cause which precedes it. Poetry in its highest office should indeed be the minister of virtue. By assemblages of whatever is lovely in nature, by

glowing descriptions of the rich bounties of Providence, by faithful and winning appeals to whatever is worthy and generous in human conduct, it should inspire the heart with purer and more exalted gratitude, and enrich the character with nobler and more generous sentiments. Descriptive poetry has a charm by which it can gently enter into the feelings, and easily gain over the affections of the heart. But whatever may be its power either to please or to instruct, the drama, which includes the highest efforts of poetical genius, by presenting its lessons in a new form, produces more strong and permanent effects. It is no longer the feelings of the poet with which we are to sympathize. He, with his own feelings and emotions, is concealed. We are not kept at the cold distance of listeners to the story of honor and glory, of injured affection and outraged feelings. We see their operation, we hear the language they utter. Passion is working in the object before us; we engage with intense interest in the emotions which it is exhibiting in all the power of reality.

It is not merely by strong expression of generous feeling nor in the repulsive exhibition of hateful passion, that the drama is capable of improving and instructing. The vices of men are exposed to ridicule, and practices which the sober character of the moralist hardly descends to upbraid, under the keen reproofs of comic humour, become truly disgusting. It must, indeed, be acknowledged that ridicule, although a powerful, is a dangerous weapon in unskilful hands, and that comic scenes are too often allowed to embrace so much corruption as to pollute rather than purify the mind. This abuse does not, however, preclude the possibility of advantage, and although we cannot now find gratification increased by the intolerance of some habit unfriendly to virtue, while laughing at the ludicrous representation of vice burlesqued and exaggerated, yet we do feel that there is power in comedy, seasoned with satire against popular corruptions, while itself is pure from grosser improprieties, so to set them forth as to deserve and meet our absolute abhorrence. It may, notwithstanding, be objected that there is too much of the mirthful to unite instruction; that while even vice itself is rendered ridiculous, we may forget that it should be despised, and that the corrupting and

enervating influence of comic representation, as it does and has existed, has more weight against it than any fine spun theories in its favor.

The same, however, cannot be said of tragedy. In its character it is dignified, in its sentiments, exalted. It exhibits the noblest feelings of which we are capable. It involves its actors deeply in the consequences of the course they pursue. It unveils the secret motive, discloses the whole operation on which enterprises are built up, and in a moving, living miniature, sets forth the chances and the powers against which we must contend in the wide game of life in which we are all engaged. Men learn much of goodness by the excitement of sympathetic feeling. It is not solely through the medium of the impressive and deliberate language of persuasion, that we are to learn the enduring strength of virtue, and are to be urged forward to vigorous action, that we are to be inspired to the attainment of every bright quality which adorns humanity, and excited with boldness to seize the good which many lose "by fearing to attempt." We need the ardor and enthusiasm which the deeds themselves awaken, and while the lessons of duty strengthen the moral principle and improve the character, the high examples of conduct,

"When gorgeous tragedy
..... comes sweeping by,"

seize upon the feelings, and irresistibly enliven the heart. We cannot look tamely on, while villany is plotting the destruction of unwary, unsuspecting innocence. We cannot, with listless coldness and indifference, see old age becoming the object of scorn and derision, the outcast from the bosom where it should be sheltered from the rough storms which gather around the setting sun of life, the closing scene of existence overwhelmed with the contumely of unnatural ingratitude. When poetry describes, we may indeed be moved and sympathize with the poet. But here we see injured kindness the victim of feelings too mighty to be subdued; we hear grief vent itself in the strong language of passion, frantic and wild, yet irresistible. The imaginings of the poet are all embodied. The picture is filled up; we have not to follow but are carried forward. We feel that we are among

the living and real beings who are suffering and sorrowing ; we are melted to sympathy, are enkindled to anger, we are wrung with anguish, and tremble with all the torturing anxiety of suspense. And can it be possible, when we thus see and feel the enormity of wickedness, when vice is presented to us even in the pride of its power, in the confidence of its success, as the fountain whence flow the streams of misery which are destroying the foundations of contentment and happiness, that we do not become the stronger and more willing admirers of virtue ? Even when innocence is wronged, and yields to reproaches, and guilt in its wicked devices has become victorious, can we refuse our assent to the beauty, the satisfaction of the one, and the hatefulness and deformity of the other ? But the closing scene of the drama, which consummates the whole, is perhaps the most difficult and is certainly the most important in determining the tendency of the feelings and emotions which have been excited, and in satisfying the hopes and dispelling the doubts, which have been rising and thronging with every new incident. The only guide must be nature. Where death comes in to stop the tide of joy, cutting down at the same time the generous for whom we had hoped all happiness, and the wretch for whom, even in his previous success, we had imprecated the most direful vengeance, the only redeeming quality of the unwished for catastrophe, is its truth to necessity and its resemblance to the incidents of life. The interest has become almost overpowering, every feeling engaged, and though the scene be revolting yet we cling to it, and when thus excited, every impression is deep and lasting.

It is interesting to consider wherein consists the pleasure we derive from tragic representation. Men of different temperament differ in the limit to which the shocking may be allowed to extend without overcharging the mind with excitement. In all the solemn dignity and stately propriety of French tragedy, we feel but little interest. The most striking and affecting events transpire behind the scene, and it is left for the comparative calmness of narration to produce the corresponding emotions. This is doubtless better adapted to the more ardent and excitable dispositions of the French than the boldness of our tragedy,

which they have called barbarism. There is, indeed, much allowance to be made for the charm of a native language which we cannot feel—for the thronging associations united with many tender expressions which to us appear heartless—for the force and sweetness of those sounds which have ever been the medium of affection and afforded utterance to wants and consolation to grief. Yet, after all this, there seems to be a more daring sublimity in some of the English dramatic works; a more forcible display of events; a bolder disclosure of circumstances. Shakspeare, in his inimitable ardour of conception, and with his fearlessness of execution, brings death out among us in all its numerous forms, nor hesitates to throw the passions into the highest state of frenzied excitement. And in many instances it would almost seem that even the moral sublimity in which all his great scenes are clothed, would fail to support us under the accumulated weight of terrible and agonizing catastrophes, were it not for the strange propensity which all, in some degree, possess of hurrying to the scenes where calamities abound. This propensity cannot be resolved into idle curiosity, nor to the unreality of the dramatic representation. Men, with a kind of instinctive sympathy, crowd around the spot where suffering humanity is wrung with the agony of death, and assemble with one accord where desolation has been spreading itself among the noblest structures of art, and wander with pensive satisfaction where destruction has laid waste the monuments of exalted genius, and gaze with fixed and subduing interest with the forlorn and houseless stranger, upon the scene which was once his dwelling place. It cannot be that there is any thing satisfying in other men's afflictions. It is the pride of the generous to feel for calamity. Nor can it be ascribed to any reflection of our better lot, since nothing more surely than grief brings down the thoughts from unessential distinctions. The true source of this feeling seems to be *the love of excitement*. Such states are always followed by the utmost serenity of feeling. As the fury of the tempest when spent, so the violence of passion is succeeded by a still, delightful calmness, and our temper, like the air we breathe, is purified by the agitation into which it has been thrown.

N. R.

Sweet's e

A VISION OF THE UNIVERSE.

From the German of Jean Paul Fr. Richter.

I WAS lately reading Krüger's observations upon the old, popular error, according to which, the space between one planet and another, between the planets and the sun, and, more than all, the immense space between one solar system and another, was supposed to be a vacuum.

The sun, with all its planets, fills but the 31,419,460,000,000,000th part of the distance to the next sun.

Heavens! thought I, in what an immense void must the universe be swallowed up, if nothing were full, but the few scattered, shining atoms, which we call a system. If we supposed the ocean to be void and without life, and the peopled islands to be no larger than snail-shells, we should commit a smaller error in measurement, than formerly existed, with regard to the emptiness of the universe. And the inhabitants of the ocean would be guilty of a still smaller one, if they believed their element alone to be filled and peopled, and all above and around it to be an empty, uninhabited space. If, according to Herschel, the farthest nebulae are at such a distance from us, that their light, which to-day reaches our eyes, must have gone forth two million years ago; so that whole firmaments may appear to us to be still shining on, when in reality they have long been extinct; in what fearful abysses of nothingness would the universe be buried, if we suppose it pervaded and bounded by so extensive a vacuity.

But, can we for a moment forget the powers which must be continually flowing to and from those distant orbs in order that the path to them may become navigable to our vision? Does not light pervade the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the farthest nebulae? And may not a world of spirits exist in those floods of light, as well as thy spirit in the ether-drop of thy brain?

Among these and similar thoughts I was surprised by the following dream:

My mortal frame, I dreamed, fell from me, and my inner form came forth, bright and ethereal.

Near me stood a figure similar to my own, which did not shine, but flashed incessantly. "Two thoughts," said this Spirit, "are my wings, the thought *here* and the thought *there*. Think and fly with me that I may show and unveil to thee the universe." And I flew with him. The earth rolled swift away beneath our meteor course, but palely lit by some few southern constellations, and vanished in the abyss of darkness. At last nothing remained of our firmament but its sun, which seemed like a small star, and the scattered trains of some distant comets. A nearer comet which had just left the sun of our system and was moving on toward Sirius, shot by us like lightning.

And now we flew mid countless suns, so rapidly that they had scarce expanded to the size of moons before us, when they dwindled to nebulae behind us; their planets we could not distinguish in our rapid flight. The earth's sun, and Sirius, and all the constellations, and the milky way of our firmament, lay far beneath our feet, like a bright mist among smaller, nearer clouds. And on we flew through the starry wilderness. One firmament after another expanded before us and dwindled behind us; and far beyond, nebulae lay piled upon nebulae in cloudy splendor, like a triumphal arch for the Eternal Spirit.

At times the guiding form outflowed my weary thought and gleamed on high, like a comet's train beside some far-off star, till I again thought, *there*, and was again at his side. But, as we wandered from one starry waste to another, and the heavens above us grew no thinner, and the heavens beneath us no fuller; and as continually, new suns and new systems rolled downward and were lost in that sea of light, as the floods of a tempest mingle with the ocean; my o'erfull heart grew faint and longed to exchange this boundless temple of suns for the narrow cell of devotion; and I asked the spirit, Has the universe no end? And he answered, "It has no beginning."

But lo! suddenly, the heavens above us seemed emptied of their splendor; no star twinkled in the pure darkness. And on we flew, till the firmament beneath us, also, dwindled to a thin, pale cloud, and then vanished. And I thought—*here* the universe ends. And I startled at the dark prison-wall, which here divided creation from the dead sea

of nothingness, in whose bottomless gloom the universe, like a small, bright gem, sunk deeper and deeper. And I could only see the twinkling form of my guide, but not my own, for there was no light to illumine it. Then answered he my silent terror,—“Thou of little faith! look up! the old, primeval light is approaching!” I looked up, and there appeared, first, a dawning, and then, immediately, a milky way, and then, as suddenly, a whole shining firmament. The most transient flash of thought was too long for the work of those three moments. Since many a grey millenium, the light of those distant orbs had been on its way to us, and reached us at last on those immeasurable heights. And now we moved as through a new age, through new heavens. And then, again, came another starless night, and a longer interval, before the rays of another firmament reached us. And upward still we mounted, through endless vicissitudes of day and night. Each new heaven gave place to a new void, and each new interval of darkness grew longer than the preceding. And, as suddenly, we came from one of these intervals to an *Aurora Borealis* of blazing suns, which seemed struggling with their planets, and it appeared as if a judgment day were burning on every orb around us, and, as we passed through those fearful realms, the workshop of nature, where worlds are formed, where mighty floods rolled above us, and long streams of lightning flashed through the chaos; where one vast, dark, leaden sun-ball absorbed light continually, but grew no brighter;—and, as I beheld, in those boundless depths, a mountain-pile with a flaming snow-crown of crowded suns, and saw, even above those mountains, still, new nebulae and new firmaments;—my spirit rose and swelled beneath the pressure of the universe; and I said to my companion, Hold! lead me no farther! I feel too lonely in the creation, I am lonelier still, in its deserts; the full world is vast, but the empty world is vaster, and, with the universe, the void increases. But the Spirit said,—“Before God, there can be no void. Round the stars, and between the stars, is the real Universe. Thy spirit can comprehend only the earthly forms of that which is un-earthly. Behold, then, those forms!”

And, lo! my eyes were opened, and I saw an immeasur-

able ocean of light, in which the suns and planets lay scattered like dark, rocky islands. I was not on the sea, but in it, and the sea had no bottom and no shore. All the spaces between the planets and the systems were filled with light : and there was a thundering like that of the deluge, and a sweet, low murmuring, like the music of birds ; and no confusion. The light and the sounds overpowered my heart. I was filled with joy, without knowing whence it came. It was a rejoicing in existence and in eternity. And a nameless love, I knew not, I cared not for whom or for what, overwhelmed me, when I looked around in this new world of light. Then said my companion, "Thou mayest now comprehend the world of spirits ; to the earthly eye and ear there are none ; they can perceive only the material world in which *these* live and work. Now, therefore, child of man, let thy spiritual eye behold, and thy dreaming heart comprehend."

And my eye beheld, at once, the nearest and the most distant. I saw all the immeasurable spaces through which we had passed, and all their firmaments. The suns floated in that ethereal element like gray blossoms, and the planets like seed-kernels.

And my dreaming heart comprehended.—Immortality lived in those spaces ; death existed only in the worlds. Tall shadows walked in human shape upon the suns ; but they became transfigured when they went thence, and sunk into the sea of light. And the dark pilgrim-stars were but the cradles of the infant spirits of the bright universe. In the intermediate spaces alone, sounded, shone, and breathed, all life and power. The suns seemed like the revolving wheels, and the planets the shuttles of the loom by which was woven the woof of the immeasurable Isis-veil which overhung creation, and which but stretched and lengthened when a finite being attempted to lift it.

There, in the midst of living infinity, there could be no more grief, but bliss without end, and a prayer of joy.

Amid the glories of this new revealed universe, my companion had become invisible ; he had gone to his home in the world of spirits. I was alone and longed for some kindred being. Then rose and floated along from the lowest depths, and through all the thousand stars, a dark body ;

and it climbed the lofty seas of light, and upon it there stood a human figure, like an infant, which changed not, nor increased as it drew nearer.

The dark body was our earth, and it stood before me, and upon it stood the infant Jesus.—And the infant looked upon me so kindly, so mildly, and so full of love, that I awoke with love and joy.

But my joy continued after my awaking, and I said, O! how sweet to live in this full, glorious universe, and how sweet to die! And I thanked the Creator for this life upon the earth, and for a future life without the earth.

H. H.

H. H.

LITERARY SUCCESS OF FEMALE WRITERS.

ONE of the idlest questions that have ever been started by the curiosity of the speculative, is that of superiority on the part of either of the sexes; a question, which takes it for granted that the all-ruling Being, who has manifested in the works of his creation the most boundless goodness and benevolence, has formed exactly one half of his rational creatures with an inferiority of intellectual powers, and a consequent inferiority of rank in the scale of intelligence. To discuss this question, however, would be to suppose that some of our readers are believers in the doctrine of a superiority on one side or the other, and we would not be understood to convey such an idea even by implication. Our purpose, moreover, is nothing more than to offer a few remarks on the opinions that have been entertained in regard to female learning and female authorship, and the success which has attended the efforts of distinguished writers among the other sex, and influenced the literary character of the age; which purpose we design to accomplish after making a few preliminary remarks.

It is curious to observe the various notions that have been entertained in different ages in regard to the relative character and rank of women, the place they ought to hold in society, the respect they ought to receive, and the duties they ought to perform. Among some nations they have been viewed as many degrees below “the lords of crea-

tion," worthy to be the mere slaves of their haughty masters, and absolutely unfit to participate in their councils, advise them in difficulties, sympathize in their sorrows, rejoice in their prosperity, and share with them on equal terms, in all the cares, troubles, and joys that diversify the scenes of this variegated life. At other times we behold them elevated to a rank almost equal to beings of a celestial nature, and receiving the homage of humble and suppliant adorers. Men have acted as though they thought woman a complete puzzle, and the treatment she ought to receive an enigma beyond the reach of human ingenuity to solve. In general they have manifested the singular notions, the strange feelings, the awkward and blundering actions that show themselves in the conduct of the clown when he first experiences certain queer and undefinable sensations at the sight of the rustic beauty, whose charms have bewildered his fancy and led astray his imagination.

The whole tenor of classic literature shows that woman was by no means held in proper estimation among the most polished nations of antiquity. We occasionally read of one, it is true, who overstepped the limits prescribed to her sex, and astonished the philosophers and orators by striking displays of a cultivated taste and a brilliant imagination, but these were like the meteors of heaven that from time to time appear above the horizon, flash brightly across the sky, and then disappear forever. One or two among the Greeks discoursed profoundly on rhetoric and philosophy, and either by their beauty or their learning, or both, attracted large and admiring audiences. There was one, likewise, who assumed the lyre and breathed the deepest feelings of the soul in strains of impassioned tenderness, which, compared with the bacchanalian effusions of Anacreon, or even the more polished and delicate muse of Horace, put to shame, in propriety of expression and truth and depth of sentiment, all the boasted beauties of the one and the other.

During the reign of chivalry, the roving warriors who traversed the world in search of adventures were the most humble and devoted servants of the fair. The slightest token of regard from the hand of the object of his adoration was sufficient to awaken the prowess of the knight to deeds of the most daring enterprise. The frenzy that occupied

the brains of these bewildered and fanatical adorers of woman, led to a course of conduct the most extraordinary that has ever been detailed in the pages of history, or adorned by the splendors of poetical imagery. The deeds they performed, the perils they encountered, the foes they prostrated, while each maintained the superlative loveliness of his own adorable mistress, have been full often the theme on which the muse of modern days has lavished her richest ornaments and sung her most melodious strains. The high sentiments of gallantry that apparently governed the conduct of the knights, however beautiful they appear in the dim distance of ages, when contemplated from amidst the culture and refinement of these later days, and when separated from the darker shades that intermingle in the otherwise fair picture, when considered apart from the oppression that trampled in the dust the lower orders of society, and the pride, the intolerance, and ignorance that degraded the higher, yet were not sufficiently powerful and efficacious principles to prevent their high-minded devotees from sullyng their characters by vice and profligacy of so deep a die that the matter-of-fact and less poetical morality of the present age would start from it with abhorrence. The rank in which the high born damsels of those days were placed, and the distant reverence with which they were treated, was one of the principal causes, strange as it may seem, of the gross immorality which then prevailed. The feelings that were then cultivated, and the sentiments that were cherished by the spirit of the times, were an outrage upon nature and could not but be most pernicious to morality. We must think, therefore, that the intellect of Mills was most strangely bewildered, when he painted in such glowing colors the happy effects that he imagined had sprung from this system of perversion, and dilated with such exstastic admiration upon the glorious influence that was exerted by the spirit of chivalry.

In process of time, however, this fanaticism began to pass away, partly on account of the increase of knowledge which opened gradually the eyes of mankind to a sense of their own absurdity, and partly on account of the ridicule which minds of a penetrating cast began to throw upon the nonsensical marvels of knighthood. Woman has been ever since

gradually acquiring the influence in society which the God of nature designed she should possess ; she has gradually descended from the high elevation to which she was raised by the folly and extravagance of man, to that equality with the other sex which her powers and capabilities fairly entitle her to, and which we venture to assert, all women of sense would prefer to a groundless, factitious and precarious superiority. But since the vagaries of chivalry have passed away, absurdities, less striking, indeed, but equally extensive have taken root and gained strength in society ; and though poets have sung the beauty, or lamented the disdain of the fair, yet the book of knowledge, the most precious boon of existence, to them has been sealed. The female mind has been neglected, and consequently, deprived of all the pleasures which letters and science afford in every situation of life. She who would attempt to adorn her mind with knowledge beyond the small portion allotted to the generality of her sex, has heretofore been considered as going beyond the bounds of female propriety, and the fear of being marked out as an object of ridicule, has prevented many an ingenuous female from making those acquirements, to which she would otherwise have devoted herself with all the enthusiasm of genius. Satire upon satire has been written against learned women, and the reputation of being a *blue stocking* has been a source of more terror than the fear of death. Men whose superior minds ought to have raised them above the prejudices of the vulgar, have been guilty of uttering anathemas upon female learning, which would now disgrace the lips of the veriest smatterer. These feelings and views have happily passed away, and sentiments more consonant with the moral dignity of mankind, and the liberal and enlightened spirit which always guides the sincere inquirers after truth, have been adopted in theory, and exemplified in practice. Those accomplishments which serve merely to set off a fine person to advantage, are not the only elements which are considered as necessary to a complete female education. Those branches of learning which refine the feelings of the soul, and elevate and ennoble human nature, are now cultivated by females with an ardor which shows that in whatever points, and in whatever degree, the minds of women may differ from those of men,

they were both equally endued by nature with the capacity of advancing in a course of endless improvement. After it began to be perceived, that knowledge ought not to be the exclusive property of man, there were many remaining, who were unwilling to give up the old theory entirely, and therefore contented themselves with allowing the other sex a slight acquaintance with the lighter departments of literature. A little reading of poetry, and now and then a novel, they were forced to allow, would be quite harmless amusements, especially if they were not suffered to interfere with the every-day duties of real life; but as for the abstruser sciences they still maintained, it would be a monstrous perversion of nature for a woman to meddle with them. Experience has shown the error of their calculation. Ever since females have been allowed by the omnipotence of public opinion, to enter the paths of knowledge without being stared at by those who have gone before them, as prodigies and marvels and exceptions to the course of nature, they have been continually gaining ground, and their success in the prosecution of liberal learning, has gradually, yet with unerring certainty, banished the prejudices which before had kept them back from entering on a career of intellectual improvement. Every branch of polite literature has been cultivated by them with eminent success, and without going far for examples, we might easily show, that even the difficulties and abstrusities of mathematical science have not been able to deter them from engaging in a study, which is usually thought so dry and uninteresting. In short, we believe and hope the tendency of this age is to give unlimited admission to the other sex into the arena of literary competition. We would not be understood to assert the propriety of their engaging in all kinds of scientific pursuits; for we believe there is an adaptation by nature of the female mind to certain paths in the field of knowledge rather than others. We must protest, therefore, against all preaching, lecturing, and oration-making being done by the ladies. But literature will never be what it ought to be, until females contribute their portion, freely and fearlessly, to its formation. The expression of feeling, the creations of the imagination, the brilliant flashes of wit, the approbation of virtue, the censure of vice, the illustration of moral truth,

the delineation of whatever is great and inspiring in the human character, the description of self-sacrificing heroism, the enthusiasm, which the sublimity of moral and intellectual greatness and the beauty of mild and retiring goodness creates in the bosom of sensibility, the shadowing forth of the gentle affections, whose unobtrusive influence strengthens the bonds of society and sheds a hallowed serenity over the variegated scenes of life, are objects as interesting to the contemplation of woman, and as proper to be ornamented by the vivifying and adorning power of *her* genius, as by the brightest intellects among the other sex.

Female authorship has had many opposers. The sphere of female influence many have thought, and, we believe, some still think, ought to be confined to the scenes of domestic life and to the social circles that are formed in the common routine of friendly intercourse. It has been thought that the retiring delicacy which forms the principal charm of woman's character, is entirely inconsistent with her appearing before the world as an author. Why this should be so we are at a loss to imagine. There surely is no foundation whatever for this doctrine either in reason or nature. We are very far from underrating the influence that women, even when they do not become writers themselves, exert upon the literary character of the times. The happy effects of female society upon the minds of scholars and authors, have been beautifully described by the pen of a distinguished medical gentleman of this vicinity in a little work called "*Disorders of Literary Men*," and we cannot help recommending the fine observations in the chapter on this particular subject, to the frequent perusal of all who still believe that men of letters should give up the delights of social intercourse, and consider every moment as lost which is not devoted to solitary contemplation of the literary monuments of past ages. But why a woman of fine imagination and powerful talents should be denied the privilege of affording amusement to the world, and of winning the prize of literary distinction for herself, is a question which we never have seen fairly answered. Literature is the grand theatre for *mind* to exert itself in. It is the scene where genius is to exhibit whatever is pleasing and beautiful in the human character and condition, in forms of attractive

loveliness, and whatever is elevating and sublime, in all the splendid decorations that give us an inspiring feeling of something higher and nobler in our destiny, than any thing which has yet fallen within the scope of our experience. Now we conceive that *any* one who has the power of contributing to the accomplishment of this high object, not only has a right, but is commissioned by the supreme authority of Nature, and lies under an imperious obligation, to aid in the glorious work. That a female should be thought to violate the strictest rules of delicacy and propriety, by amusing and improving the world with literary efforts whose tendency is in a moral point of view, beneficial in the highest degree, is a thing far beyond the reach of our feeble comprehension. This subject has been fairly discussed by the most voluminous female writer of this or any age, the celebrated Madame de Genlis. In the preliminary reflections to her work on the influence of women upon the literature of France, she has stated at length the conditions which any woman who is to become an author ought to comply with, and they are such as must satisfy the scruples of those who tremble most for the consequences of the unconstrained admission of woman to all the rights and privileges of authorship. She recognizes a peculiarity in the course which women ought to take in their literary career. She allows that the interests of government are entirely out of their province, that they have nothing to do with the controversies which agitate the world, that they should never intermeddle in political affairs, that even literary pursuits should be entirely forborne rather than that the all-important and permanent duties of domestic life should be in the least neglected, and that the particular object of all their literary efforts should be to delineate in language addressed to the imagination and the heart, the gentler affections of life, which soften the sorrows of adversity and give a new vividness to the joys of prosperity :—in short, that in becoming an author a woman may still retain in her character, and display in her writings, all the peculiar qualities that are thought to constitute the principal elements of female loveliness. These are doctrines, which, in our opinion, are perfectly correct, and which may be proved so, by numberless facts of actual experience.

The number and success of female writers, who have of late come forward and submitted their works to the test of public opinion, are remarkable phenomena in literary history. In France, Madame de Staël has rivalled the most boasted scholars of Europe in almost every department of literary and philosophical discussion, and the finest writers of fiction by the creations of her brilliant imagination; displaying in her "*Germany*" a profound acquaintance with every branch of literature, together with a discriminating judgment guided by liberal and generous principles in appreciating the beauties of writings, which were composed under the influence of circumstances so different from those which formed the literary character of her own countrymen; in her "*Reflections on the French Revolution*," manifesting an acuteness of observation, a depth of thought and a philosophic turn of mind that are rarely possessed by those who examine the great events that affect the destiny of nations, and present them to our minds in a connected chain of causes and effects; and in her "*Corinne*" showing herself capable of expressing in words of impassioned eloquence, the beautiful rhapsodies of the most high-toned and poetical enthusiasm. England has not been deficient. Mrs Radcliffe, in the bosom of quiet retirement, has imaged forth in her fictions, creations that none can contemplate without sensations of awful astonishment. Her pencil portrays to our imagination with fearful indistinctness the shadowy beings that people the unknown world, and creates an illusion often so strong that we are unable to look about us without catching a glimpse of some mysterious form whose spiritual nature has become vaguely palpable to our astonished eyes. And yet we know that while her writings were exercising the power of a magician's art over thousands and thousands of her readers, she was calmly and regularly performing all the duties that belong to a friend, an acquaintance, a wife. Among the poets, too, of the present age, who has sung in more melodious verse than Mrs Hemans? Whose strains breathe a holier inspiration, a purer and more fervent earnestness in the cause of virtue and morality than hers? Where is the harmony to which our language may be moulded, more perfectly exemplified than in her productions?

When we turn to our own country, the prospect that strikes our view is no less beautiful. The daughters of America have done not a little to elevate the literary character of their native land. Many of their productions, which have appeared within the last few years, do honor to themselves and their country, and are considered as among the finest efforts of American genius. In the departments of poetry and novel writing, they shine with distinguished lustre. Among the fugitive poetry that adorns the pages of our different periodicals, there is none that breathes a purer spirit than the effusions of "Cornelia." In the whole range of American fiction, nothing can be found more highly finished and more deeply interesting than "Redwood," "Hobomok," and "The Rebels." "Redwood" is more particularly distinguished for the perfect finish of the style in which it is written, and the graphic portraits of several of the characters, than for the expression of deep and powerful emotion. "Hobomok" and "The Rebels" both display an imagination rich almost to exuberance, and contain many highly wrought passages of affecting tenderness, which would do honor to the head and heart of any writer in any age. The list might be much farther extended, but we forbear.

Many of the most popular novels of the day are filled with scenes of feasting and revelry and vulgar dissipation, which, whatever be their merit in point of descriptive truth, cannot but render the moral effect upon a large portion of the community at least dubious. But the purity and delicacy that characterize the pages of our female writers, while they remove their works, perhaps, one degree farther from the truth of actual life, afford an abundant compensation in the high tone of feeling they exemplify, and the elevation of sentiment they inculcate.

C. C.

T. Helton

POETRY.

[Perhaps we owe our readers some apology for the sober character of a large part of the poetry of our present number. We trust, however, they will excuse it in consideration of the mournful events that have lately taken place within the walls of our University. In our first number we recorded the death of a young and promising member of College. Since that time the Destroyer has again entered the shades of literary retirement, and aimed his fatal shaft at the life of one who possessed, in a rare degree, the qualities that most engage our affection and esteem. Mr Davis, a few months ago, was earnestly engaged in the prosecution of his favorite study—Theology. This, from his earliest youth, was the profession of his choice; to this he devoted his time and talents with a singleness of purpose which promised extensive usefulness in after life. While employed in preparing to go forth into the world and to labor in the cause of virtue, morality, and truth, he was interrupted by the approach of disease and the pains of a dying bed. His loss will long be felt by those who knew him, and his virtues will be cherished and remembered. The social circles which he often joined, and to which he was always welcome, cannot soon forget his polite manners, pleasing conversation, and amiable disposition. What we have said is not unmeaning and heartless praise. From a long and intimate acquaintance, we feel authorized to bear our strongest testimony to the deep felt excellence and purity of his character.

Before the following lines were received, several shorter pieces were in type, the authors of which will, we trust, excuse us for deferring them to our next.]

ON THE DEATH OF W. B. D.

WE saw him late in the busy throng,
With youth's brightest lustre round him,
And Hope was fresh,—and many and strong
Were the ties to life that bound him.

On his youthful cheek, where Health's rosiest bloom
Mixed sweet with a native meekness,
We could trace no sign of an early tomb,
No mark of latent weakness.

We knew not that beneath those flowers
The sting of Death lay lurking,
Nor how, in the midst of his gayest hours,
Its venom was silently working.

We looked again, and the roseate bloom
Had grown to a hectic brightness ;
'Twas life's parting glow, and its crimson gloom
Soon chang'd for a deadly whiteness.

We saw him next on the bed of pain,
With a fever's throes contending ;
We saw each light of promise wane,
Each hope in darkness ending.

O ! many a fond and fervent plea
For him to Heaven ascended,
From hearts where deep-tried *piety*
With deep-tried *love* contended.

We saw, by his couch, a Mother's care
With a Friend's kind efforts vying,
And marked—till fear became despair,—
How fondly they watched the dying.

With what anxious thrill and stifled breath,
They beheld the victim languish !
The space 'twixt the flash and the stroke of Death,
Was to them an age of anguish.

What deep affection saw we there !
By long agony tried and chasten'd,
Till each torturing hope was lost in the prayer,
That the mercy-stroke might be hastened.

We saw him last, when each wish was stilled,
And past each vain endeavour ;
And the heart, that once so warmly thrilled,
Could thrill no more, for ever.

And we wept,—for bitter seemed that hour
And the fate, that robbed us, cruel,—
The garland of Friendship had lost a flower,
And Virtue's crown a jewel.

We wept, for another doom had told
 The frailty of earthly promise ;
 A lov'd and loving heart lay cold,
 And a cherish'd hope went from us.

But the pang has past, and we weep no more :
 Though to us it be not given
 In this judgment to trace,—we will trust and adore
 E'en in this,—the sure mercy of Heaven.

We weep no more,—the broken tie,
 By its rupture a soul hath deliver'd ;
 And a Friend hath gone to his rest on high,
 Where ties are no more severed.

We weep no more,—*He* sought on earth
 A *sphere* to Heaven the nighest,
 And the joys, which he deemed of the highest worth,
 Are *there* the seraph's highest.

H. H. Base

CHANGES.

BRIGHTLY shone the sun at morning,
 From a warm and brilliant sky ;
 Nature's lovely face adorning,
 Lighting up the arch on high,
 But the clouds begin to gather,
 And at eve the rain drops fall ;
 Darker, colder frowns the weather,
 Thick, black clouds envelope all.

Thus in life's young morning, round me
 Lay a landscape fresh and fair ;
 The ties of love and friendship bound me,
 All was joyous, free from care.

Soon the bands of friendship parted,
 Love's new ties too soon were torn ;
 Lone, and cold, and broken hearted,
 Life's dark evening I must mourn.

J. Calhoun

LINES SUGGESTED BY A DEATH-BED SCENE.

I LOOKED upon a form, where Death
 With feeble Life was struggling still ;
 Pale was his cheek, and hushed his breath,
 And, save at times, the passing thrill
 Frail nature feels, when Death hath driven
 The life blood to its source, he lay
 As one with Spirit passed away,
 Whose meed was won, whose rest was heaven.

He woke to life once more and sorrow,
 His glance unearthly brightness shed,
 Too plain it told the coming morrow
 Should count him with the silent dead ;
 'Twas the soul's triumph ; nature quailed,
 Yet his eye spoke the hope of bliss,
 (The joy of worlds unknown to this)
 Of immortality unveiled.

It was the stilly "noon of night,"
 No murmur woke the silent air,
 A taper shed its feeble light
 On one who knelt in voiceless prayer
 Beside the couch of many tears ;
 She smiled on him, twas some relief,
 Hiding in heartless smiles her grief,
 To cheat with hopes that were not hers.

It is a mother's love alone
Whose care can ease the anguished frame,
That still will hope when hope there's none,
Through life unchangingly the same.
She laved his lip, and soothed his pain,
She kissed the death damp from his brow,
Could Death relent, would he look now,
That smile had won his life again.

On earth his eyes were closing fast,
The springs of life were drying up.
"God of my fathers, ere he 's past,
Mix mercy in the bitter cup."
Her son unclosed his heavy eye,
He looked on her and then to heaven
As he would say, "Though life be riven,
My soul with God shall never die."

Her child, the mother to the grave,
Yields, taintless from a life so brief,
There solace, though she might not save,
That the young spirit knew not grief.
But when all hopes are wrecked in one,
And manhood falls, earth seems forsaken,
'Tis but a pledge by mercy taken,
To win the mother with her son.

Free of heart ! thy memory yet
Comes o'er us, as when life was thine,
And ours are hearts that ne'er forget
The ties that fond affections twine,
Till the throbbing pulse shall cease.
Rest thee, by the sainted laid !
Sleep unforgotten with the dead !
Rest, sainted spirit, rest in peace.

K.

Hille

CAMBRIDGE ATHENÆUM.

THE number of periodical Reviews and papers has now become so great, that it requires no small labour to keep the run of them as they come daily from the press. Literature and science are continually assuming a more and more popular form, and instead of confining their influence to a few favored individuals, are gradually diffusing themselves among all classes in the community. Knowledge has been drawn out from the cumbrous folios and quartos in which it has been imprisoned, and now enjoys a free and healthful circulation. All new discoveries in experimental philosophy, all new theories in ethics and politics are spread with the most astonishing rapidity to the remotest corners of the earth, and are at once examined and discussed by a thousand minds, and illustrated and diffused by a thousand pens.

It is, then, of no small importance for every man who wishes to be even with the age, to have access to all the different sources of information. Where so many periodicals are necessary to be read in order to obtain a knowledge of what the world is doing and thinking, but few, comparatively speaking, can conveniently be at the expense of procuring them all. This difficulty is entirely obviated by the establishment of Reading Rooms. The *combined* efforts of several are in all cases much more effectual, than the *separate* exertions even of an equal number. This is particularly true in cases like the present. The subscribers to the Athenæum enjoy the privilege of reading the interesting and valuable pages of the Edinburgh, Westminster, Quarterly, and North American Reviews, at the expense which only *one* of these works would amount to, if taken *separately*. Not only these leading works, but many periodicals of a lighter cast, and all the most important newspapers of the day, are promptly received. But it is obvious that the usefulness of such an establishment must depend in a great measure on the patronage it receives. The greater the number of those who unite in promoting its interests, the greater will be the advantage to each individual. This consideration alone, we think, ought to insure to the Cambridge Athenæum the patronage which is necessary to its support, and which, from the importance of its objects, it so well deserves.

Jelton

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LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HÖLTY.

IN the following brief account of the life of Hölty, we have followed and abridged the narrative prefixed to his works by his friend Voss.

Lewis Henr. Christ. Hölty was born on the 21st of December, 1748, at Mariensee, in the Electorate of Hanover, where his father, Philip Ernst Hölty, was a preacher of the gospel. His mother's name was Elizabeth Juliana Gössel, whom his father had married after the early death of his first wife. She died in 1757, and his father was soon after married to a third wife, who became a widow in 1775.

Hölty is said to have possessed a wonderful degree of personal beauty, until in his ninth year he suffered severely from an attack of the small pox. In his early youth he manifested an extraordinary vivacity and eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge, and was in the constant habit of committing to writing whatever occurred to him as worthy of being remembered. His pleasant and engaging manners and amiable disposition, the beauty of his person, and the good nature and humor displayed in his conversation, gained for him the affection and good will of all who knew him.

About the time of his mother's death, he was attacked so violently by the small pox, that for some time the preservation of his sight was despaired of, and the natural beauty of

his countenance was quite destroyed. But when, at the end of two years, he was again enabled to use his eyes, his eagerness and industry in the pursuit of learning was redoubled. His father, who was extensively skilled in literature and science, taught him the Latin, French, Greek, and Hebrew languages, geography, history, and the other branches that are taught in the schools. At this period his industry was so great, that he scarcely allowed himself to eat his food in quiet, and the greater part of the night was spent in intense application to his studies. His parents, aware of the danger of this unseasonable labor, did all they could to prevent it, but the imprudent enthusiasm of his genius frustrated their efforts. After the family had retired for the night, and the lights were extinguished, he contrived to form a light with materials that he had provided himself with during the day. Notwithstanding the late hours he kept, he was a very early riser. That he might **never** spend the morning in sleep, he contrived an expedient by which he was sure to wake himself at a very early hour. Yet he was not morose, or haughty, or a secluded bookworm. The pleasingness of his manners, the serenity of his temperament, and the kindness of his disposition made him the joy of his family before he became their pride. The delights of domestic and social life, the quiet of rural retirement, and a lively feeling of the charms of nature secured him effectually against the torpor of secluded study. His soul was the abode of every pure and noble feeling, and was adorned with powers of no ordinary cast, which were nourished and developed and strengthened by a diligent study of the great masters in the world of letters.

His passion for solitary meditation manifested itself at a very early age. He loved to wander among the trees of the forest, and read aloud his favorite authors, or to yield himself up to the emotions which filled his soul while contemplating the beauties of nature. The grave-yard, in the solemn hours of night, was the scene of his meditations. In these youthful propensities it is not difficult to discover the poetic temperament. The mind endued with the creative talent which is essential to the poet, always delights to follow out the trains of its own thoughts and images undisturbed by the noise of business and the interruptions of society. The

deep shadows of the grove, the wild scenery of the mountain, the beauties of cultivated landscapes, the majesty of the river, winding its course along towards the ocean, the opening charms of spring, the glory and splendor of the dawning day, the gorgeous drapery of a sunset sky ; evening that comes like a holy resting hour, after a day of toil, and struggle, and fatigue ; the blue canopy of heaven with its thousand star lights ; midnight, when all is hushed in a deep and solemn repose, and the mind is suffered to wander away with nothing to restrain it, are well adapted to enkindle the "heavenly fire," and to fill the imagination with crowds of "thick coming fancies," that charm away the enthusiastic poet of nature from the haunts of society, and make him forget for a time that he has ought to do with anything other than the thoughts, feelings, and images that are gathering and moving and glowing in that bright world, which his own mind has opened before him.

Like many other eminent men and distinguished poets, Höltz showed his prevalent taste for poetry in some of his most youthful productions. It is said of him that while at church his fancy would frequently strike out verses and stanzas which he would write down upon the wall if he could find nothing else. These early effusions of precocious talent, are, however, rarely to be depended upon as authentic, and even if they are so, they are never thought worth preserving until their author has attained the full measure of intellectual growth. Perhaps, too, there is no one so stupid that he has not attempted things in "prose or verse," that were the wonder of friends and parents, and would have been the wonder of the world, had he afterwards done anything to gain himself a name. We cannot, therefore, consider Höltz's elegy upon a favorite dog, and his other infantile effusions worth much notice ; nor do we think they display to any remarkable extent the powers of mind which were afterwards developed and so delightfully employed.

The anxiety of our poet to cultivate his mind and store it with useful knowledge was so great, that, like many other industrious students, he fell into the fault of neglecting his personal appearance, a fault for which he was often reproved by his acquaintances and friends, and which he as often promised to correct.

Höltz's acquirements at the age of sixteen were sufficient to enable him to prosecute with advantage the study of a learned profession at a university. But his father being fully persuaded of the importance of a most intimate acquaintance with the ancient classics, and of giving his son an opportunity of acquiring a greater knowledge of the world, and more polish of manners, sent him to the public school in Celle, which was then the residence of Gössel. At this place he remained three years, and gained the affection and respect of his teachers and all who knew him. He then returned to his father, and in the following year (1769), took up his abode at Göttingen in order to study Theology. His father appointed him the usual term of three years to qualify himself for the duties of his profession. He never for a moment forgot his destination, but devoted himself earnestly to those studies which would be useful to him as a preacher. Without neglecting his professional studies, he found much time to devote to the study of the best ancient and modern writers, and to the composition of his works.

During the third year of his course at Göttingen, he became acquainted with several young men who afterwards rose to eminence in the republic of letters, among whom were Voss and Count Stollberg. He now found his situation so agreeable and so favorable to the cultivation of letters, that he became desirous of prolonging his stay, and accordingly obtained his father's permission to remain there six months longer. But as his funds were extremely low, he succeeded in obtaining a stipend which was to be bestowed upon the worthiest candidate, and a place in the philological seminary. His father, upon being informed of these circumstances, was contented that he should remain.

The appearance of Höltz by no means accorded with the remarkable character of his mind. The paleness of his countenance, the simplicity of his manners, his whole mien and conduct were such as to impress all who were unacquainted with him with a very wrong idea of his character. It was only in his clear blue eyes, when he was animated by conversation or interested in reading aloud some fine passage from a favorite author, that the true and heartfelt expression of his soul beamed forth. Although he was never very forward to impart his sentiments and emotions to others, yet he

was by no means a stern, reserved, and unyielding character. He had a high relish for all innocent amusements, and his wit and spirit were always sought for. Voss, the writer of his life, says, that he never knew him to shed tears but twice, one of which times was on the occasion of his father's death. When in the presence of strangers he rarely spoke, and even among his friends, when a large number of them were together, he seldom joined in the conversation, unless it was particularly interesting or directed mainly to himself. At such times his manner of speaking was lively, his voice was raised, and his countenance suffused with color.

Although Höltz was in many respects remarkable for his carelessness and indifference, yet he possessed a great share of curiosity. Every thing that was new, he was sure to know first. He was always the first to examine the books that were for sale at the mart; the opinions that were pronounced upon his own or others' works he was immediately acquainted with. He often sat through the whole day and sometimes through the greater part of the night, forgetting himself and the whole world, over folios and quartos with a patience so untiring, that he accomplished a perusal of them in the course of a few weeks. Whatever he met with in his reading that struck him as beautiful, he was in the habit of transcribing. After his death there were found among his papers translations from Tasso, Ariosto, and some of the minor Greek poets, but they never have been printed. In the last years of his life he acquired the Spanish language, and thus had a wide field opened before him for the gratification of his love of letters.

His devotion to literary pursuits rather strengthened than diminished his fondness for social intercourse with his friends. This is always one of the happiest effects of literature upon the temper and manners of those who cultivate it. Men whose minds are stored with the generous sentiments, beautiful images, and thrilling expressions, which an acquaintance with the poets, and orators, and philosophers, and writers of fiction, in ancient and modern times opens to them, cannot, without some powerfully counteracting cause, or some original and inherent perverseness of disposition, admit any other than noble and highminded views in their intercourse with others. The little jealousies and vexations that inter-

rupt the peace of life, rarely come in to disturb the harmony that exists among those who have been united in the studies of youth by a similarity of taste, and a desire to adorn and improve their minds by similar means. Every student must feel the truth of this remark. Höltz and his literary friends were a pleasing example. When they met together under the auspices of the venerable Georgia Augusta, their love of letters and their enthusiasm for poetry produced an intimacy which lasted for life. The free and unrestrained interchange of opinions and emotions and sentiments, bound them together in a union of soul as pure and lasting as it was delightful and honorable to human nature. Höltz was always eager to promote the improvement and happiness of those friends whom he valued so much. No effort was too much for his untiring assiduity in their service. His own interests were always postponed whenever by so doing *their* happiness might be promoted. His acquirements enabled him to aid them frequently in their pursuits. It is said that Miller was instructed by him in English, Hahn in Greek, and Voss in English and Italian.

In 1773 he began to instruct others and to translate from the English for his support. It appears by a letter which he wrote in the following year, that his labors in this way were but poorly compensated. Although he devoted five hours every day to teaching, his pay was so little to be depended upon, that he was compelled to have recourse again to his father's aid to support himself. Among his translations out of the English literature, the Dialogues of Hurd and a part of Shaftesbury's works are particularly mentioned.

In 1774 he accompanied Miller to Leipzig, and in the autumn of the same year was attacked by the dangerous symptom of raising blood; a symptom which first troubled him at the commencement of his academic life. At the beginning of May following, he returned to Mariensee by way of Hanover, that he might have an opportunity of consulting the celebrated Zimmermann. In the autumn of the same year he went again to Hanover, but the disease had made too fatal a progress to be checked by any human aid, however skilfully it might be applied. While his strength was daily wasting away and an untimely grave was opening be-

fore him, his composure never deserted him. His letters to his friends during this interesting but awful portion of his life, show the kind affections of his heart and his firmness of mind in a pleasing and instructive point of view. He lingered until the month of September, 1776, when he died lamented by all who knew him ; and his early death cannot but be regretted even by those who were not bound to him by the ties of kindred and country ; for the works which he had already written gave rich promise of better things, which would doubtless have been fulfilled, had he been permitted to develop his powers still farther by the studies and labors of a longer life.

The works of Höltz were published by some of his friends after his death. Those which we have are probably but a small part of what he wrote. They exhibit his character in every line. A prevailing taste for the beauties of rural scenery is displayed throughout all of his poems. In reading his works, we feel convinced that what we read is a true and vivid description of emotions that spring from the heart. We are not sickened at every turn by an affectation of sentiment that is too often found in the writings of those who invoke the rural muse. He possessed a heart that could feel, an imagination that could combine, and a pencil that could delineate the varied charms which the works of creation display to the poetic eye. The simplicity of his style, the propriety of his images, the *naturalness* of his sentiments will forever win him admirers among those who are capable of being pleased by the chaste effusions of a pure and delicate mind. We cannot claim for him a place by the side of Göthe, Schiller, and Wieland, for his genius was not fully developed by frequent and long continued efforts. But the display of the best feelings of the human heart, and the pleasing exhibition of an enthusiasm amiable, poetic, and winning, will, until the nature of man is changed, gain the favor of all who are possessed of refined and elevated souls, and improved and cultivated tastes.

C. C.

Felton

IMAGINATION AS AFFECTING THE ABSTRUSE STUDIES.

VARIOUS charges have been brought against imagination on account of the false conclusions which men have arrived at by obeying its dictates. Nothing is easier than forming an hypothesis ; we observe a few facts, and connecting them together in our mind, endeavor to satisfy ourselves as to the manner in which some of the wonderful phenomena of nature came to exhibit their present appearance ; and in this way we find it exceedingly easy to account for almost all the wonders which attract our attention. Were there only one theory formed to explain each phenomenon that we observe, or if there were only one plausible theory, we might be less disposed to doubt its truth. But we see a great number invented, and appearing equally plausible, to account for the same fact. How many theories (yet entirely different) have been formed in the science of geology, and each appearing so well established by what we observe in examining the surface of the earth, that we should be willing to believe any single one, were it not for the great number which are started at the same time with equal plausibility. But when we know that certainly only one of these theories can be true, and when, also, many are directly proved to be false, it is not strange that imagination, the builder of all, should have been represented as a mischievous faculty, which ought not to be listened to. It has indeed done much injury. The errors of the Platonists, which led the world astray for so many centuries, and the errors in all branches of science, were perhaps owing to the suggestions of imagination. The effects of this faculty are strikingly apparent in the worship of the heathen nations in all ages. The Pantheon of the Romans, and all the deities whose images were contained therein, were the monuments of the power of imagination. And in later days, the Eastern nations, as they fall down in adoration before the most horrible monsters carved in wood or stone, worship, not the beings who created and preside over the world, but acknowledge, on their knees, the power which the imagination of some more gifted mortal has possessed, to shackle the understanding and debase the heart.

But although it has produced many bad consequences, imagination has also been of great use. It appears to us that too much censure has been passed upon it; and that, although it may be dangerous when indulged in to excess, it still is one of the most noble powers which we possess, and is a great assistance in the most difficult studies which we can pursue. The causes which have brought it into disrepute appear to be these: In the first place, a strong imagination is necessary in the writer of fiction. Unless the author possesses this power, the novel and the poem are insipid and tedious. Imagination is the soul of poetry, and how then (it is asked) can it be a useful faculty in the dry study of Mathematics, which is perhaps a perfect contrast to the flights of the poet? The imagination transports us to other worlds of our own making, where the common occurrences of life are forgotten, where it is our chief happiness to unbend the mind and give ourselves up to the pleasures, not of thought, but of reverie. And can the imagination, which suggests all this, be any thing but an incumbrance when we apply ourselves to the severer studies? And how, too, can it be of any use where reason must operate, when in a great many instances its direct tendency is to destroy reason? Is the gloomy hypochondriac who, affected by a strong imagination, fancies he is made of glass, and dares not move lest he should break in pieces, is he a fit person to engage in the solution of a mathematical problem, or can he form a correct judgment of the character and actions of men?

These and similar questions are triumphantly asked by those who would destroy the powers of imagination, and it seems that in this way men have reasoned themselves into the belief that imagination is a mere child's toy, which is to be thrown away as soon as we turn our mind to any serious subject.

Now to assert that imagination cannot be of any use in the abstruse studies, because it is essential in the writer of fiction, is as absurd as to say, that judgment in the common affairs of life, or in difficult questions, is not to be relied upon, because it is used in discussing the merits of a novel or a poem. And the consideration that it weakens the understanding, and produces derangement when indulged to

excess, is no more a reason for endeavouring to stifle all its workings, than the fact, that fire will burn us if we fall into it, is a reason why we should attempt or wish to quench every fire in the world. In considering the difference of character between men of a lively imagination and those who are not thus gifted, we find that nearly all those, whose names are mentioned in history with peculiar respect, were men who possessed this power of the mind in a considerable degree. Almost all the great philosophers of ancient days evinced by their remarks and their theories a lively imagination. The idea of Archimedes, that if he had but a place to stand upon, he would move the world, is an instance of this ; and it would seem that in his time, the wildest imagination could hardly have conceived of such a thing. And in all the discoveries which have been made from the earliest ages to the present day, the aid of imagination is apparent. On the other hand, where is there a remarkably stupid person who is not deficient in this power ? It seems indeed, that the want of originality is owing to the want of imagination. If, then, this is a faculty which it were better for us if we did not possess, we must infer that those great men laboured under a mental disadvantage, which persons less gifted with powers of mind are free from, and that in order to become great, men are obliged to struggle continually against it. I shall endeavor to answer this by showing how their imagination comes in to aid them in their studies.

It is of great use in mathematical investigation. The rules are indeed laid down, and it is easy to follow them, but the great difficulty in solving problems is to determine what rules to adopt. We have a riddle to read, which we may easily unfold after we have obtained the clue ; but the difficulty occurs at first, how to get this clue ; and here the benefit of imagination is felt, here its most powerful efforts are made. Nor is the mathematician contented with merely solving his problem ; he wishes to find some easier and more beautiful way of coming to the result, and his imagination is again taxed. In Natural Philosophy, too, what a field is open for the operation of imagination ! The discoveries which a man can make in the natural world, depend very much upon the degree in which he possesses this power ; and we have seen the effects of it, and its uses from the

earliest ages. If this power had not continually acted as a stimulus upon the Alchymists of old, and prevented their being discouraged in their labours, we should now perhaps be destitute of many valuable substances which they discovered while in search of the philosopher's stone, or the elixir vitæ. And now that chemists have given up the pursuit of a shadow, how would it have been possible to perform any of the rational and useful experiments in their science, if these philosophers had been destitute of imagination ?

Nor is it of less advantage in moral reasoning ; we speak of the ingenuity with which a false opinion is defended, and without imagination no one can possess ingenuity ; but because we are obliged to employ ingenious arguments to defend a false opinion, is it any reason why we should not have the same advantage in proving the truth of what we know to be true ? Imagination may lead us into false conclusions, but on the other hand it may be as likely to lead us to the truth. The person who believes the soul must die because the body dies, exerts no stronger imagination than he who brings up arguments from the course of nature to prove the immortality of the soul.

Thus it appears that imagination is an assistance to us even in the most difficult studies ; and its good effects upon us in other ways are too numerous to be mentioned here ; I will notice only one great benefit which we derive from it. Imagination is essential to hope, the last good that remained after the long train of evils which flew out from Pandora's box. Why then should we quarrel with one of the best gifts ever presented to man ? which cheers the present, by opening to us a future fashioned after our own wishes, which though it may never be realized, renders us far happier than we should be, if the real future were disclosed to us.

S.

J. T. Sargent

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

PERIODICAL Publications have assumed an importance among the literature of the day, that deserves and meets with the highest respect. As periodical writing has long been and is now growing more and more popular, newspapers and critical journals have accordingly continually increased in number and respectability. The soundest learning and best talents in the community have been called forth, and their labours have been appreciated and rewarded by the public. This is convincing proof of the enlightened state of society; ignorance alone is self-satisfied and self-sufficient; knowledge is anxiously sensible of its own deficiencies, and longs for the spreading and brightening of its intellectual light.

Newspapers furnish the principal food of the minds of the common people. This is shown by the constant conversations carried on respecting the contents of their columns, politics, accidents, and news in general; by the impatience felt and manifested when waiting for a sight of them, and by their vast circulation. One great cause of their popularity is that, as their general name promises, they gratify the universal passion for novelty. Happiness cannot be enjoyed in unvaried sameness of pleasure, and distinction, though under some shape or other the desire of all, disgusts when it is only a dull uniformity of honour. The cheapness of the public journals makes them universally accessible; and, thanks to our common schools, all who can get them, can read them. Their wide diffusion, and the avidity with which they are read, render them powerful means of distributing information, and important intelligence spreads over the country almost at once.

We have spoken of newspapers as supplying a great part of the intellectual food of the common orders in society, but their benefits are confined to no class. All subjects are discussed, and all orders of people interested. The merchant learns at a glance the state of distant markets. The wants of a people are hardly felt before they are known far and near; and self interest, acting the part kindly but mys-

teriously assigned to it by the divine architect of the mind, hastens to relieve them, though thinking only of gratifying itself. The price current guides the exuberant harvests of one quarter of the globe to the dearth and scarcity of another. Needless and injurious fluctuations, we know, may take place in the markets, springing from unfounded newspaper reports of prices, and jobbers may fatten on the credulity of fairer men. This is an evil, but one not to be named in comparison with the benefits of newspapers in the great commercial purposes they answer. A slight flaw, to be sure, is no less important for being in a diamond, but still the diamond is invaluable. Let us bring the spirit of being fully as great admirers and lovers of what is deserving, as despisers of what is worthless, to the consideration of another feature of general newspaper character, of perhaps more questionable merit—the devotion of their columns to political discussion. The fierce spirit of party is now hushed; and we look back with astonishment on the uproar and fiery fury into which it threw the country but a few years ago. Both of the great parties were undoubtedly warm patriots, yet each accused the other bitterly and seriously of betraying their country. This epidemical madness may with some appearance of truth be said to have been spread by means of the public papers. The real origin of the dissension was something far different. Europe, with which alone of the distant parts of the globe we, as a nation, were much connected, and to which we naturally looked as a home, Europe, soon after the establishment of our federal government, was every where up in arms. Nations dividing against each other and against themselves, the sympathies of our countrymen were strongly excited, some in favour of one and some in favour of the other great party, even before their own interests were much affected. The struggle in Europe lasted long, and our dissensions, founded principally on a partiality for one or the other of the parties, grew more and more violent. At last our interests became involved by the obstruction and spoliation of our commerce by both the belligerents. Vengeance and redress were thoughts now uppermost through the country, and the division before existing widened at once into complete separation on the question, which of the two aggressors must be

attacked, and, consequently, which supported. The public papers disseminated all that transpired in the affairs of Europe and in our complicated relations with its different states. This was their business, and this was certainly for the interest of the country ; but parties were thrown by it into a fever of excitement. Misrepresentation undoubtedly abounded, and inflammatory essays on these affairs, as well as on some domestic questions, such as the interference of national and state rights, &c. ; all these heated the blood and quickened the pulse. Thus the fountains of that great deep, the public mind, were broken up. That the newspapers of the day were deeply influential in producing this state of things, cannot be questioned, any more than that they did a great deal of evil in designedly inflaming party feeling, when they might have avoided it and at the same time given all possible information. But what was the choice, supposing a choice possible ? Utter ignorance, in the great body of the people, of foreign affairs, without papers or full information, the means of diffusing it being sometimes perverted with them. This, if any, would have been the alternative. But this is not all that is to be considered in estimating the advantages of public political discussion. There were the essays of Adams, paving the way to the revolution ; of Paine, as valuable to the cause as armies ; there is now the thorough sifting of the characters of candidates for office, and the wide circulation of political knowledge so vitally essential to a republic. The stoppage of this circulation would bring disorder into the body politic, as that of the blood would into the human body. Anarchy first, and then despotism would follow. What then are the evils, compared with the benefits of such discussions ?

We have considered public journals as vehicles of information upon politics and commerce, as being the two principal purposes they answer. They communicate, besides, a kind of miscellaneous general knowledge of great local importance, gathering the small news of the day, affording opportunity for the suggestion of public improvements and examination of their merits, and of other questions interesting to the immediate vicinity. They are the receivers and exhibitors of those events, those matters of every-day interest to a community, which are more thought of and acted upon by

the little world they belong to, than the great concerns of foreign nations or even of their own, or those events and deeds in past times that serve for the corner stones of Chronology and History. They are indeed of transitory moment, and are doomed like human actions, pursuits, and feelings generally, and all that makes up human life, to be quickly swallowed up in time, and eternally forgotten; while they are present to us they are every thing to us, like the objects in the material world about us, that lessen as we leave them, and are soon to us as though they were not.

The labours of reviewers and editors of monthly and quarterly journals are chiefly for literary men. They levy contributions on the occasional literature of the day for the purpose of criticism, and make the publications that comprise it, as well as scientific subjects, foundations for essays of their own. It is plainly impossible for the generality of people, even of educated men, to have a thorough knowledge of all subjects; yet it will not do to be entirely ignorant of them. And in this appears to lie one great advantage of diffusing information by periodicals—that they give a general idea of a subject in short space, in contradistinction from the old plan of teaching a great deal or nothing, at least nothing worth learning, forcing upon a man voluminous details of general views and minute particulars, or allowing him no information on the topic at all. Many a one has mustered the forces of his courage and energy for the siege of an important post in the territories of science, and fallen back in dismay on finding it covered by columns of ten or a dozen octavos deep. Supposing a critical journal ably conducted, as it must be in order to be supported, we find comprehensive views of the subjects treated by the authors reviewed, and the most valuable particulars strikingly presented. Now such information is inestimable to a man who cannot spend time in reading and reflecting upon the original work, and many a one who can and does, will on perusing the review learn much that he did not before appreciate, and will find his horizon extended upon a subject by a mind that can look easily through the whole, and give a short and connected outline. Nay, it is not unfrequently that we see fuller and abler expositions of the first principles of a science and more profound investigations in the review than in

the work that gave rise to it, and this too in a few pages. A sound and energetic review of an important publication is like the converging lens, condensing the golden rays to a bright and burning focus, or the camera obscura, reducing a rich landscape to miniature yet proportionate dimensions.

One great benefit of critical journals is yet unnoticed. They save us the expense of buying and the time and trouble of reading productions unworthy of either. And not only are we informed of what is worthless, but also of what is preeminently good. There may be instances of wrong judgment and even of wilful unfairness, but they are not frequent; and if one journal is wrong, another will be prompt enough in setting it right. And generally, from the character given by reviewers, we can judge well enough what literature best deserves our attention. Let us not be considered as relying too implicitly on the infallibility of the criticism in question, but as being fully of opinion that it has generally been a true test of the excellence of the literature and science for a long time past presented to the public, and has been so esteemed. Does an eminent review designate a novel, a work on natural philosophy or politics, or on any subject, as of the highest rank in the order to which it belongs; the decision, every one knows, exercises a powerful influence on the reading community. Such information is, we contend, of the highest practical moment. Amidst the vast multiplicity of books continually pouring upon the world, some directory, pointing out the best, is indispensable. People could not of themselves find it out soon enough for their interest, if they could at all; and it seems evident, that it is best for them to support persons expressly for the purpose of attending to this business, and to have, as indeed they have long had, surveyors of the literary and scientific commodities in the market.

But critical reviewing is not only highly beneficial to the community at large, in diffusing so much information, and in selecting for all the best books for their reading or their study; but is or may be essentially so in the jurisdiction it assumes over writers that have committed themselves to the press. Now, though authors may assert their utter indifference in choosing between the frown and the smile of critics (and let us not be thought by any means wanting in the

same heroic, glorious independence), we truly believe that the judges in the Olympic games held not a more delicate, responsible and authoritative office. It is in their power, and it is their duty, to give celebrity to unpretending merit, and disgrace to arrogant worthlessness. We know that an author's appeal from the sentence of reviewers to the judgment of the people is often successful, and that he has much further to look than the opinions of self-styled critics; but we know, too, that his reception in the literary world, like that of a person visiting foreign countries, depends very much on his letters of introduction and recommendation, and that without credentials from reviewers he will find it a hard and slow task to make himself popular, and establish himself in the good graces of the community.

We have thus imperfectly and disjointedly sketched out some of the prominent benefits and characteristics of periodical publications—a subject certainly of great importance, and worthy of abler investigation. We have only to remark on the circumstance that entitles them Periodical—their coming out at stated times. In newspapers it is of the highest value to us; for, satisfied that every week, at longest, we shall find all the news of the times collected together to our hands, we need not and do not put ourselves to the trouble, often probably the vain trouble, of ascertaining it by personal inquiry. And so too is it with reviewers; do our utmost, and we can hardly keep up with the literature of the age without them; the majority of books printed must necessarily remain entirely unknown to all but a few, who read every thing, and a few more, deeply versed in title pages. Indeed a very respectable stock of general knowledge might be gained from these journals alone. And with respect to men of liberal education, after going through the regular course of academic studies, and becoming thoroughly imbued with the solid sciences, they want a great deal more information of a miscellaneous description—political, commercial, literary, &c. in order to make them even with the world, and familiar with the common topics of conversation in refined society. This information can be best, almost solely, obtained from the periodical publications of the day.

W. H.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

A LEGEND OF THE DEN.

It is impossible for man to tell
What things in nature are impossible,
Or out of nature; or to prove to whom
Or for what purposes a ghost may come.

Crabbe.

MANY years ago, there emigrated to this University from the wilds of New-Hampshire, an odd genius, by the name of Jedediah Croak, who took up his abode as a student in the old Den. It is probable that most of his contemporaries are dead, but those who still survive cannot have forgotten this ill-fated being. He was unlike aught mortal both in body and mind. He stood when uncoiled, for his natural appearance was as crooked as a cork-screw, six feet and three inches without his shoes; and was withal so thin, that it was said he never cast a shadow. His head was about the size of a summer squash, and the largest portion of its front surface was occupied by his huge grey eyes, apparently starting from their sockets to overtake and rival his nose, which stood out like the bowsprit of vessel, and seemed an excellent handle whereby to lift and manage the whole body. Jedediah was never known to alter his dress from the day of his arrival to that of his departure. A pepper-and-salt coat and waistcoat, a pair of blue-leg cases, that seemed to be the moulds in which these members were run, and a steeple-crowned hat, comprised his whole wardrobe. The mind and manners of Croak were no less singular than his person. His credulity was extravagant enough to credit the wildest story, and he was a firm believer in witches, ghosts, dreams, presentiments, and the corporeal existence of the devil. This was his first excursion out of sight of his native village; and in the simplicity of his heart he doubted nothing that was told him. It seemed as if nature in forming him contemplated adding a new species to the human family, and sent him forth as a specimen, but as we have never since seen his like, we suppose the experiment was unsuccessful.

Jedediah might have crept about college unnoticed, ex-

cept for his personal appearance, had not a strange action excited the attention of those wights who infest this place, to the great trial and tribulation of all simple-hearted beings like poor Croak. One of these fun-loving students, known by the appellation of Dick Waters, was sitting at his window one summer afternoon, when he espied Jedediah, sweating and puffing, and trudging up the yard, with his shirt thrown over his shoulders like a bag. He quickly saw something ludicrous in this spectacle, and shouting to our hero, he requested to know what were the contents of his metamorphosed shirt. Clams, sir, was the meek and innocent reply of Croak. This was enough for the reckless Dick. Down stairs he leaped, and hastened away to the Den, to get a further explanation of this strange phenomenon. Once possessed of the joke, it was, as such things invariably are, soon spread throughout all the classes.

It seemed that Jedediah had this day made his first visit to Boston, and had fallen in with a load of clams, which were the first that ever met his view, and excited unbounded astonishment. But our hero was of too generous a disposition to enjoy this feast of wonder, this mighty discovery, alone, and instantly began to devise how he might afford his classmates the same gratification he had experienced. He therefore bought a couple of buckets of the queer things. But how to get them to Cambridge was the next question. Jedediah possessed a blue cotton pocket handkerchief, but it never was intended as a clam-bag, for it was hardly a foot square. Poor Croak clapped his hand to his head, and stood eying the clams with a sorrowful countenance, until some bystander observed, that he might put them into his shirt. Instantly the face of Jedediah brightened to smiles of gratitude. 'No doubt of that,' said he, 'can't be any doubt of that at all.' And away he hastened for a few moments, and then returned, with his shirt tied up at the sleeves and bosom. He poured his treasure into it, and throwing it over his shoulder, never paused to rest and hardly to breathe until he emptied them in exultation on the floor of his dark abode.

This adventure immediately brought Jedediah into notice, and gained him many friends, and the particular intimacy of Dick Waters. His room was daily thronged with visitors,

and as soon as his superstitious propensities were known, his head was completely turned, and his belief in supernaturals was wonderfully increased by the awful but well authenticated ghost stories of Dick and his companions. With what death-like countenance, shivering frame, and bristling hair, he listened to them, as they related, how in days of yore his Satanic Majesty rung the college bell at midnight, when some students were 'hooking' chickens—how he carried away one corner of an old building, which could never be repaired—and how there is a certain spot on the common which was once so singed by his step, that it never has borne a blade of grass since. And with what quaking did he hearken to Waters as he told the story of the ghost of a revolutionary soldier which perambulated the entry of Stoughton at midnight on the first of every January.

His reliance on presentiments became every day stronger and stronger : for never did any one enter his mind that Waters did not contrive to have fulfilled by some means or other. He was enabled to accomplish this the more easily, as Jedediah thought him his most sympathetic friend, and made him the confidant of all his terrible secrets, his dreams and forebodings ; though it must be confessed that his notions were sometimes almost too extravagant, for the mischievous Dick. Waters began, however, at last, to be almost weary of Croak's friendship, and had determined to get rid of him the first good opportunity.

It was almost twelve, one beautiful moonlight night, towards the middle of December, when Jedediah, after poring over the diagrams of geometry, until he fancied every line a spectre, and every letter the sign of some terrible doom, crawled into bed, not to sleep, but to think over and over again what might be termed his final presentiment, and which he had a few hours before communicated to his friend, who had strengthened it by remarks on his cadaverous looks. Jedediah had this day imagined that the time of his departure from this world of woe was at hand, and he was undergoing all the terror which such an idea is likely to inspire, when on a sudden he heard three tremendous thumps at his door. Poor Croak was almost annihilated by this summons, and clinging to the bed clothes in all the agony of despair, and forgot to ' busy ' his midnight visitor. Presently the door

opened ; a huge being stalked up to the bed, which literally shook with the trembling of its occupant. The figure was dressed in military costume ; his face was deadly pale, with the exception of a large purple scar, which crossed his visage obliquely. Jedediah Croak ! Jedediah Croak ! growled out the spectre in a sepulchral voice—slowly stretching out his right hand, which held an old rusty bayonet—Jedediah Croak, the hour of thy death is at hand ; on the first day of January, at 12 o'clock at noon, thou shalt die of an apoplexy. The poor student, at this terrible annunciation, curled himself up into an infinitely small space beneath the bed-clothes, nor did he dare look up for nearly an hour, when he mustered sufficient resolution to peep over the coverlid—the spectre had vanished—all was still as death, and the moon's light was reflected into the room. For neither Phœbus nor Diana ever illumined the 'Den' with a smile. Worn out with the occurrences of the day and night, Jedediah fell asleep until the prayer-bell disturbed his dreaming.

Croak took the very first opportunity to acquaint Waters of his terrible visitation. And truly there never was a man more sympathetic with his friend than Dick. Many an hour, with a face which put to shame the everlasting soberness of a shaking quaker, did he condole with the poor wretch on his awful doom. Sometimes with the *kindest* intentions he would strive to laugh away his fears—and at another he would promise all justice to the memory of our luckless wight.

As for the poor victim himself, he crawled about, with the utmost anxiety and tribulation depicted on his countenance. His visage became more and more elongated, and his lank figure became leaner and leaner, until there seemed to be far more danger of his falling to pieces, than of his going off in an apoplexy. His appetite diminished in spite of all the delicacies displayed on the commons' tables.

Time rolled on, until the day came, and found Jedediah awaiting with fear and trembling his awful doom. He finished his last letter to his friends, and entrusted it, together with some directions about his furniture and the disposal of his body, to Dick Waters. He seated himself in his only chair in the middle of his room, and answered only by sighs and groans the consoling speeches of his friend. It was rather a warm day for the winter season, and as the fatal hour drew nigh, group after group of students began to collect in the room, and around the windows and door.

All around was silent—solemnly silent—like the deep stillness of midnight. Presently the clock began to strike—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten.—Jedediah's rocking ceased; his blood almost stopt; a cold shiver went over his frame; the spectators drew back—eleven. All was motionless; the lower jaw of the expiring student fell, like the trap-door of a scaffold—twelve!! A deep sepulchral groan rolled out from his distended mouth; the room shook with his convulsion, his chair vanished from under him, and he rolled upon the floor—a dozen students sprang forward, expecting to find him really dead. Jedediah gazed at them for a moment with a fixed look—then coming to himself, and comprehending the whole affair, he leaped up amidst a universal roar, and sprang through the open window.

This was the last that was ever seen of Jedediah Croak. After waiting for a long time, the only information Waters could obtain was, that a person answering the description of Jedediah was seen in the village of Keene, just before a strong wind, but when it had subsided, he had vanished. Dick therefore concluded, that he had been dried up and blown away. On opening the papers left to his care, he found a request that his effects might be bestowed on his friend, the 'Goody,' who had been so attentive to him during his declining hours. Thus ended the history, the adventures, and the life of Jedediah Croak.

T. B.

Jox

NOTICE OF MADAME DACIER.

From the French of Madame de Genlis.

THIS illustrious woman, by her learning, her valuable works, and her numerous translations, had an important influence upon the French literature, by disclosing all the literary treasures of antiquity, and inspiring a taste for profound and serious studies. Anne Lefebvre Dacier, daughter of Tanegui Lefebvre, was born at Saumur in 1651. She inherited talents of a superior order from her father, but the happy faculties with which her mind was endowed were discovered by mere accident. Her father was in the habit of giving lessons to his son in the same room where Mademoiselle Lefebvre was employed in working embroidery. She listen-

ed attentively, but in silence, and then prosecuted her studies in solitude. One day, her brother answering incorrectly, she told him in a whisper what he should have said. Her father heard it with equal surprise and joy, and from that time continued to divide his attention equally between his son and daughter. She soon acquired a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and learned the Italian as a mere amusement. André Dacier had likewise attended upon the instruction of M. Lefebvre; and these two pupils, having similar tastes, united in the same pursuit, soon began to cherish kindred sentiments and to feel the ties of tender affection; their marriage was celebrated in 1683, and they then devoted themselves to the same works and the same studies. Boileau always allowed Madame Dacier the pre-eminence above her husband, in all the intellectual productions in which they both were concerned. Her first work was an edition of Callicmachus, enriched with many learned remarks. She was then in the bloom of youth. She had the distinguished honor of taking the precedence of all those learned men who were engaged in the laborious undertaking of illustrating the ancient authors for the use of the Dauphin. She published four works in ten years, which gave occasion to Bayle to remark, 'That this learned lady had obtained a lofty triumph over our sex, since in the time in which most men produce but a single work, she has already published four.' This is a sentiment belonging to another age—the offspring of a truly gothic frankness. Though it may be doubted, if the same would not be said at the present day, if there existed among us a female whose merits were equally high.

All the men of letters have paid the highest compliments to the merits of Madame Dacier. *Ménage* dedicated to her his Latin History of Female Philosophers. Bayle often repeated her praises; Voltaire said that her translations of Homer and Terence would gain for her immortal honor; and she alone of all females had the distinguished favor of being eulogized in a public assembly of the French Academy, a favor of which she was pre-eminently worthy; for adorning her age and nation with the splendid productions of her mind.

Madame Dacier, whom nothing could restrain, nothing appease, when the glory of Homer was at stake, forgot all

the homage which had been paid to her; regarded it all as worthless, when Lamothe, in discussing the merit of the ancients and moderns, supported the pretensions of the latter. She was inflamed almost beyond reason, and defended the cause of the gods with an ardor equal to that with which Homer sung their praises. The criticisms of Lamothe, were however very excellent. Homer, said he, called Jupiter the father of the gods. But Jupiter was not the father of Saturn, nor of Cybele, nor of Juno, nor of her brothers, nor of the nymphs who cherished his infancy; nor of Mars, nor of Ceres, nor of Vesta, nor of Flora, nor of the giants, nor of men. Homer has affirmed that Jupiter drove Discord from heaven. Why, then, are the gods eternally engaged in quarrels? Madame Dacier considered all these remarks, so ingenious and so just, as utter blasphemies. She accused Lamothe of envy, of perfidy, of a malignant disposition. She said that he was cold, flat, ridiculous, impertinent, grossly ignorant and proud; that he was even destitute of common sense. She told him that Alcibiades boxed the ears of a rhetorician because he had none of the works of Homer, and what would he do to one who should read to him the *Iliad* of Lamothe? Lamothe made only the following reply: 'It was fortunate for me that Madame Dacier did not recollect this anecdote when I read her one of my books.' During the whole of this discussion, Lamothe always preserved his amiable temper and his good taste, and always replied with so much spirit and elegance to the aspersions of Madame Dacier—never suffering himself for a moment to lose sight of the respect and the regard due to the sex, the talents, and the noble works of his adversary—nay more, instead of retracting or weakening the praises which he had formerly bestowed upon her, he recounted them to establish and increase them, and by his high-minded justice, his calmness, and the moderation of an exalted spirit, he secured the unqualified approbation of all, and rendered the violence of Madame Dacier entirely inexcusable.

But Madame Dacier was incapable of such excitement from any other source, than an attack upon the great poets of antiquity; she was otherwise full of goodness, and remarkably modest. She was once requested by a German Lord to write in his album; she however modestly declined; but be-

ing very urgently solicited, she inscribed her name with this verse of Sophocles—

“Silence is the ornament of woman.”

So passionately fond was she, as well as her husband, of every thing that had the recommendation of antiquity, that they once barely escaped being poisoned to death, by eating from an ancient dish prepared according to a recipe which they had found in Athenæus; doubtless had it been fatal, they would have derived much glory from a death so very learned and classical. When Moliere published his *Amphitryon*, she wrote a dissertation to prove that it was inferior to that of Plautus; but when she learned that he was writing his comedy ‘*Les Femmes Savantes*,’ she suppressed her dissertation. This anecdote can hardly be credited, since Moliere only satirised false pretension; and to ridicule Madame Dacier would be to ridicule science itself. She died on the 17th August, 1720, in the 69th year of her age. L’Abbe Fraiseur consecrated an elegy to her memory, and La Monnoye wrote her epitaph in verse.

N. R.

Sweetser

POETRY.

THINK OF ME.

THINK of me, an exiled stranger,
Far from that green mountain home,
Where in childhood’s days a ranger,
Carelessly I used to roam.

Think of me, when morn is kindling
Blushes o’er gay nature’s face,
And the shades of midnight dwindling
Give to rising Phœbus place.

Think of me, when day is dipping
In the glowing western wave;
And eve’s dew-drops, lightly dripping,
Thirsty earth with coolness lave.

Think of me, when giant shadows
From the lowering mountains cast,
Stalking o'er the twilight meadows,
Towards the morning embryo haste.

Think of me, when stars are peering
Down upon a sleeping world ;
And night's queen is high careering,
In her car of silver whirled.

Think of me, when spring is weaving
Chaplets for her festal crown,
Countless buds of promise leaving
Wheresoe'er her wing hath flown.

Think of me, when summer's glances
Look on many a verdant scene,
And Flora with Pomona dances
In her bowers of living green.

Think of me, when autumn's treasures
Scattered lie beneath your feet,
And pensive musings tinge your pleasures,
Making pleasures doubly sweet.

Think of me, when winter hovers
O'er the realms his fetters bind—
Bidding thoughts, those lawless rovers,
Seek their native home, the mind.

Think of me, when sorrow thickens
Round the young heart's sunny dreams,
And the fainting spirit sickens,
As depart hope's cheering beams.

Think of me, when dawning gladness
Lights anew the drooping soul,

And the severing mists of sadness
O'er the troubled spirit roll.

Think of me, when pomp and fashion
Swim before the giddy sight—
Bidding each enlisted passion
Share its portion of delight.

Think of me, when lonely musing
Mournful images hath brought,
Tender pensiveness infusing
Through the placid rills of thought.

Think of me, when memory brings thee
Buried joys—forgotten tears—
Think of me, when fancy flings thee
Forward into future years.

Think of me, as one, who ever
Clung to thee in weal or wo—
One, whose wavering fondness never
Caused one tear of thine to flow.

Bailow
M. B.

A FRAGMENT.

I stood upon a mountain peak—
I caught the last, the fading streak,
Which glimmer'd in the west.
'Tis an emblem of hope as it triumphs in sorrow,
'Tis the herald of peace and of joy on the morrow,
I said, for it augurs the best.

I saw the cloud of night arise—
The ling'ring night before it flies—
The bright streak fades away.

'Tis a sign of despair as it steals o'er the mind,
 Its gay hopes to wither, its bright visions to blind,
 When genius begins to decay.

I heard the thunder's deepest growl—
 I saw the tempest's blackest scowl—
 The lightning's brightest glare.

'Tis the storm of grief—'tis adversity's hour,
 That brings all its terror and spends all its power,
 To darken the mind with despair.

I look'd again—the storm was o'er—
 The moon rose mildly from the shore,
 O'er the waters of the east.

'Tis the calm of the soul—the end of all pain—
 No care shall corrode—nor grief e'er again
 On the heart of man ever feast.

E. H.

Croft

LINES SUGGESTED BY "VOLNEY'S RUINS."

SPIRITS of days departed ! from your homes
 Of solitude and silence, where ye veil
 In lonely ruins and in silent tombs
 The glory of the past, I bid ye hail.
 A stranger turns him here awhile to gaze
 On wasted walls, whose desolations tell
 That towering here in happier days,
 An empire rose, it flourished, and it fell.
 He flies the converse of his fellow-men,
 The merry doings of the festive hall,
 For mouldering ruins ; they full oft have been
 The silent comforters of grief, when all
 Have scorned to sooth. When slumber living things,

He loves to muse upon the fallen state ;
For there is comfort in the thought it brings,
That all around like him is desolate.
In symmetry and beauty here were raised
The lordly palace and the sacred shrine,
The sun's bright fane, whose fires eternal blazed,
And statues matchless of a hero line.
Swiftly in rapture passed the winged hours—
Here pointed fame to glory's devious way,
There beckoned bliss to beauty's fairest bowers,
And pleasure smiled on all beneath her sway.
But all is desolation, and hath passed
As it had never been, from earth away.
'Tis thus, when the sun lingering yet doth cast
Upon the mountain tops his parting ray,
Then fancy soars, we yield us to her spell,
The wild creations of her witchery
Around our thrilled, enraptured senses swell,
Till earth reminds us they can never be.
Here proudly rolled the conqueror's chariot through,
A pillar rose to consecrate his fame ;
Column and victor both have sunk, and who
That lives, can breathe that conqueror's name ?
Where sadly stood the monumental stone,
The statue of the dead, a warrior's meed,
The crumbling marble tells a name unknown,
And time's rude wastings far and wide succeed.
The felon wolf hath fearless borne his prey
Where monarchs feasted, and his noontide lair
He makes, where regal beauty slumbering lay,
And man, e'en man, comes not to harm him there.
How much of greatness rests, thou silent grave !
Peacefully in thy bosom slumbering ;
Nor worth, nor fame, nor genius' self, can save

From mute forgetfulness, when time doth fling
His shadows on the past ; and man in vain
Doth vaunt him of th' eternal works of mind ;
Th' historian's page, the bard's impassioned strain,
Have gone and left no single trace behind.
Spirits of days departed ! to this spot,
Could ye recal, who swept the golden shell,
It would be misery that all's forgot
They loved, and sung in lofty verse so well.
Then wake them not from death's still dream,
Whom none have mourned, whom none have wept,
The world hath not a home for them,
So sweet as where they long have slept
Forgotten and unknown.
Oh ! tell them not, that glory's path,
For them with laurel wreaths is decked ;
Fame not a single pleasure hath
For those, who once have felt neglect,
Remembered now by none.

Ritter

K.

THE LAST WISH.

OH ! that I lived in this world alone,
The last bark on life's desolate billow ;
'Twere sweet to hear the last human tone,
To lay the last head on its pillow ;
And dear were the hour that forever untwined
The last, lingering tie betwixt me and mankind.

Oh ! that the tale of my race were told,
The last parting were not the severest ;
For then not a friend would be left to grow cold,
Nor a heart to be lost when dearest ;

And I should never more mourn the decay
Of joys that had lasted but one summer's day.

I've seen the garlands of friendship torn,
Her holiest pledges bartered ;
I've seen Affection turned to scorn,
And Love in his own flame martyred—
I've seen two beings linked hand in hand,
And heart to heart, with so firm a band,

I had known them so true in joy and in pain,
That I thought death only could sever
Their mutual ties,—but I looked again,
And those ties were burst forever !
And thus, ever thus, hath my heart been deceived
By the hopes it embraced, and the dreams it believed.

And I thought if this world contained but one,
Such sorrows could never defile it,
That lone one's heart, with no hopes to shun,
No friend who might win and beguile it,
Need not look to a land beyond the grave
For the peace which this world never gave.

Were I that one, my home should be
Some green isle beneath a southern sky,
Where, girt by the ever-rolling sea,
And fed by Heaven,—the only eye
That could watch my deeds beneath the sun,
Were the sleepless eye of the Eternal One.

H. H.

H. Hodge

EXHIBITION AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, MAY 1, 1827.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCE.

1. An Oration in Latin.—Edward W. Hook, *Castine, Me.*
2. An English Translation. "Speech of Ataliba on being condemned to death by the Spanish Invaders of Peru."—Charles Babbidge, *Salem.*
3. A Forensick Disputation. "Whether the separate publication of remarkable passages from authors be favorable to the advancement of Knowledge and Taste."—Henry R. Cleveland, *Lancaster* ; Benjamin V. Crowninshield, *Salem.*
4. A Disquisition. "The Greeks, their Prospects, and what is due to them from Christian Nations."—Charles Ritchie, *Boston.*
5. A Dialogue in Latin. "Brutus, Cæsar, and Antonius."—Henry I. Bowditch, *Boston* ; John G. Norwood, *Boston* ; Edward Soley, *Boston.*
6. An Essay. "The Pleasure derived from the Fine Arts by the Artist and the common Spectator."—John T. Sargent, *Cambridge.*
7. A Dissertation. "The Effects of the French Revolution on the Progress of Political Freedom."—James L. English, *Boston.*
8. A Dialogue in Greek. "Achilles, Ulysses, and Phoenix."—Horatio D. Appleton, *Baltimore, Md.* ; Arthur H. H. Bernard, *Fredericksburg, Va.* ; James C. Richmond, *Providence, R. I.*
9. A Dissertation. "The Moral Character of the Age as affected by the Progress of Knowledge."—Epes S. Dixwell, *Boston.*
10. An English Translation. "Mirabeau's Address to the King on withdrawing the Foreign Troops from Paris."—George Chapman, *Boston.*
11. A Dissertation. "The Classical and Romantic Schools of Literature."—Cornelius C. Felton, *Saugus.*
12. Mathematical Exercises.—Edmund L. Cushing, *Lunenburg* ; Thomas Davis, *Boston* ; Alfred Lee, *Norwich, Con.* ; William A. Stearns, *Bedford* ; Arnold F. Welles, *Boston.*
13. An Oration in English. "The comparative Power of Distinguished Individuals in Ancient and Modern Times."—Seth Sweetser, *Newburyport.*

THE
HARVARD REGISTER.

NO. IV.

JUNE, 1827.

EFFECTS OF LITERATURE UPON THE PEOPLE.

IN a country like our own, where the highest offices in the gift of the nation are open to all, without any discrimination of rank or title or hereditary distinction, it is natural that the means of gaining influence should be eagerly sought for by a large body of the people. Wealth, under all forms of government, under monarchies, aristocracies, democracies, and republics, is a powerful instrument in the hands of its possessor for gaining and securing to him a strong ascendancy over the minds of his fellow subjects. The philosopher in his speculations, the poet in his dreams and visions, and sometimes the poor man in his discontent, may disclaim the power which the opulent exercise ; but all are equally ready to bend before it, whenever circumstances place them within the reach of its action. Under republican governments, wealth seems to invest a man with more than an ordinary share of power and authority. The administration of the laws being supported by a tax proportional to the amount of property under the control of the individual, of course the wealthy are compelled to bear the principal part of the burthen. Thus they are looked up to as the *pillars of the state*, and receive a degree of respect and possess a degree of influence, entirely independent of their personal merit. Not that personal merit is by any means disregarded ; for when-

ever there is a remarkable deficiency in this respect, not all the wealth of Cræsus can secure a wide and lasting esteem. The characters of all are subject to examination; and if any individual is able to come from the ordeal of public scrutiny with a passable reputation for virtue, uprightness, and integrity, he will enjoy the confidence of others, and this confidence will be increased and his rank in society will be more elevated, provided that in addition to these merits of character, he possesses the solid and shining merit of a splendid fortune.

Another instrument of power, which is much talked of, though the application of it is not always understood, is knowledge. But it too often happens, that a knowledge of the arts of intrigue, a skilful use of the complicated machinery set in motion by political cunning to answer selfish ends, a perfect acquaintance with all the disguises and artifices that man can assume in winding his way through a maze of stratagems, until he at last attains to the object of his aspirations,—it too often happens that this passes in the eyes of the world for genuine and praiseworthy knowledge. There is another kind of knowledge of a true and solid nature, by which the fortunes of individuals may be honestly and honorably forwarded—a knowledge of the proper adaptation of means to ends, a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, a knowledge of the results of experience, a knowledge of the past and of the principles of judging the future from the past. This is certainly of the highest importance to every individual in every community, and accordingly we find that all institutions for the education of the great body of the people, make this their main object. Those sticklers for the ignorance of the people who have sometimes come forward with their croaking predictions, especially in England, are unworthy to be ranked among civilized and enlightened men. They live in an age too late for them. They should have lived, and died too, in an age of political ignorance and papal superstition. Their eyes are not fit to gaze upon the broad blaze of knowledge that is already beginning to illumine the world with its brightness, and that soon will shed abroad among all nations a radiance and splendor beyond aught that has yet been witnessed. Passing over the importance of this kind of practical knowledge to the great body of the people, under the

conviction that no man in his right mind will enter the lists to dispute it, let us devote a few pages to a brief consideration of the favorable influence that knowledge of a less practical but more elegant kind might be made to exert upon that part of the community which is generally placed without the reach of its power.

It has sometimes been supposed, that the cultivation of letters and the fine arts is incompatible with national virtue and national prosperity ; that it undermines that firmness of character and steadiness of resolve which are necessary elements in the constitution of a society destined to perpetuate its existence. Painting, architecture, sculpture, literature, luxury, have often been supposed to unite in the destruction of public virtue, in the prostration of morals, in the promotion and dissemination of corrupt principles, in tainting the sanctuary of private life with the ruinous influence of dissolute habits, in short, in setting in operation all the causes that by a secret yet certain process, work upon the vitals of society, until its vigor is impaired and its life destroyed. Greece, in the height of her literary glory, while the eloquent appeals of her orators were still sounding in the ears of the people, while the splendid conceptions of the poet were still addressed to their imagination, and the elegant monuments of her artists met their eyes wherever they turned, while the memory of heroes, and patriots, and sages, was continually placed before them in the consecrated page of the bard and the beautiful speculations of the philosopher, in the midst of every thing that could animate bravery, inspire enthusiasm, enkindle the fervor of patriotism, awaken and keep alive a love of liberty, and an unchanging hatred of tyranny, in the midst of every thing that could nurture a love of letters, and cherish the noblest sentiments and most exalted feelings, every thing that could give a high tone of character to the community, every thing that could impart correctness and refinement to taste and purity to morals, Greece yet became abject and degraded ; she yet sunk beneath the iron power of a foreign master, almost without a struggle to ennoble her fall.

While Rome was ignorant and unlettered, she was prosperous and happy. In the early periods of her national existence, she received the devoted and patriotic attachment of her children. Victory followed her standard, and surround-

ing nations obeyed and revered her voice. But as soon as the refined arts of polished Greece attracted the attention and employed the time of the stern and hardy Romans, their firmness of character began to decline. The influence of letters, it is said, opened the way for the introduction of luxury and all its attendant evils. Literature and the refinements of elegant society were carried to their highest perfection, at the very time when all that was valuable and worthy of admiration in the Roman character had yielded before the enervating power of a luxurious despotism. After the republic had been convulsed by the civil wars, Augustus secured himself upon the throne of the Roman world. To gain the approbation of his contemporaries and to transmit his name with honor to posterity, he took into favor the distinguished literary men of his age; and they certainly were not deficient in repaying by their polished flattery the debt they owed to their imperial master. From this moment, it is said, may be dated the decline of the Roman empire.

In these cases, as in all cases of the kind, other causes may be traced out, which tended to produce a national decline, rather than any influence that literature and the arts could possibly exercise. It needs but a slight acquaintance with the history of ancient Greece, to find the origin of her decline in causes far more efficacious and destructive. The intestine divisions, civil wars, political disturbances, which shook Greece to her centre at almost every period of her existence as a nation, the unsettled nature of the governments of the several states, the insecurity of person and property, the danger which men, eminent for their genius, wealth, or public character, were exposed to, of losing their lives, their fortunes, and their stations as citizens, these, with others less distinct in their operation, are sufficient to account for the fact, that Greece bowed before the overwhelming power of Rome. It would seem ridiculous to make the arts and letters bear any portion of the sin which the whole tenor of history clearly proves cannot justly be laid to their charge.

Rome, it is true, in her infancy and youth, was ignorant and warlike. Her devotion to the arts of war spread her victories far and wide. Her historians have celebrated the virtues that characterized her early existence. But are we cer-

tain that the outward splendor of Roman triumphs can be taken as an index of national happiness and prosperity? Had the early Romans been led to imbibe a taste for the refining arts of civilized life, they would have had much less occasion to meddle with the affairs of surrounding nations. They would have been taught that it is not the stern qualities of the warrior, the coolness of the hardened soldier in shedding blood, the indifference of the toil-worn veteran to human suffering, that constitute a character truly estimable and worthy of admiration. They would certainly have learnt that the true prosperity of their country was not to be promoted by the ruin of others, and that Roman greatness was not to be established on the wreck of a conquered world. Look at the history of the Roman republic, and say when private individual happiness was to any great extent enjoyed. The people were continually harassed by divisions and broils. Their rights were imperfectly understood, and still more imperfectly enjoyed. Faction and misrule, ignorance and ambition, formed a motley combination against the true enjoyment of individual or national happiness. The military spirit, which first gave an impulse to Roman enterprize, led in the course of time to a perfect mania, and though it may be considered as the moving principle of what is called the prosperity of this great nation, it may with equal justice be considered the leading cause of her downfall. Had she been contented with the natural increase of national growth, had she been taught the true principles which ought to guide a patriotic people, instead of cherishing a selfish and unprincipled disregard to the rights of others, had she devoted the vigor of her early genius and the experience of her maturer age to the cultivation of the arts that adorn humanity, had poetry, oratory, philosophy, painting, architecture, and sculpture employed only a *part* of those energies which were wasted in violating the rights of man and spreading devastation over the face of the earth, Rome might, perhaps, have still existed, a noble and imposing monument of the preserving power of literature, science, and the arts. It was not the corrupting influence of Grecian letters that subverted the Roman empire. It was not the luxury attendant upon refinement of manners, and cultivation of taste, and fondness for literature, and attachment to studious retirement, and dislike for the la-

bours and fatigues of war, that destroyed the foundation of public virtue, and produced a ruinous abandonment of principle, which ended in the entire prostration of Roman power and glory. This was only the ornamental drapery that was spread over the surface, but the principle of decay had long existed and was deeply fixed within. Literature and the arts came quite too late to exert a redeeming power upon the sickly and declining constitution of the Roman world. They were too contracted and straitened in their influence. They were too much under the protection of Rome's imperial masters. They were too much the language of courtly adulation, instead of being the free and unrestrained expression of national or individual feeling. To say that culture and refinement undermined public and private virtue, and hastened the downfall of public prosperity, because they could not prevent it, is just as absurd, as to declare that the physician is guilty of murder, because he is called upon too late to stay the progress of disease and save the life of the patient.

In modern times, the most distinguished eras of literature have been when princes and monarchs have taken it under the protection of royal patronage. When luxury has most generally prevailed, it is said that literature has been carried to its highest perfection. Scholars and poets were honored at the luxurious court of Louis XIV. This period has been called the Augustan age of France. If then it is a good thing for the prosperity of a nation to have a taste for letters prevail, why did not the splendid literature of France at this period save her from the embarrassments she soon fell into? It is true that the court of the French king was adorned by many luminaries of literature. It is true, too, that the resources of France became almost exhausted, and that the latter part of this reign, which has so often been considered the most glorious era in French history, was darkened by the gathering clouds of misfortune. But why attribute any part of the calamity to letters? It is probable that if letters had received the attention which their importance demands and deserves, if Louis had felt the influence of literary refinement upon his mind and character, his attention would not have been occupied so much with schemes of aggrandizement, which led to the exhaustion of the power and treasures of France. He patronized letters, not because he had a true feeling of their

excellence and importance, but because he was ambitious of gaining every kind of distinction, which could shed a glory round his name, and make his court the seat of splendor and magnificence. While poets were writing works that were destined to be afterwards viewed as *chef d'œuvres* in literature, Louis was employed in destructive wars abroad, or in the enjoyment of the pleasures of luxury at home. The excesses, into which his ambition and extravagance led him, were abundantly sufficient to produce all the embarrassments which destroyed the tranquillity of the latter part of his life. Here, too, literature was not quite what it should be. It was finished and elegant and courtly; it was polished and refined and delicate; but it depended too much on the conventions of society. The strength of native feeling was too much restrained by the fastidious refinement of courtly circles, and the glow and animation that spring from the heart and that reach the heart, were cooled down by the effects of a dogmatical criticism. It was not the literature of the nation, but the literature of the court. We may study it with pleasure and improvement, but it can never awaken in us that deep and heartfelt interest, which a literature founded less on convention and dogmas, and more on feeling and nature, is capable of exciting.

In no instance recorded on the pages of history can it be shown, that letters have had any influence in promoting national decay. Wherever a want of morality, a decline of public virtue, and a failure of national prosperity have been contemporaneous with a perfect cultivation of literature, science, and the arts, the former can never be considered the effects of the latter. A little attention to the history of nations will enable any one to trace out, without much difficulty other causes of a different nature. And even suppose it were true that in the instances we have considered, letters could have produced such effects as have sometimes been assigned to them, it would by no means prove that a *diffusion* of literary taste would end in such deadly consequences. The experiment has never yet been made. Literary culture has always been confined to a very small number, even in the most refined communities. It has been produced by the fostering care of patronage, and driven forward beyond its natural growth, or else it has been confined to solitary individuals,

and never extended its influence over the whole face of society.

It is universally allowed that no people, taken as a body, are so well instructed as the American public. All men in our country take a lively interest in whatever relates to the affairs of government. The political measures of the day are not only discussed in the polished circles of the city, but are examined and their merits decided upon in the remotest villages. The freedom that all classes enjoy and the opportunities in each individual's power of gaining wealth and influence, operate in urging upon every member of the community the importance of acquiring that knowledge, which may be turned to account in forwarding these purposes. This, no doubt, is the happy influence of our free and republican institutions, but like all other human things, it is attended with some serious evils. It too often leads to an entire disregard of every thing that may not be practically made use of in forwarding what are conceived to be the most important objects of life ; it makes us attach too much consequence to the arts of accumulating wealth ; it leads us to view letters as a luxury which we have but very little to do with ; it often results in creating political animosity, and calling forth disputes upon questions that are of no consequence to the nation or the individual. Every class in the community can devote no inconsiderable portion of time to objects other than the manual labors of their daily avocations,* and it is very natural that their attention should be directed to whatever most frequently comes within their view. As the political papers of the day are every where dispersed, these of course are universally perused, and the influence they possess over the minds of the people is almost unbounded. But the principal topics that are discussed in these works are of a political nature : and thus our public institutions and most of the presses in the country tend strongly to give a political turn to the modes of thinking and reasoning throughout the whole community. But if something more of literary taste could be mingled with this prevailing inclination of the American public, we cannot but think the result would be highly beneficial. Private happiness and true public prosperity, which are always united, would receive immense accessions from such a combination. In some parts of our country, the effects of a taste for elegant

letters among the people have been sufficiently seen, to warrant us in saying, that the farther this taste can be extended, the better. *It would increase the private happiness of individuals.* The little troubles that disturb the happiness of mankind, in the shades of private life, would vanish before the happy influence of elegant literature. The objects that are presented to the contemplation of him whose mind has been opened to the beauty of the divine productions of poetry, and has been led to reflection by the instructive pages of history, are of such a high and noble nature, that they cannot but take away the sting of adversity, and raise him above the influence of the common vexations of life. The toils by which we are all obliged to provide, if not for our livelihood, at least for our happiness, would become only pleasing recreations to diversify the scenes of our existence, could they always be combined with the delights of literary culture. Let it not be said that a taste for reading would produce a dislike for the common labors of life. Let it not be said that a man must be excluded from the joys of intellectual refinement, in order to make himself useful in a sphere where it is necessary to exert manual labor, and to endure bodily fatigue, for a subsistence. This is all a mere scarecrow erected by those who believe in their hearts, though they would be ashamed and afraid to avow such a belief, that the people must be *kept under* by ignorance. It is another shape of the doctrine that belongs to an age of intellectual darkness and spiritual tyranny, the abominable doctrine, that *knowledge is dangerous*, dangerous to the interests of the state. It doubtless is dangerous to the existence of bigotry and despotism, but it is safe, perfectly safe, for virtue, freedom, and happiness. Perhaps it is true, that many who now grope through life in the shades of obscurity, would quit their humble condition and work their way upwards to honor, wealth, and distinction, could they once be made to feel the powers which the God of Nature has endowed them with. But this is not a very fearful consequence. None but the weak and stupid, who are afraid that the accidental advantages of fortune and family will be thrown into the shade by the superior splendor of intellectual endowments, and the untiring assiduity of genius, determined to exert its energies in accomplishing brilliant achievements, will ever have the folly to advance *this* as a proof of

the danger of extending a taste for science and literature to every individual of every rank in life. No one can doubt that many would be brought forward by this very means, whose powers are well adapted to produce extensive and lasting benefits, the influence of which would not be confined to the present age, but might reach to generations yet to come.

It would increase the public prosperity. It would inspire the people with a greater liberality of sentiment, it would strike at the root of prejudice and banish from the face of society, that narrowness of feeling which contracts the mind, perverts the judgment, takes away from the joys of social existence, and connects the differences of opposing opinions with bitterness of spirit, rancor, and acrimony. It would present a common object, on which all could agree and where all could sympathize. It would be a bond of union, connecting by its gentle and unobtrusive influence all the different parts of the community, softening down the rugged features that too often deform the aspect of society, drawing forth from its retirement that merit which deserves to occupy a high seat in the temple of fame, but is kept from its rightful possession by the depressing weight of poverty and misfortune, soothing the cares and sorrows and troubles that now, perhaps, have nothing to alleviate them, and exerting an ennobling and purifying power over the morals and character of all. That the destiny of America is to realize such a blissful condition, will not be looked upon as an extravagant hypothesis by those who have traced the steps of our national advancement, and examined the probabilities of our future progress. Though such an era is still wrapped in the darkness of the future, yet we look forward with confidence to the period of its arrival. Every American must hail with rapture the dawn of so glorious a day, and the object of every patriot's efforts and aspirations should be, to hasten the coming of its meridian splendor.

C. C.

Felton

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

And wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, that Albion's hills
Have heard ; and heard too have her Saxon foes,
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills—

Byron.

WHOEVER, for the first time, may chance to pass through the village of Lexington cannot but be impressed with a sort of local awe, as he approaches the field where the first blood was shed, in one of the greatest revolutions the world ever saw. Of a still summer afternoon, the New Hampshire waggoner is often seen turning off from the road, with his whip in his hand, to read the inscription on the monument, of which he has just caught a glimpse among the trees. He enters the enclosure with awakening attention. The tranquillity of the spot, the vicinity of the church, with which the green common is connected, and the bordering trees which cast their lengthening shadows on the granite pillar, conspire to solemnize the scene and open the mind of the stranger to a deep impression, as his eye catches the first lines of the inscription—

“ Sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind,
The freedom and independence of America ! ”

A thrilling interest arises in his mind, as he proceeds to the names of the simple yeomen, who gave up their lives on that momentous occasion, and are sleeping in the dust beneath his feet. His thoughts recur involuntarily to the alarming scene of war, which burst out upon that field, sending horror and grief into the hearts of the inexperienced cottagers. Imagination pictures the ghastly countenances of the slain, and he seems to hear the wild shout of the conquerors, whose bayonets are reeking in their blood. He looks round for some loitering villager to give him an account of the place or battle, no circumstance of which, however trivial, but he will listen to with eagerness.

The rural town of Lexington contains less than 2000 inhabitants, yet it possesses peculiar characteristics, which render it in some measure worthy to be the scene of the great

event, which distinguished it. All its citizens are agriculturists. Even in the earliest period of its history, before it became a township, when this old town of Cambridge swallowed up all the neighboring territory, it was known by the name of "Cambridge Farms." This characteristic, joined with a healthy competence and equal distribution of property, led from its very settlement to principles of independence and liberty. This place has always been highly republican and patriotic; and considering its vicinity to the metropolis and other confused trading towns, singularly distinguished for a universal equality of rank in society, and freedom from that offscouring of the human race, which loiter about the heels of the wealthy.

It is well known what excitement prevailed and spread unopposed among a social and united people, while the British troops were stationed in Boston, antecedent to the breaking out of the revolutionary war. Our fathers had time to consider what they were about to attempt, and to fortify their minds with cool determination. Children gathered closely around their parents; mothers grew pale for apprehension, but our fathers beheld them with a quiet though firm and unshaken aspect. They beheld the gathering of mighty clouds, whose effects they could not wholly foresee, yet the language of their hearts was, "Let it come." "The air of this wide, romantic land breathes liberty. The wolf and the catamount of our forest, and the bison-robed Indian have taught it to us. Our ancestors marked not their age with the character of adventure, and ploughed not the distant ocean, to plant us here in servitude."

At dead of the night which preceded the battle of Lexington, 800 British genadiers and regulars leaped silently into boats, crossed over Charles River bay to Lechnere Point, and with great wariness and expedition, struck across through bushes and marsh-mud to gain the high road, which led to Lexington and Concord. But the vigilant colonists were not unapprized of their motions. As soon as a regular had leapt into a boat, a fleet horse was in the wind to carry the alarm into the country. Suddenly, the sleeping hills re-echoed to the clang of the church-bell; shrill war-notes whistled among the vallies, and the gloominess of night gave wild presentiment of more gloomy reality. Then was the time for

the dark spirit to arouse its sleeping energies. The cottager awakes, and fancies that he already hears the clang of arms and the ruthless shout of the fierce grenadier, as he rushes to sheath his bayonet in the bodies of his wife and children. He springs from his couch, buckles on his leathern girdles, already supplied with the ammunition of death, and grasps his faithful musket; then turning to cast a look, perhaps the last, upon his wife and children, their faces pale with emotion and more anxious for him than themselves, strengthen the nerves of his resolution. They cling to him; he conjures them to be quiet, and he will defend them, and rushes from his cottage.

The drum is heard, which calls him to the field. By the light of the moon he hastens thither. The night is still again—no sound of the enemy is heard—an awful suspense ensues. Soon, however, horses' hoofs are heard—a breathless courier arrives announcing the near approach of 1500 of the enemy. And what could fifty militia yeomen, drawn up in battle array on the field of Lexington, think of doing with 1500 British infantry, by thus boldly intercepting their progress, while not another one of their countrymen had taken up arms or ever shed a drop of English blood? What but an utter recklessness of life, an enthusiastic ardor to be the first in their country's defence, a mad determination to thwart the first encroachment of tyranny, heightened by the midnight scene and the sudden outrage of a mercenary foe, could have induced them to take such a stand? Yet it was well. Now that the mighty struggle is over, which made us free, we applaud such ready and Spartan spirit; such promptness and daring in our fathers to go forward and resist, like the band of Leonidas, the first approaches of oppression.

Parker, their captain, charged them to keep their ground and not give the first fire. "Let us not," says he, "begin the quarrel; but if they will have war, here let it be determined. Let them prick a vein of us, if they dare. Should we fall, it is in no common cause; on no trifling occasion. We shall be revenged." The enemy were now within 100 rods, and their bright arms were just seen glimmering in the moonlight. They had heard the war-drum of the villagers, halted, charged their pieces, and were now coming up in double-quick time. What could have been their thoughts on thus discov-

ering this handful of yeomen quietly drawn up in silent and motionless array on the open field to meet them, notwithstanding all the wariness and expedition of their march from the metropolis under cover of the night? The enemy came up shouting to within ten rods of the unshrinking villagers. "Disperse, you rebels!" bellowed out the English colonel, with opprobrious appellations, firing his pistol at them, brandishing his broad-sword, and in the same breath ordering his foremost ranks to fire. The first platoon fired over the heads of the villagers, who still remained silent and undismayed. A second more general discharge was made directly among them. Seven Americans fell to the earth. The rest broke and dispersed with a retreating fire, which, however, only wounded a few of the enemy. The British kept up their fire as long as they could see one to fire at.

"After the first fire," says J. Munroe, one of the surviving villagers, "I thought, and so stated to E. Munroe, who stood next to me on the left, that they had fired nothing but powder; but on the second firing, M. said, that they had fired something more than powder, for he had received a wound in his arm; and now, said he, 'I'll give them the contents of my gun.' We then both took aim at the main body of the British troops,—the smoke prevented our seeing anything but the heads of some of their horses—and discharged our pieces. After the second fire of the British troops, I distinctly saw J. Parker struggling on the ground, with his gun in his hand, apparently attempting to load it. In this situation, the British came up, run him through with the bayonet, and killed him on the spot. After I had fired the first time, I retreated about ten rods, and then loaded my gun a second time with two balls; and on firing at the British, the strength of the charge took off about a foot of my gun-barrel." (*Hist. Battle at Lexington by E. Phinney.*) The conquerors, on gaining the field and thus opening the flood-gates of the revolutionary war, drew up on the battle ground, fired a volley, and gave three huzzas, and soon after were on the highway again for Concord. The villagers closed warily upon their rear, and made prisoners of six regulars, who loitered behind.

On the return of the enemy from Concord, in the afternoon of the same day, the vanquished villagers had completely rallied, and with the yeomanry of all the surrounding

towns, took them at much better advantage than in the morning, plying them in flank and rear from stone-wall ramparts, and the trunks of trees, in the true Indian style. Their fire was continual and deadly, yet would have been much more so, had not Lord Percy reinforced the enemy from Boston, with one thousand men and some field-pieces. These now roared against the Americans. Houses were pillaged and in flames, and women and children hurried away to the woods. The royal forces collected on a commanding hill about a mile below the church, recruited themselves there, and by night succeeded in reaching Bunker-hill. Forty-nine Americans fell in this battle, and sixty-five of the British. It was not great in profusion of blood, but only for the occasion, on which it was fought, and the circumstances which attended it.

It has been said by one of our first orators, that, when our country shall have grown mightier in future times, and national history shall have poured out its tomes, and the dusk of antiquity shall have begun to gather round and consecrate the leading events of her earliest establishment, when our children's children shall have multiplied, this battle will be compared to that of the Spartans of Leonidas, and Lexington and Thermopylæ will be pronounced together. But, although this may be too much for the present, even in the warmest panegyrics of the offspring of the patriots, who fell on this occasion, yet there is certainly a similarity in the two events.

The British foe did not indeed equal the millions of Xerxes, yet came like them from a distant country to enslave a free people, who were inferior to them in wealth and numbers. Leonidas and his little band marched forth boldly and alone to battle, first to resist the mighty intruder and give him a sample of the freeborn character of those he was about to cope with. These heroes made a bloodier and longer resistance against the proud invaders than the yeomanry of Lexington, yet they were enabled to do so from the peculiar advantage of their situation in a narrow pass, while the latter met their foe in the open fields. Leonidas and his band were all slain except one man; and if Parker and his band of yeomen were not all strewn upon their native soil, it was not that they did not sufficiently expose themselves, were not sufficiently daring, or that the bright bayonets, which were levelled against their unshrinking ranks, were not suffi-

ciently numerous, or that the bullets, which whistled about their ears, were not sufficiently plentiful. Some of the veterans, who composed this remarkable band, are yet living with their offspring upon the soil, which they then so bravely defended. I have often listened to the tales of this and other scenes of revolutionary warfare. There is one very old lady, living now in the same bevel-roofed house, on the highway to Concord, about a mile above the village, which she dwelt in on the day of the battle, who has often amused me with an account of her adventures on that occasion. I do not mention her in context with those ageworn veterans to diminish aught of their martial character, but merely to illustrate a little further the scene in which they acted.

"I heard the guns," says she, "at about day-break, but being unapprehensive of danger, did not, like most of our neighbors, move off for fear of the enemy; especially as my father was confined to his bed of a severe sickness, so that in fleeing from the house we must leave him behind, which I could not consent to. Our domestics had already absconded, we knew not whither. I, therefore, and my husband, who, on account of a certain indisposition, was incapacitated for military service, remained in the house with our father, while the enemy passed; which they did without offering us any injury. I remember well, their exact order, red coats, glittering arms, and appalling numbers. Some time after, on their arrival at Concord, a report of musketry was once more heard, and in broken and incessant volleys. It was a sound of death to us. All now was trepidation, fever, and rushing to arms; women and children bewildered and scouring across the fields. With much ado, we succeeded in yoking our oxen and getting father on his bed into an ox-cart, and thus moving him off as carefully as we could to a neighbor's house, at some distance from the highway, on which we expected the enemy to return. Before leaving our house, I secured some of the most valuable of my effects, putting my large looking-glass between two featherbeds, and fastening all the windows and doors. The house we carried father to, had been already vacated, and here I was left alone with him. The dreadful sound of approaching guns was still ringing in my ears. Bewildered and affrighted, I betook myself into the house-cellar there to await my fate. Occasionally, I ventured to peep out to dis-

cover the approach of the enemy. After remaining some time in this dreadful state of fear and suspense, I at last discovered the enemy coming down a long hill on the highway, partly upon a run and in some confusion, being closely beset by 'our men' in flank and rear. The terrific array of war soon came fully into view, and as soon passed off again from before my eyes, like a horrid vision, leaving only a cloud of smoke behind and the groans of the dying, who were strewed in its wake.

After the rattle of musketry had grown somewhat weaker from distance, and my heart became more relieved of its apprehensions, I resolved to return home. But what an altered scene began to present itself, as I approached the house—garden walls thrown down—my flowers trampled upon—earth and herbage covered with the marks of hurried footsteps. The house had been broken open, and on the doorstep—awful spectacle—there lay a British soldier dead, on his face, though yet warm, in his blood, which was still trickling from a bullet-hole though his vitals. His bosom and his pockets were stuffed with my effects, which he had been pilaging, having broken into the house through a window. On entering my front room, I was horror-struck. Three mangled soldiers lay groaning on the floor and weltering in their blood, which had gathered in large puddles about them. "Beat out my brains, I beg of you," cried one of them, a young Briton, who was dreadfully pierced with bullets, through almost every part of his body, "and relieve me from this agony." You will die soon enough, said I, with a revengeful pique. A grim Irishman, shot through the jaws, lay beside him, who mingled his groans of desperation with curses on the villain who had so horridly wounded him. The third was a young American, employing his dying breath in prayer. A bullet had passed through his body, taking off in its course the lower part of his powder-horn. The name of this youthful patriot was J. Haywood, of Acton. His father came and carried his body home; it now lies in Acton graveyard. These were the circumstances of his death: being ardent and close in the pursuit, he stopped a moment at our well to slake his thirst. Turning from the well, his eye unexpectedly caught that of the Briton, whom I saw lying dead on the doorstep, just coming from the house with his plunder. They were

about a rod from each other. The Briton knew it was death for him to turn, and the American scorned to shrink. A moment of awful suspense ensued—when both simultaneously levelled their muskets at each other's heart, fired, and fell on their faces together. My husband drew the two Britons off on a sled, and buried them in one of our pastures, where they now lie, beneath a pine tree which has grown up out of their grave. The Irishman was the only one of the three that survived.'

X.

Zuft

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHY has always been considered one of the most pleasant branches of literature. There is nothing more delightful than to follow an individual who has been distinguished in the political or literary world, through the adventures that have diversified his life. The history of a great nation is grand and imposing and instructive. We love to follow the fortunes of a rising people, from the weakness of national infancy and childhood, through all the progressive stages of its advancement, until it arrives at almost universal dominion; and there is something singularly mournful and impressive, in contemplating its downfall and decay. But here our feelings are not so directly interested, as in the less important adventures of individuals. Our sympathies are at once enlisted, and we follow the course of their lives, almost with the anxiety and earnestness of personal friendship. We do, indeed, become in a manner acquainted with them. Their characters and thoughts are laid open to our view, and inspire us with a feeling, somewhat approaching to that of personal acquaintance. With what mingled emotions of curiosity and interest do we trace the progress of such men as Burke and Pitt and Sheridan, and such scholars as Johnson and Sir William Jones? It is a sublime spectacle, to behold the strength of intellectual power, struggling with the pressure of adversity, and at last rising in its might and taking possession of that high station which it was originally destined to fill; and it is a beautiful and interesting one, to follow the man, whose eloquence or learning has commanded the admiration of a great people, to the shades of retirement, and to find there the exhibition of the milder virtues of private

life, which are less striking and commanding, indeed, but which more readily engage our affections, than those splendid qualities that are necessary to adorn a high official station. Burke's commanding and resistless eloquence fills us with delight and astonishment, and we look up with distant reverence to that wonderful mind, which was capable of wielding an instrument so powerful and overwhelming. But we love him and feel a deepened interest in everything that concerns him, when we hear him tenderly lamenting the death of a son, on whom his fondest hopes so long had rested. It is then that he addresses himself to feelings that are universal, and our hearts at once respond to the touching appeal.

The narrative of the lives of such men as Johnson, is not only alluring but instructive. It is often said, that the retired life of a man of letters has but little in it that is calculated to attract the attention and awaken the interest of readers. We hear biographers making this an excuse for the poverty of their narrations ; but how little justice there is in the assertion, any one can tell who has even a trifling acquaintance with literary history. What is there in the life of the greatest warrior that ever lived, half so attractive, as the private and happy retirement of the poet and scholar ? We may indeed gaze upon him, whose life has been spent in scenes of bloodshed, with a deep curiosity and a dreadful interest ; we may read the history of his adventures, with a thrilling excitement ; but when we have done, what is left for our contemplation ? Our memory is crowded with a confused recollection of battles, massacres, sieges, and wars : we have read of cities pillaged and wrapt in flames ; of villages destroyed ; of unnumbered acts of cruelty and rapine ; unnumbered instances of murder and desolation. But we have found in all this, little to animate our hopes and raise our confidence in human virtue. We have found in it but little to console us with the prospect of human improvement and human happiness. Such things are interesting, it is true, but they are so because they are exciting. There are thousands in every community, who flock around the gallows, erected for the execution of an unfortunate criminal, and watch the scene, with a deep and thrilling interest ; and there are thousands, too, who feel an enthusiastic excitement, when they listen to the tales of warlike achievement.

But there is no one, who does not contemplate with satisfaction, the silent but useful life of him who spends his days in retirement, that he may improve, please, and instruct, not only his contemporaries, but all future generations.

But how much is our interest in the biographical sketch increased, when it comes from the hand of him who is the subject of it? He, who writes the life of another, can only judge of the character of his hero, from external circumstances; the secret motives which influenced his actions, and the secret causes that formed his character, can be estimated, only by the individual himself. Prejudice, friendship, or enmity, is apt to give a wrong coloring to the narrative of the biographer. But when a man sits down soberly, to give the world an account of his own life, he will, if he is an honest man, suffer nothing to escape him, but a fair and candid statement of the truth. He will set forth, clearly and explicitly, the motives of actions, which would be perplexing and unsatisfactory to any second person. He can explain the course his character followed, in its formation; he can detail the circumstances, that first gave a peculiar bent to the direction of his mind; he can describe the gradual development of his intellectual powers, with a graphic vividness, beyond the power of any other man. No one ever read the memoirs of Göthe, without feelings of pleasure and satisfaction, and a sort of friendship for their venerable author. The clearness with which he draws forth, from the stores of his memory, the events of his early life, the happy and easy manner, in which he describes the progress of his mind, the candor with which he relates, even the follies of his youth, are irresistibly fascinating, to every unprejudiced reader. The reminiscences of Butler, that "veteran scholar," form one of the most interesting volumes, that have of late years been issued from the British press. But of all the works of this kind, that have ever been published, perhaps there is not a more admirable specimen, than the life of the great Italian tragedian, Alfieri, by himself. It is an ornament to the beautiful literature, of which it is a part, and ranks not among the least of this distinguished author's writings. His tragedies are great and imposing monuments of their author's genius, but if we wish to gain a correct and vivid impression of his character, we must go to the picture, which his own hand has

drawn. These examples are enough to show the use of such writings ; and it is to be hoped, that men of eminence, in every department of life, will be more ready, than they yet have been, to gratify the world with correct and living delineations of their own intellectual existence.

P. Q.

Fellow

GENIUS OF SHERIDAN.

SOME apology might seem necessary, for offering to the reader any remarks upon the genius of a man so well known, so celebrated, as Sheridan. Distinguished as one of the brightest ornaments of the British Parliament, admired for his amiable qualities, as well as for his splendid talents, his fame has long ago reached this continent. His eloquence has been heard across the Atlantic, and it speaks its own praises ; no fame can be added to that which he has already acquired, by our humble attempt to point out the remarkable features of his mind ; but to us it appears, that although we can only unite with thousands in our admiration of his powers, and can add nothing to his glory, we may receive much benefit from contemplating his character. By the habit of reflecting upon the career of the great and good men who have gone before us, we may make great improvement in our own character. It is by viewing the mind as it ought to be, and not as in too many instances it is, that we form in ourselves the desire of imitating the noble specimens of man in his native goodness ; the more we dwell upon the beauties of virtue or upon the charms of genius, the more shall we desire to be like their possessors ; in the same way as we become more capable of enjoying the finest productions of art, the more we contemplate the works of the first masters. And these are the effects which may be produced by thinking upon the genius, the greatness of such men as Sheridan. His genius did not early discover itself ; when a boy he was idle and apparently dull. Many, in the school boy pursuits, outstripped him, to whom they afterwards looked up with veneration ; and it is a consoling reflection to a vast number, that this man, whose talents were afterwards so conspicuous in so many different ways, could be made nothing of when a child. Was his genius slumbering, that it might come out with more brilliancy

in after years, or was he in reality the stupid child he seemed? It appears that some persons did actually suspect in the course of his boyish days, that he had rather more talent than he was generally thought to possess, but no one could discern in him the marks of that genius which was one day to astonish the world. He appears to have been overwhelmed by a dislike to exertion, which prevented him from making much proficiency in those studies which he afterwards felt the want of so much, and this feeling seems to have attended him through life. In his first attempts to prepare a work for press, he was continually disappointing those with whom he was engaged, by this habit of procrastination. We find him beginning when quite young to engage in the pursuits of literature; yet he was disappointed in his first appearance before the public; the translation which he engaged in with one of his friends, though it was perhaps well performed, was not favorably received. But the genius of Sheridan was soon to show itself in original productions. It was perhaps well for the future fame of Sheridan, that he had now a new stimulus to urge him on, and oblige him to bring into action those powers which had hitherto slumbered. Deprived of assistance from his father, (who had become offended at him and even hostile towards him, on account of his hasty marriage with a being whom he almost adored,) and depending upon himself for support, he overcame the dislike to exertion, which he had always felt, and his powers now began to appear. It is not improbable, that the low opinion entertained of him by so many, was another motive which prompted him to show the talent which he felt that he possessed. He made no idle boast of what he could do, he made no pretensions to genius, but went quietly to work, and produced the first opera in the English language. His *Duenna* certainly deserves this character: none can read it without being amused and delighted. The scene is well chosen. The delightful climate of Spain is well fitted for the serenade; and as we wander with the lovers through the streets of the city, we acknowledge, that the beautiful nights of that land, over which the paradise of the mussulmen was supposed to be, are well fitted to inspire the musician and draw forth his sweetest melody. The plot of the piece is interesting, and the flashes of wit which appear throughout, the

ludicrous characters which are introduced, and the beautiful close render it indeed worthy of the fame it has acquired. Sheridan had now found a field where his genius could display itself, and he did not leave it till he had acquired for himself a reputation which will last as long as theatrical representations continue to be attractive. His next great work was the 'School for Scandal;' this he produced at the age of twenty-six. It is surprising to observe the labor which Sheridan bestowed upon his writings; and this appears to us as another proof of his strength of mind. The pretended genius is ashamed to labor, and the idea, that genius supplies the place of industry and patience, is but too common. Sheridan made no pretensions to genius; he seems to have had a feeling of distrust in his powers, which induced him to bestow the greatest pains upon all his writings before publishing them. His *School for Scandal* has been called the best comedy in the language, and the labor bestowed upon it is almost inconceivable. His last effort for the stage was the *Critic*. This farce is too well known to be treated of at length here; it will sustain the reputation which Sheridan had acquired by his dramatic writings.

We are now to follow him in a greater pursuit. We are to see him the first in a path so entirely different from that which he had hitherto followed, that we should hardly believe that one man could become so distinguished in both; but the genius of Sheridan was not exclusive. Though great, it was not one of those untractable, unwieldy geniuses which is only fit for one thing. He could turn his talents to any thing he chose to engage in, and his reputation is the greater on that account. We are now to see him engaging in a political life, the friend of Fox and of Burke, and their rival in eloquence. We see him at first unwilling to try his powers in this new scene, sitting a silent observer of the transactions of the House, and meeting with little success in his first attempt. But we cannot help admiring his determination to go on, in spite of the apparent obstacles which surrounded him. His speeches were carefully prepared beforehand, for he dared not, like Burke, depend upon his genius at the moment, to supply him with those expressions which produced such an effect upon his audience. Fortune favored him, by bringing up a case which might well command all the powers of man. Sheridan was

soon called upon to support the charges against Warren Hastings, the governor of the British possessions in India. Here was a glorious opportunity for the display of his talents. There was brought to the bar, a man who had rendered himself odious by his crimes; a man against whom the heart of every good person would revolt. The mourning of the victims of his cruelty had reached the shores of England, and the most gifted of her sons were engaged, to make good the charges against the tyrant. It fell to Sheridan's lot to be the chief speaker upon this occasion; and his eloquence was such as had never before been heard. The closing words of his great speech in the Westminster hall, are a fair specimen of the eloquence of Sheridan. "Let the truth appear and our cause is gained. It is this, I conjure your lordships, for your own honor, for the honor of the nation, for the honor of human nature now entrusted to your care,—it is this duty that the Commons of England, speaking through us, claim at your hands. They exhort you to it, by every thing that calls sublimely on the heart of man, by the Majesty of that Justice which this bold man has libelled, by the wide fame of your own tribunal, by the sacred pledge by which you swear in the solemn hour of decision, knowing that that decision will then bring you the highest reward that ever blest the heart of man, the consciousness of having done the greatest act of mercy for the world, that the earth has ever yet received from any hand but Heaven—My lords, I have done." Thus did this Cicero hurl his thunders against the Verres of his age. His eloquence was overpowering, and the praises bestowed upon him by his cotemporaries were the tribute which they could not but pay to the master spirit who was dictating to the judges the true meaning of justice. Nor were the walks of poetry unexplored by Sheridan. Some beautiful pieces addressed to his wife show that he had a genius for poetry too, and they show, what is better still, the excellence of his heart. The great talents and striking virtues of Sheridan should throw a veil over some faults in his character; the infirmities of this great genius were fewer than of many who do not so well merit the name, and the weaknesses of his character should be overlooked, when we think of what was at first expected of him, and what the event proved him to be.

O. U.

Cleveland

POETRY.

THE ORPHAN.

MAJESTICALLY from the strand
On heaving waves the bark moved on,
While dimly sank the distant land,
Till its last fading trace was gone.

O'er

Still fancy saw its outline there,
And when she could no longer cheat
The mind, still eyes would turn them, where
Hearts, fond hearts were lingering yet.

The grief of some was wild and deep,
And the reft heart spoke out its woe,
While others turned away to weep,
For tears would still unbidden flow.

Their native land, their fathers' home
Had sank beneath their ocean path,
And they had left its halls to roam,
And dare the ocean in its wrath.

I too have felt despair entwine
Around my heart its withering fingers,
What griefs, what hopeless griefs are mine,
When the faint shade no longer lingers,

Gathering 'round my native isle.
Aye! I have striven with despair,
When all was wave and sky, the while
I gazed, and thought my isle was there.

Amidst that sorrowing group was one,
All heedless of the sickening wave,

An orphan boy,—and hope seemed flown,
And no hope left him but the grave.

There is an agony of soul—
Voiceless and deep—tears mark it not,
Nor yet the deeply poisoned bowl,
Where other griefs are soon forgot.

I've seen it in the mother, bending
O'er her infant's early blight,
When dust with its own dust was blending,
And coming life seemed one long night.

I've marked it in her woe-worn brow,
Her eye soiled by no griefless tear ;
While men, whose garb spoke all their woe,
Were mockery to grief and her.

Such grief I've seen, unheard, but felt,
Where man has been estranged from heaven,
And guilt in penitence hath knelt,
With scarce a hope to be forgiven.

Such was his grief, a tearless eye
Told, earth for him had not a joy,
Or e'er a friend to soothe him, nigh
The lonely and heart-stricken boy.

The world can never know a sorrow
Embittered like the orphan's lot ;
If fortune frown, its tears, the morrow
Will see in fleeting joy forgot.

In the wide world he stood alone,
Amidst the throng of all earth-born,
And found, to solace him, not one,
Cursed by cold pity, or by scorn.

The bitterest grief that earth can know,
'Midst sorrows of its mingled state,
Was his,—to bear its keenest woe,
And feel that he was desolate.

He looked upon the waste of sea,
And felt him desolate,—and while
His thoughts were o'er its waves away,
He sung of sorrow and his isle.

[To be continued.]

K. *Atle*

HOPE.

"Dark e'en at noontide is our mortal sphere,
But let us hope, to doubt is to rebel,
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well."

Beattie.

WHAT gives to man his hours of bliss on earth,
What cheers in sorrow and gives zest to mirth,
What lights his path of life with joyous ray
And guides him onward in his toilsome way?
In times of darkest danger fraught with woe,
What nerves the Patriot's arm to meet the foe,
Renews his courage in the deadly fight,
And fires his nerves with schemes of glory bright?
Is it not Hope, that angel from above,
Sent by kind heaven in mercy and in love,
A gracious boon when cares of life molest,
A rich inheritance to make us blest?
In every land, in every breast it reigns,
From India's zone to Greenland's icy plains;
Alike on all it sheds its genial beams,
Alike to all with generous comfort teems.

In foreign climes, far from his native shore
Compelled to wander and return no more,
The exile's heart would sink beneath the weight
Of grief and sorrow that attends his fate,
Did not sweet Hope create the fond belief,
That he may yet find pardon and relief,
Revisit yet again, that land so dear,
Again, the voice of wife and children hear.
The wretched slave of Afric's sandy waste,
Torn from his home by fortune's rudest blast,
Doomed, in the polished regions of the west,
To spend his days, still nurtured in his breast
The fires of Hope ; the bright, delusive dream
Of happier moments, that may yet redeem
His hours of toil, of woe and suffering past,
And prays for freedom, e'er he breathes his last.
Thy smile, sweet Hope, can light the darkest brow,
Though deep the wound, a cordial balm bestow ;
Pleasure itself, owes all its charms to thee,
Celestial partner of the sacred Three.
Thy beams effulgent, joy and peace impart,
Dispel our fears and gladden every heart ;
Rich, copious streams from thy clear fountain flow,
Best, greatest source of happiness below.
Like that kind star, which sheds its light around
To guide the sailor o'er the deep profound,
Hope, like its constant ray, shines ever bright,
Points to the future, and gives pure delight.

T.

Sweetser

NIOBE.

THE bow's sharp twang has died upon the air,—
The winged shafts their fatal course have sped ;—
Injured Latona stands indignant there,
Gazing in haughty silence on the dead.

She stands—exulting sternly in their fate,—
Around her burning eye-balls madly roll ;
There,—the glowing fires of malignant hate
Mark the fierce passions raging in her soul.

The flush of pride upon the mother's brow
And lovely cheek, in livid faintness dies ;
Thus twilight's dimness follows on the glow
In which the setting sun arrays the skies.

What agonizing pangs her mind molest,
And rend her heart-strings at this dreadful hour !
Can aught assuage the tumult in her breast,
And banish sorrow's life-destroying power ?

'Reft of a mother's hope—a mother's pride,—
Still can she journey on her weary way ?
Still can her hours in rosy pleasure glide,
And her life steal in joy and mirth away ?

Ah no ! fate severs the sole ties that bind
Her heart's affections to this earthly spot ;
No longer hope or solace can she find,—
Distress and anguish frown upon her lot.

She saw the blushing bud of promise rear,
In conscious loveliness, its beauteous head ;
In ripper bloom she saw the flower appear,
And its bright leaves to fortune's breezes spread.

She sees it now,—borne through the troubled air
On the dark pinions of the withering gale ;—
Thus hope too oft is blasted by despair,—
And joy's glad pæan ends in sorrow's wail.

L.
J.O. Sargent

THE TEARS OF A KING.

THE monarch sat on his rock-built throne
By the wet sands of the sea,
Begirt with all the purple pomp
Of Eastern Sovereignty.

The shore was dark with human forms ;
Unnumbered hosts were there ;
The welkin rang with the gladsome shouts
That burst upon his ear.

Their polished mail and jewelled helms
Gleamed with a dazzling light ;
And their plumes, as they drooped their graceful heads,
Seemed a sea of waving white.

The thousand ships of that mighty king,
In gallant state swept by ;
And their streamers danced in the fair sunshine
Of a bright blue Grecian sky.

The monarch felt a monarch's pride
In his swelling bosom glow ;
While glorious thoughts with eagle wings
Came o'er his lordly brow.

He thought of Glory's laurel wreath,
Of kneeling fettered kings ;
His ear already heard the rush,
Of Conquest's crimson wings.

But soon a darkening shade of grief,
On that speaking face appears ;
And the eye, that flashed with living fire,
Is wet with gushing tears.

He wept to think that his countless hosts
'Were hastening to the grave ;
That the cold green turf would shortly wrap
His noble and his brave.

"I look around, all speaks of life
In its fresh and morning bloom ;
But the goal, that all are hastening to,
Is the dark and noisome tomb.

From ghastly death's remorseless grasp,
No human power can save ;
His giant arm strikes down alike,
The satrap and the slave.

And I, the lord of half a world,
The king of kings, must die ;
The meanest slave in my broad domains
In as wide a grave shall lie."

G.

Hillard

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

THE war shout and the cannon-roar,
From the red field are heard no more ;
Hushed is the clarion's martial strain ;—
Gloomy and still the battle plain ;
Still—for the dead alone are here ;
And gloomy—'t is the soldier's bier.

The silver moon with mellow light
Softens the dusky shades of night ;

At this lone hour the conquered come ;—
Not with the music of the drum,
And piercing fife's shrill melody,
And silken banners waving high,
And all the pageantry of power,
Approach they at this silent hour ;—
Nor yet dismayed—in coward fear
Lest the proud foe be lurking near.
With fearless though dejected heart,
They come to act affection's part—
To tear the vulture from his prey,
And the gaunt she-wolf drive away ;
The relics of their chief to save,
For the last honors—and a grave.

It is a service where the soul
Recoils from Custom's light control ;
No priest his supplicating prayer,
And vows to heaven offers there ;
They raise no monumental bust,
They place no urn to hold his dust,
No drum's deep notes of woe are pealing—
The hour is one of voiceless feeling !
The speaking tear his eulogy—
His requiem, a soldier's sigh.—

They give him to his mother earth !
In the proud hour of glory's birth.
The helmet from his blood-stained brow,—
The sword his right hand grasped but now—
The plume that danced amid the host,
As the white wave on ocean tost—
Lie by the lately dreaded one ;—
The task is o'er—the work is done.

J. O. Sargent

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THE MORALITY OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

As the Greeks excelled all other ancient nations in works of art, so they far excelled them in the knowledge of the human mind and of those passions and feelings which are common to all men. They had advanced farther than any of their contemporaries, in forming, studying, and practising those rules for the conduct of life, which are so essential to the happiness and well-being of society. In fact, before the decline of the Grecian empire, systems of morality had been formed by their most celebrated philosophers, which were not only approved and followed in their age and by their own countrymen, but which have excited the admiration of all succeeding ages. These systems we have all been accustomed to hear extolled, as the highest productions of human reason, unaided by the light of revelation. Perhaps they were so ; but the praises which have been bestowed on them, and the panegyrics which have been heaped upon their founders, have, I fear, been oftentimes unwarranted. There have been those among the moderns, who, blinded by a foolish partiality for whatever was connected with Greece or Rome, and enraptured with all that bears the name, the dust, and the appearance of antiquity, have been lavish in the extreme of their praises, and have endeavoured to persuade

themselves and others, that the morality of the ancients is all-sufficient for the happiness of man.

Those rules which were formed by the Grecian sages, and which are sufficient for the wise man and the philosopher, who have made the study of the mind and human passions the principal employment of their lives, who are accustomed to consider carefully the consequences of actions before they perform them, and who draw up systematically the "*pro et contra*," the good and evil of each word and deed ; the rules, which are sufficient to govern the lives and regulate the conduct of such men, are not sufficient to restrain the fiery passions of the multitude, who act without premeditation, from the impulse of the moment. The mere maxims, that virtue renders us happy and vice miserable, are not powerful enough to curb the unruly wills and affections of common men, who are ever ready to follow the opinion, that the enjoyment of a present good, however fatal its consequences, is far preferable to the hope of a future and uncertain advantage.

This is plainly exemplified in the lives of the ancient philosophers themselves : the rules for the government of life, which they laid down, were powerful enough to influence their own conduct ; for they were men of strong intellectual powers, who separating themselves from the world, had first carefully studied their own minds, and then gone forth impartially to examine the actions of others, and the consequences of their virtuous or vicious modes of life ; and from the good or evil which they saw resulting, they could easily draw the conclusions upon which they formed their moral rules. But how few of their disciples ever sincerely embraced and strictly followed their principles. Many may have professed to believe in them, but few confirmed that belief by practice. Something more therefore is wanting for the multitude than moral rules.

If we examine the moral systems, which prevailed among the Greeks, we shall find much to admire and much to blame. Every one of their celebrated philosophers brought forward some new doctrine, and each one pointed out different objects as most worthy of acquisition, and selected different degrees and different kinds of happiness as the *summum bonum*.

The system of morality inculcated by Socrates was proba-

bly the purest and most perfect. His morality was founded upon religion. The principles, which induce men to a virtuous life, according to his opinion, were derived ultimately from God, and this opinion was the result of his own inquiries, for he observed no one ever departed from these principles, without receiving the punishment due to his transgression. "It is frequently possible," says Socrates in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, "for men to screen themselves from the penalty of human laws, but no man can be unjust or ungrateful, without suffering for his crime; hence, I conclude, that these laws must have proceeded from a more excellent legislator than man." Socrates taught that the cultivation of virtue was man's truest interest, and that it was absurd to suppose that his good could be in the least promoted by vice. The doctrines of Plato, although rather more fanciful, were in fact much the same as those of Socrates.

The doctrines of the Stoics, although they obtained so many followers among the ancients, now seem little calculated to advance man's happiness during life, or to afford him satisfaction at the hour of death.

When man was created a being endowed with feelings, which led him to pity the sufferings and misfortunes of his fellow creatures, when a heart was given him to sympathize with the distressed, and a willingness to alleviate their sorrows; it was never intended that those feelings should be blunted and destroyed, and that heart hardened into indifference. To be sure an unrestrained exercise of those feelings is unworthy of man; there is a medium to be observed between an overflowing sensibility and a rude and unsocial coldness. There is nothing that so much sweetens the cup of bitter sorrow, as the sympathy of a fellow being. Yet every feeling like sympathy or compassion the "wise man" of the stoics was to reject with disdain as effeminate; and to shed a tear over his own bereavements or afflictions was a weakness too degrading for human nature. But these are feelings which every truly virtuous man delights to cultivate, and of a limited exercise of which no man need be ashamed. In fine, a philosophy like that taught by Zeno is one calculated to destroy those affections, which do most honour to human nature.

Concerning the doctrines of the Epicureans, which in their corrupt state were so prevalent at Rome, there have been many wrong opinions. His morality, although far inferior to that of Socrates and Plato, and by no means calculated to render man happy, was still much purer than it has generally been represented. Epicurus erected his school in direct opposition to that of the stoics, and consequently made the whole of that powerful and influential body of men his enemies, and by them his doctrines were grossly misrepresented. As he taught that pleasure was the *summum bonum*, they asserted that he encouraged men in the pursuit of sensual gratifications; and that his name is even now the degrading epithet of the sensualist and the voluptuary. There is no doubt but that his disciples after his death took to themselves great liberties, and deviated far from the virtuous principles he delivered them; but he himself lived a life of the greatest purity and integrity, which even his enemies were constrained to allow, and Cicero, Plutarch, and Seneca, who professed to be stoics, bear witness to his merits.

Epicurus, considering the attainment of happiness as the great object of life, divided pleasure into two kinds; the one consisting in bodily ease and mental peace, the other in an active and agreeable state of the senses and a corresponding state of the mind. These states were to be obtained only by a virtuous life, and an abstinence from every thing which had a tendency to debase man. Present enjoyment was alone worth striving for; man knew not what would be his state after death, and therefore it was the part of a wise man to make the most of the present moment. Why should we heap up misery for ourselves? was the language of the Epicurean. Do the best we can, there is enough of it in the world. We are all ignorant of the future, why should we not enjoy the present?

The three sects which have now been mentioned, were the most powerful among the ancient philosophers; and the doctrines which were believed by them, were by no means calculated to raise man to that dignity to which he is evidently destined. Morality requires a pure and ennobling religion to strengthen it, and when the Grecian and Roman were taught to revere beings, who themselves possessed all the weaknesses and infirmities of men, and debased by every

odious crime, it could not be expected that they would be willing to submit to moral laws, and refrain from those actions in which the gods themselves indulged.

M. E.

Kittle

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

M——, December 2, 18—.

WE separated, you well know, Chum, with the mutual promise of corresponding during our brief voluntary rustication; and to me was assigned the duty of commencing our epistolary intercourse. I have proposed to myself no regular plan in writing, but shall communicate, in a desultory manner, whatsoever happens, which I think may be amusing or interesting to you.

I commenced the labor of teacher in rather a different manner from most college pedagogues; for it has fallen to my lot, be it good or evil, to instruct the young ideas how to shoot, in an obscure town on the seacoast; and I will now endeavor to give you an idea of my arrival and settlement.

It was on a cold, drizzly morning,—a continuation of a series of days, so gloomy and wet as to beget the idea that this kind of weather had been stereotyped,—that I took leave of the chairs, tables, &c. of our domicil, and stepped into the stage for M——. Methought that the moment I entered the vehicle I became another being—no longer was I, for a time at least, to be tied to a bell-rope—no longer was I to pursue the monotonous routine of recitations, commons, and lectures. Every revolution of the carriage wheel left farther behind sines, cosines, themes, forensics, declamations, and all the rest of the tribe of college exercises. I was now become like unto one possessing authority. My fat personage became elongated by a consciousness of its newly acquired dignity; and the giggling rotundity of my countenance began to lengthen itself with a due portion of gravity necessary for one who was soon to be installed the ruler of a country school.

But this change, mighty as was its effect on me, disturbed not the equanimity of my fellow traveller, who appeared an old sailor, with nothing remarkable about him but his taciturnity.

I rode along, musing on the things I had left behind, and fancying what were to be the scenes I was now about to enter upon.

About an hour before sunset, when we had almost arrived at our journey's end, the patting against the carriage windows ceased. The clouds began to brighten and break asunder—the sun shone out from behind, tinging them with a glowing fringe of golden light, and seemed “like religion beaming with her cheering look upon the gloomy scenes—the dark sorrows of existence.” Soon the black masses began to sail off and drop down towards the eastern edge of the horizon; while the great luminary of heaven, wrapping around him his garments of light, was slowly sinking to rest. At this moment we reached the summit of a hill, and the ocean burst upon our view, and added still more to the splendor of the scene. It lay, as far as the eye could reach, reflecting the surrounding beauties—calm and still, as if, like the sea of Galilee, it had just heard the divine command—Peace, be still! You may smile at my enthusiasm, Chum, but it was a sight I never shall forget; it was one of those scenes which draw, by their attraction, living waters from the deep springs of imagination;—it was a thrilling strain—a grand variation in that silent melody, which nature is ever breathing into the soul.

Twilight was fast leading on the darkness, when we arrived at the only public house in what was termed the village. I had just light enough to discover a huge cod swinging in the wind, in the place of the dolorous sign-board; and the *frying* pans, from the kitchens, sung out a terrible prophecy as to the kind of creature-comforts one was likely to meet with here. Would I could call them false prophets; but, alas! candour obliges me to say that they foretold nothing but the truth. I have now been in this village nearly a week, and nothing have I seen in the way of eatables but fish, fish, fish—fish for breakfast—fish for dinner—fish for supper. And if I wander to the cupboard, in the evening, to seek for something wherewith to stay the stomach, nothing meets my longing eyes but a plate of cold fish, which is to be re-cooked, to furnish out the morning's meal. I have not even that comfort produced by the variety in order, I once told you of, when I sojourned for seven days in the country, having, alter-

nately, beans and pudding one day for dinner and pudding and beans the next. Unless a kind Providence sends some alteration, I expect soon to become a *man-mermaid*; or at least, to be deemed a *finical* fellow as long as I live.

But this is digressing. My coming, I found, was not unexpected, and when I entered the bar-room to inquire out the dwelling of the minister, I underwent a stare from a half dozen idle fishermen, that put to shame all the wonder and scrutiny with which the savages of the New World received the great Columbus. After a great deal of yankee inquisitiveness and circumlocutory manner of speaking, I succeeded both in getting the way to the minister's house pointed out, and in extricating myself from the motley group. The good parson was gone awa' to preach, but had left a note informing me who had bid lowest for me at auction, and was to receive me as a boarder. This man, Chum, certainly had a name—an expressive name—a name full of meaning—it was not three poor miserable letters, such as my own, huddling together like drowning ducks on a rainy day. Neither was it such a crooked crack-jaw appellation as yours; nor was it a silly, romantic cognomen. It was full of labial and dentals on the soft hissing S; it was classical and sonorous—it was, in short, Erastus Titus Lascivious Wormwood.

Zounds, thought I, he must be something; a man with name like that must be an original. These and other meditations employed me until I reached the dwelling of Mr. Wormwood. But as my letter is already spun out to such a length, I must defer until another time the description of his family, which was of the renowned John Rogers' cast, and of my host himself, together with my adventures on Sunday, and the commencement of my labors as a knight of the ferrule. Hoping, my dear Chum, that you find better beds than the one I have endeavoured to rest my weary limbs upon these several nights, which can be compared to nothing but sleeping upon a couch of paving stones and chesnut burs,

I remain yours, &c.

T. B. J ox

THE LOVE OF TRAVELLING.

CURIOSITY often claims indulgence at the expense of our comfort, and most frequently in that rage for travelling which characterizes the present age. This desire of looking on other scenes and men than those familiar to us from childhood, may be seen in all classes of society, from the man of fortune who migrates with the season, to the confirmed traveller, whose enthusiasm is but increased by difficulties and dangers. No spot remains sacred ; the pathless forests are penetrated, and nature disturbed in her solitary haunts where the foot of man has seldom strayed. Distance makes little difference, and we become as well acquainted with the snow-capt summits of the Andes as with the vine clad hills of France and Spain. The dreariness and immensity of oceans rolling between the traveller and the objects of his curiosity cannot protect it from his researches ; he circles the globe and finds a wider empire for the exercise of his powers, than the ambition of a conqueror could give.

He would look on man in different countries and study his character as developed under the influence of climate and scenery. Not satisfied with contemplating man when governed by law, and uniting his energies for the accomplishment of every work that requires union, he would visit him in the rude and uncivilized state, and see how nature may be degraded, and how nearly man may approach to the brutes about him, when unpolished and savage. It is worthy of the philosopher thus to look on man, and ascertain the influence of circumstances in forming his character, developing his energies and in making him a being worthy of being placed at the head of creation. He may find too how far climate has affected the different species of our race ; how much of the revenge of the Italian, and the dark passions of the Moor are owing to this circumstance. Perhaps he may trace the influence of a burning sun, or the milder beauty of cloudless nights in the songs of war, or the lays of love of their poetry. Climate has not an imaginary effect on the character of man in different countries ; it is as marked as their features or their colour, and it discovers itself in their literature, or in the rude attempts at verse found among all nations, which can scarcely

be dignified with the name of Literature. It is here that the philosopher will find the influence of scenery and climate on man. The proud feelings of freemen, cherished by the Swiss, are modified by the grandeur of the scenery around them, and ennobled by converse with nature in her solitary magnificence. These feelings are embodied in the songs of their country, and exhibit to us the influence which scenery can have in forming the taste, and more, in affecting the habits and happiness of a people. The rage for travelling is as powerful in the breast of the scholar as it is with any class of men. Immured as he is in his cell, and surrounded by the records of men and countries it never may be his lot to visit, yet his thoughts go forth over the earth and rest with something like devotion on spots that are to him classic ground. It is the peculiar privilege of genius to render sacred, places honored by its residence, or birth, and the scholar in his high admiration of the works of genius extends his reverence to the spots it has consecrated. His desire of seeing the ruins of ancient cities, the monuments of departed power is not merely an idle curiosity to look on that which was before unknown; it is strengthened by the associations of his education. The ruins of the Old world are chiefly interesting to him as connected with the master spirits who have appeared to enlighten and ennoble man. What were Rome to him, were it not for the proud names of Cicero, Virgil, and others, and what were the remains of Athens, did he not connect with them the remembrance of the sages who found power in wisdom. It may well seem to mankind that the scholar indulges a foolish and visionary reverence for antiquity, but as they cannot enter into his feelings and know nothing of the origin of them they are incapable of judging of their nature, or their propriety. He may look on the most trifling relic of the ancients with the reverence of an antiquarian and be ridiculed by men who have no common feeling with him; they cannot know the pleasure he has derived from the works of the ancients, and therefore cannot feel as he does the value of any thing that reminds him of them. When he views the ruins of past ages, he feels himself carried back to times when they were the pride of a powerful nation, and almost imagines himself in the presence of the authors who have formed his study and conduced so much to his pleasure.

He cannot enjoy the serenity of an Italian sky, gaze on its rivers and its beautiful scenery, without feeling some of the influence he imagines these had on the ancients. As Americans, England is as much classic to us, as Greece or Rome, and the prevalent desire to visit the mother country may in a great measure be traced to this feeling. A common language makes Shakspeare and Milton as much ours, as England's, and the reverence felt when visiting scenes they once were familiar with, is as deep with us as it can be with them. We need no slip of mulberry to remind us of Shakspeare nor need we walk by the "wizard stream" to think of Milton; our reverence for them is as true and deep as if we could make a pilgrimage to their graves without crossing an ocean.

The rage for travelling is exhibited powerfully in the naturalist, with as slight an object for the eagerness of his pursuit, as can well be imagined. It appears almost madness to those whose actions are governed by the principles of self-interest, for men so far to lose sight of these principles as to spend their property and endanger their lives in uncultivated countries, when the highest treasure they can hope to find, as the reward of their labours, is a flower hitherto undescribed, or a mineral unknown. But we should not quarrel with a kind of enthusiasm so innocent in itself, and one which has made us well acquainted with countries of which we might otherwise know nothing.

K. *Little*

AN ESSAY.

VARIOUS opinions have been maintained by different writers on education, respecting the moral character of emulation. Some, regarding it as a noble and generous principle of action, have recommended it as the best means of calling forth the faculties of the youthful mind, and exercising them in their fullest extent. Others, confounding it with envy, have condemned it as altogether pernicious in its tendency.

As this last opinion is very common, it may be useful to consider the true marks of distinction between envy and emulation.—They both suppose a desire of superiority. But envy desires superiority only for the sake of distinction. It

is a thoroughly selfish passion. It cannot bear to be thrown into the shade, whilst another engrosses the applause and admiration of the world. It is however the external honor alone which is the object of envy, and not the intrinsic merit by which it is acquired ; for envy, being of a mean and base character, is from its very nature incompatible with a generous love of real excellence. An envious man may covet the influence which a public benefactor has acquired by disinterested exertions for the good of society, but if he were told, that to attain equal eminence, he must henceforth give up all regard to self, and labor only for the benefit of others, the envied distinction would appear too worthless to be purchased by such sacrifice.

Such was the envy with which the degenerate nobility of Rome regarded the rising merit of Marius, and which is justly exposed to contempt in one of his orations before the Roman people ;—"Do they," says he, "envy my honors ? let them likewise envy the labors, the abstinence, and the dangers by which I have them." Every one sympathizes in this expression of the orator's contempt. But had some one of the young nobility, animated by the example of Marius, broken through his habits of sloth and luxury, and devoted himself to the acquisition of true fame, we should have pronounced his conduct generous and noble, worthy of applause and imitation. This would have been true emulation ; for it is the principal object of emulation, to equal or excel its rival in real excellence, and public honor is esteemed valuable, only as a sign that the desired height of excellence has been attained. If the same place in the public estimation could have been gained without the corresponding degree of merit, it would hold out no allurements for the man of generous emulation ; and on the contrary, though no human eye should witness his superiority over his competitor, his own consciousness of it would be to him a sufficient reward. Indeed, so pure is this principle, that it may without profanation be introduced into the very sanctuary of piety. A man who has enjoyed the society of a pious friend, and observed the mild serenity which devotion sheds over the whole life and character, may feel the kindlings of holy emulation to imbibe the same spirit, though its influence should be so silent and secret as to be known to him alone who is its supreme object.

From this fundamental distinction between envy and emulation, there result other more obvious marks of difference, by which each may be readily distinguished from the other. As envy is eager only for the honor which superiority is supposed to confer, its object is as well attained by sinking its rival to a level with itself, as by raising itself to an equality with its rival; and as it is of a sluggish nature, and seeks to gain without exertion, what others have acquired by toil and labor, it attempts to do away the envied distinction by the former, much oftener than by the latter method. Hence the envious man always hates him who is the object of his envy, is ever ready to do him an injury, and takes a sullen delight in blackening a character whose purity he can never hope to imitate. But the man of emulation can take no pleasure in the humiliation of his rival, for it brings him no nearer the object of his wishes; he does not, like the envious man, gain what his adversary loses; on the contrary, he loses the advantage, and I may add the pleasure, of honorable competition.

Again, the man of emulation necessarily entertains a high respect for his competitor, whom he considers his superior in some estimable qualities, and to equal or surpass whom, is the highest object of his ambition. I remark, too, that in case of his failure, this respect is even heightened; for we look with feelings very much like veneration on one who has attained an eminence which we have in vain striven to reach. But the envious man regards his rival as an enemy who has usurped a place to which he is himself equally entitled. And his hatred is untempered with the slightest mixture of kind emotion, for, as I before remarked, he is incapable of love or admiration of virtue.

Lastly, if the envious man fail to supplant his adversary, he is completely miserable. No consideration can console him for want of success. His only aim was to shine superior in the eyes of the world, and if he succeed not in this, he is defeated altogether. Whereas the man who is actuated by a spirit of generous emulation, though he should not rise to an equality with his rival, is yet satisfied that his faculties have been exercised in their fullest extent, and that he has improved himself to a higher degree, than he could have done without the powerful stimulus of competition.

Such seem to me the principal distinguishing traits of envy and emulation. If you are certain that it is only the true merit of your rival which you are desirous of excelling, that you could be satisfied with excelling him, though the world should not know it ; if you can say with sincerity that you do not wish to see his degradation ; on the contrary, that you honor and esteem him, and that though you may not be able to excel him, that you are satisfied with the benefit you have received from the mere attempt, you may be sure that you are actuated by a spirit of true emulation. If on the other hand, when you come to analyze your feelings toward your rival, you are compelled to acknowledge that victory would have no charms, if it were gained in secret, or that the violence of the contest has engendered bitterness or ill-will, then you have reason to fear, that the worst of passions has found its way into your heart.

NOTICES OF AMERICAN POETS—No. 1.

One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries ; to chase him from his birth ; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him.

Gaities and Gravities.

THERE prevails, at the present day, a strong desire to rescue from oblivion every memorial of the toils and sufferings of our ancestors. All the sources have been examined, from whence it has been deemed possible to extract information respecting the condition of the early inhabitants of our country. Historical societies have been formed, and historical magazines established. Old manuscripts are sought for with avidity ;—and when a sufficient quantity of these has been collected, and some few traditions, preserved among the older inhabitants, have been obtained,—the result is a chronicle of the rise and progress of some flourishing village. Of all this we are glad. For though a great portion of what is thus brought to light may be dry and uninteresting, yet many important facts are preserved, which otherwise would have been lost.

With respect to the private lives of our fathers, a similar feeling prevails. Memoirs of some of the most distinguished actors in the revolution have been published, and notices and sketches of the lives of our distinguished men are to be found in every periodical. But we have never yet seen collected anything purporting to be notices of those of our countrymen who have been guilty of the "rhyming sin." This we propose to do, as well as our few materials will permit.

Of course, when we say *poets*, we do not mean all the persons who, during their lives, have written a piece of rhyme. If we undertook that, we should be attempting to write an account of most of the inhabitants of the colonies from the Landing of the Pilgrims to the present day. For so widely has the rhyming mania raged, that there have been but few who have not during their lives penned sonnets to their mistresses, or scribbled birth-day odes. Most of our old clergy, says a biographical writer, "were adepts in the art divine; but the hallowed coal which burned on the lips of Isaiah never touched theirs." We mean by *poets*, merely those who were considered as such by their own generation; of many of whom it is predicted by their editors and in the magazines of the day, that they will be read and admired as long as taste and good sense and poetry exist. If this be the case, what an unrefined generation is the present, and for what offences against taste and sense have they not to answer!

As to the sources whence the materials have been derived, we must say, that to find anecdotes of certain individuals, or in search of a single piece, we have voluntarily waded through large volumes; which, if it had been our duty to examine them, to discover the most important point relative to Greek etymology, we should have been very loth to disturb. For though we loved the Greeks, we should venerate the sacred dust which has been gathering on their volumes for years. To be serious; we considered it more worthy of our labour to attempt preserving a short time the almost forgotten names of those who were once regarded as endowed with superior talents, than to search through mammoth lexicons for the derivative of some Greek word, or ransack musty tomes to reconcile irregularities in Pindar or Horace.

Like Old Mortality, we love to wander in the grave-yard of genius; clearing away the overgrowing moss, and renewing

the fast fading inscription ; where in a short time the simple stone will again be encumbered, and all that is known of one once loved and honored be comprised in this,—

“Once in the flight of ages past
—————there lived a man.”

JOHN OSBORN.

JOHN OSBORN, son of a gentleman, afterwards minister at Eastham, was born at Sandwich, in the year 1713. He entered Harvard College at the age of nineteen, and graduated in course in the year 1735. He was for some time after leaving College undecided what profession to pursue, but finally determined on the study of divinity ; which he prosecuted so far as to deliver a sermon before an association of clergymen at Chatham. This discourse proved unacceptable to them on account of some unorthodox sentiments it advanced, and Osborn gave up the ministry for the study of medicine. About this time he was invited to accept a tutorship at College, which he refused on account of his proposed marriage,—which rendered him incapable of filling the office.

He shortly after was married, and removed to Middleton, Connecticut, to practise his profession. He appears to have met with a number of misfortunes there, and about two years before his death he wrote to a sister that he had nothing worth living for. He died at the age of forty.

The most celebrated production of Osborn is his Whaling Song, which is said to be still heard on the Pacific, among our hardy countrymen engaged in this pursuit. It is the first piece written by an American that has any claims to being called poetry. It consists of about fifteen stanzas, which give an account of the departure and voyage to the scene of the fisheries ; and ends with the attack and death of one of the monsters of the deep. We will quote but two stanzas, which describe the death of the whale.

“ Enraged she makes a mighty bound,
Thick foams the whitened sea ;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

From num'rous wounds, with crimson flood,
She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
While quivering life decays."

From an elegiac epistle on the death of a young sister, written by Osborn whilst he was in College, we extract the concluding lines.

"Not always the cold winter lasts,
With snows and storms, and northern blasts :
The raging seas with fury tost,
Not always break and roar ;
Sometimes their native anger's lost,
The smooth hush'd waves glide softly to the shore." *Sargent*

AN ESSAY ON WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR OF THE SPY.

WE are often told to look back to the freshness and originality of the earlier ages for the true splendours of the imagination,—the real fascination of romance. Poetry, eloquence, and fiction are said to be the first spontaneous productions of the uncultivated mind ; and that when it comes to be tilled by study and fertilized by knowledge it yields fruit more nourishing and beneficial, but less beautiful and tempting. We are to listen to the earliest notes of virgin genius, for the wild and fanciful,—and not wait until she is wedded to taste and refinement. Her step is freest and noblest when she treads the unploughed hills and dark forest of a new country ; her voice sweeter and more winning when she tells the simple tale of nature, which comes from the heart of uneducated man.

How far this day-break of the intellect may be admired without injury, and how far the luxuries of knowledge, the pruning disposition of literature is to be deprecated, it is not our purpose to determine. It is sufficient for us that poetry and fiction are the first-born of the mind, that the history of

ourselves, and the world tells us that man's first utterance is the wild cry of feeling and imagination. That stream of sublimity which had its rise in the garden of Eden, and which flows in sparkling grandeur through the whole of sacred history; those bright coruscations of oriental fancy, and the early ages of Greece and Rome, all prove that the poetry of the heart speaks out before the prose of the understanding. One is the light and beauty which brightens the face of nature, and which smiles on us every where; the other is the gold, hidden in the earth, to be labored for and gained by the sweat of the brow.

These remarks will, to a certain degree, account for the first essays which have been made in literature by America. It is true we want the grandeur, the obscurity, and the simplicity, which characterized the first ages, because we have brought over, from the land of our forefathers, the seeds of knowledge, and planted them in our own generous soil, but whilst we are waiting for them to spring up and grow, we amuse ourselves with the beauties of poetry and fiction. On our shelves of domestic literature the number of lighter works far exceeds that of graver and more learned productions. The truth is, our nation is young and we must now, and for some time to come, look for the sparklings of a few hours of excited feeling, the playful descriptions of fancy, rather than for those ponderous tomes which cost the undivided labor of a life. Political and practical duties must be performed before we can turn all our attention to the severer studies and become profoundly learned.

But it is with heart felt pride, that we see our expectations of our country well fulfilled. What we had a right to look for has been done—ably, beautifully, faithfully done;—and American novelists and American poets may well claim a high rank among their kindred in the literary world. They may not be worthy of being considered as elder brothers, but they are bright and promising younger ones.

And it was for the purpose of paying a small tribute of gratitude to one of our tale-tellers, for the pleasant moments he has afforded us, that we took up our pen. In thus doing, we have not forgot what we owe to others; that we are indebted to the glowing imagination of the author of *Hobomok*, the descriptive power, and beautiful simplicity of the writer

of Redwood, and the wild genius of Brown ; but they all run so hard upon us with their kindness, that we fear we shall be obliged to declare ourselves bankrupts in gratitude.

The author of the *Spy* has many faults, and we love him too well to conceal them, or to varnish them over with indiscriminate praise. There is a little too much vanity in his prefaces, a little too much stage-like nonsense in his novels, rather too many incidents and surprises, and withal a great deal of haste and carelessness in his composition. But we like him notwithstanding all this. We are willing to be pleased with a book, if it does offend against some of the severe laws of criticism, and can take advice and hear a pleasing tale, even when it comes from an ugly mouth.

In the novels of Cooper, there are many finely drawn scenes, many well conceived and well executed characters, and much beautiful description. Throughout all his works from the *Spy* to the *Prairie*, there is exhibited a great power of exciting the interest, engaging the sympathies, and chaining down the attention. The trial of Henry Wharton, the wreck of the *Ariel*, the court scene of the *Pioneers*, the *Battle of Bunker Hill*, the *Indian Council*, the execution of *Abiram White* are all speaking instances which justify this remark—whilst every act and speech of the *Spy*, *Leatherstocking*, the *Scout*, the *Trapper*, and *Long Tom* are full of interest and quickly excite our sympathy.

His delineations of Indian character are true to nature. Those works in which he introduces the sons of the forest have in them a sameness, which is rather tiresome at times ; but this is amply redeemed by the justice he pays to the untamed savage and the fidelity with which he portrays his chivalrous spirit. *Uncas*, *Chingachgook*, and "*Hard-Heart*" impress, with more than historical accuracy upon our hearts, a true picture of the wayward and high-souled red-man. Our author has, too, considerable humor and real wit to relieve the dark scenes, and ease the reader by a gentle transition from an excited state of intense interest to one of gladdening mirth. *Jack Lawton*, *Betty Flannagan*, *Dickon*, the naturalist, and many other similar personages, will readily recur to the minds of our readers. The sea however is Cooper's element ; he has not forgotten his old partiality for father *Neptune*, and his "*Pilot*" will be considered by every

one his *chef d'œuvre*. With the exception of his ladies, the whole work will bear comparison, for interest, incident, and description, for originality in plan, and neatness of execution, with any novels, not excepting those of the great master spirit in the world of fiction. We do not mean by this remark to place him side by side with Scott, excepting in this one work ; but in this we do think he has displayed as much talent, though of a far milder and less striking kind, as is to be met with in any work of a similar character, which has been written by Sir Walter.

The exception we have made in regard to the Pilot, must, we believe, be made to all his other works. Woman seems in reality to our novelist what the poet has called her, 'mystery at best.' He can describe and trace out all the rigging and movements of a man-of-war, but the windings of a woman's heart, the understanding of a woman's nature, appears to be altogether beyond him. There is a family likeness in all his ladies of the higher class, and the prevailing feature is insipidity. In his delineations of womankind, that is, the vulgar, he has succeeded better ; his Betty Flannagan was so well executed, that it won from Miss Edgeworth the praise of being the best description of an Irish woman she ever met with.

But our limits will not permit us to go farther into detail, and we have room only again to express the pleasure we have derived from Cooper's writings, and give him, so far as we are concerned, the rank of being the second novelist of the age.

We are aware that what we have said concerning the author of the Spy, is little consonant with the witticisms and sarcasms of some reviewers. And we are not presumptuous enough to enter our boy's opinion against their sober maturity in judgment. It is an easy thing to show off one's own wit in decrying the best production ; and that author must be truly immaculate, who is proof against all the attempts of ridicule. But we are willing to believe that the works of Cooper, will long be read and admired ; and if he will but make his Red Rover of the seas a legitimate brother of the Pilot, his fame will endure in despite of Lionel Lincoln or any other libel on his genius.

F. B.

For

CHARACTER OF CICERO.

It was the lot of Cicero to live at an unfortunate period of his country's history. The virtues which supported and adorned the early republic were fast disappearing. Luxury had almost corrupted the ancient simplicity and purity of manners, and avarice and ambition destroyed all patriotism and love of liberty. Cicero, therefore, lived in almost constant opposition to the public sentiment; and if he sometimes appear guilty of weakness or inconsistency, much must be attributed to the spirit of the times.

The distinguishing feature of his character was an ardent love of glory. This was the great principle which actuated him through life. So strong was this desire, that he was not content to shine in one sphere alone, he resolved to be at once an orator, a statesman, and a philosopher. In every action of his life he seems constantly to have had in view the opinion of posterity. The reflection, that future generations would hear and applaud his actions, animated every exertion, and supported him under the weight of present odium and calumny. In some of the happiest moments of his life, when the mists which enveloped futurity seemed to vanish, and the immortality of the soul appeared almost a certainty, he often felicitated himself that he should be conscious of the honors which should attend his name as long as Rome should endure. How more than completely have these anticipations been fulfilled. Proudly confident in the eternity of his country's existence, he thought it enough that his fame should last whilst Rome was mistress of the world and should extend to the limits of her empire. Yet now that the Roman power has long since fallen, the name of Cicero has reached to a new world, three thousand miles beyond the little island, which, in his time, though scarcely known, was believed to be the extremity of the earth.

The love of fame, when honorably directed, is only another name for the love of virtue. In Cicero it was perfectly pure and honorable. He knew that in different ages the applause of mankind was bestowed on different characters, but that, in all ages, virtue will meet their esteem and approbation. He considered a life spent in disinterested services to his country,

as the surest means of acquiring the most permanent glory. He wished therefore to live in his country's history, only as its benefactor and friend, and in proportion as he was desirous of being great, he strove to be good. In every period of his life he appears to have had at heart the welfare of every part of the republic. In the government of Sicily he generously preferred the interests of his province to his own. An office which others improved as an opportunity of increasing private wealth, he employed in correcting abuses. He neither practised extortion himself, nor did he suffer it in his inferior officers. His care for this island did not cease when the period of his government expired. He ever afterwards maintained a watchful care over its interests, and protected it from the rapacity of its subsequent governors. During the year of his consulship his conduct appears in a most conspicuous light. In detecting and defeating the conspiracy of Catiline, he had to arouse and encourage the cold timidity of some, to counteract the secret favor of others for the conspirators, to baffle the audacious designs of Catiline, yet avoid the imputation of acting with greater severity than the exigencies of the case demanded, and finally to overcome the prejudices of all, and the influence of the particular friends of the conspirators in bringing them to a capital punishment. All these difficulties Cicero surmounted with the greatest decision, firmness, and prudence.

In the subsequent periods of his life, we look in vain for a similar exercise of these virtues. During the civil war of Pompey and Cæsar, and the disturbances afterwards raised by Anthony, he acted with an apparent weakness, which, as was before observed, is in a great measure to be imputed to the peculiarly unfortunate circumstances of the times. The republic, weakened by the introduction of luxury and wealth, was now become a prize for the contention of political parties. Marius and Sylla had already contended for it, and Cæsar now presented himself. In this extremity all honest men, who were anxious for the support of the old government, looked to Pompey. Cicero was at first desirous of effecting a reconciliation, but soon found it impossible. Disgusted by the inefficiency of Pompey's conduct, perceiving that the contest, whichever way it might be decided, would inevitably result in giving a master to Rome, and doubtful

whether Cæsar were not the most eligible of the two, it was pardonable, at least, that he patiently acquiesced in the usurpation of the conqueror. Could the voice of reason and eloquence have been heard amid the din of civil arms, Cicero might have saved his country a second time. But violence had assumed the decision of right, and Cicero had neither the military skill to command the army, nor could he found a sufficient number of men desirous of restoring the ancient form of government to support him against the two powerful parties already existing. The only remaining way, therefore, in which he could save his country, was in attempting to mitigate the evil he could not cure. He therefore conciliated the favor of the prevailing party, that he might employ his influence for the good of the state. And for this purpose alone did he employ it. Had he been inclined to make a common cause with the victors, how gladly would they have received into their ranks a man whose eloquence could have given a favorable coloring to almost any cause. That they deemed it a hopeless attempt to induce him to any dishonorable compliances, his melancholy death gives ample testimony. After living a useful and active life for the republic, he died, because he could not save it, and would not cooperate with its destroyers.

Among the private virtues of his character, his industry is the most remarkable. When we observe that those of his works, which have come down to us, are more extensive than what is usually produced in a life devoted to study, and consider that these are but a part of what he wrote during a life of active and laborious public service, we are astonished to see what the human mind, when tasked to the utmost of its energies, is capable of executing. It is an interesting inquiry, by what means could all this be accomplished? It was, undoubtedly, by keeping his mind in a state of constant activity; by having its powers habitually under his control, so as to be able at any time to direct his attention to any subject he wished to investigate. Above all, it was by carefully improving those little portions of leisure which intervene between the employments of the most active life, and which most men entirely overlook in their account of time. Not a moment was permitted by Cicero to pass unemployed in some useful purpose. Many of his epistles were written in the senate, and

some even whilst presiding at his tribunal. The hours, and even half hours, which elapsed between the causes he continually engaged in, were spent in walking in his garden for his refreshment, whilst he dictated to a slave, who constantly attended him. The recesses of public business were passed at his country seats in studying the philosophers of Greece, in committing to writing his own reflections, and in the conversation of the learned men by whom his villas were frequented. Thus, throughout his life, he was continually acquiring, digesting, and maturing useful knowledge, and without depriving his contemporaries of the benefit of his eloquence and talents, he was enabled to leave posterity the richest legacy in the whole circle of Roman literature.

In his social intercourse with his family and friends he was kind and affectionate. His heart was peculiarly fitted for the enjoyments of domestic happiness. He delighted to relax himself from the cares of public business, in the innocent company of children, for whom his letters abound with expressions of parental fondness. He was ever ready to answer the demands of friendship, and his talents and eloquence enabled him to render essential service to those who applied to him. His benevolence extended to all with whom he had any connexion. In Sicily and Cilicia he employed his power only for the good of those whom he governed, and when he left them, he was followed by their affections and their prayers. At Rome he was constantly engaged in unrequited services for the injured and distressed.

To assert that Cicero was without faults, would be to exalt him above the level of humanity. He has been accused by his enemies, and with reason, of carrying his desire of fame to a weak, and sometimes even to a ridiculous, excess. He suffered himself to be too much elated with success, and too much depressed in adversity. Of the dignity and firmness of his conduct during the civil dissensions, different opinions may be entertained. But no one can doubt that he was an upright statesman, an enlightened philosopher, an eloquent orator, and a good man.

*Clevel**Cleveland*

MATTERS OF THE HEART.

“A wife! a wife! my kingdom for a wife!”

No passion possesses a higher and more uncontrolled influence over the conduct and feelings of mankind, than—*love*! Poetry, romance, and every tale of fiction is filled with it. You can scarcely read a newspaper, without being sickened with lover's dreams and sighs, heart-pantings, palpitations, tremblings and fears, crimson blushes, crystal tear-drops, and a world of sweet and tender sufferings, to which the young sentimentalist—the divinity of the heart—has—alas!—subjected our unhappy race!

This ruling passion, runs through most of the productions which daily issue from our sated press. The earliest flights of fancy paint to our view some blushing fair; and the first effusions of the infant muse are breathed in the soft accents of love. Oh! the honied sweets of moonlight kisses, plighted vows, united hearts, and tender partings! Oh! the remembrance of “joys that are past, sweet and mournful to the soul!” These are the sentiments, which will secure to the fortunate author, eternal renown; these the works, our “rising hopes,” our embryo great men delight to honor. Talk good, sound, common sense, and you may perhaps delight the grey-headed father, who stands trembling with one foot already in the grave, and the other longing to follow it;—usher into the world an Essay on Domestic Economy, and the duty of providing against the wants of old age, and you will, doubtless, meet the views of some wrinkled miser, brooding over his hoarded gold; trumpet forth the praises of prudence and chastity, and you may expect, that the withered spinster, from whose unmarriageable soul, the last ray of hope has been forever excluded, will endure calmly and quietly your much speaking, and, perhaps, even acknowledge, that her wintry heart has been warmed by your ardor and cheered by your wisdom, and, would she speak the truth, *consoled* too, *wonderfully consoled*, by your hintings, and surmisings, and fearings, and hopings-for-the-best, with regard to the rising generation. But what of the rest? Would you gain their favor? Do you wish the flower of the age to do you reverence? Ah then, forget not the consecrated shrine of beauty.

———"the tear, the sigh,
The sideway glance, the flashing eye."

It is really curious to look abroad into the world, and see mankind as they are. What is the subject on which they converse with the greatest interest and ease. I mean, not those merely, who are confined within the walls of a city, but the happy thousands who are scattered over our green fields, our pastures and forests. Why, to be sure, it is sublime indeed! It is—love! The small talk of a village courtship—of vows, and broken hearts, and marriage, secures to them an earthly heaven! I have known some happy spirits, who could sit for hours, when no other amusement presented, and talk of the *winkings* and *squintings*, they had lately been so eagle-eyed, as to detect between some innocent couple, who, in *truth*, were as ignorant of each other, as of the fate-telling friend, who had foreseen and been so kind as to reveal their future union. No matter, whether the parties concerned are mere children, or approaching to the age of Mathuselah, they *must* be "in love." It is so decreed by fate, and that decree seems to be irrevocable. The infant scarcely escapes the confinement of his mother's arms, before he is taught to fix his eyes, not to say his heart, upon some fair flower, and talk of her as his intended wife. The schoolboy is not blind to the charms of beauty. Even before he has learned his punctuation, or toiled through the dull sameness of his spelling-book, he finds, that other thoughts, than those of the task assigned him, engross too much of his attention, in spite of the surly look and the wrinkled brow of the village master, or even the terrors of the well known birch, as it whistles over him

"Impending horrors, threatening hideous fall,
One day upon his head ;"

and with all the ardor of a romantic hero, he figures to his youthful imagination, the far distant, but blissful period, when his Ann or his Julia shall be his own forever. Even the most awkward clown, who toils all day long at the dung hill, and at night creeps into a hencoop, to shelter him from the dews of autumn, is unable to forget, for a whole week to come, the sensations excited in his breast on Sunday, by the fat cheeks, and melifluous voice of a fair servant lady. In short, wherever there is a Misse Dina, there is an old Sambo,

and our maiden aunts, I beg their pardon, I mean fate, has decreed, that "they twain be one flesh."

Now we do not deny that it is a very fine thing to be *occasionally* in love,—it makes one so poetical and sentimental! But to be *for ever* in love, is an exceeding grievance. Still worse is it, since love is a "matter of the heart," to be deprived of our free agency, and be obliged to suffer others to choose for us, where none are capable of understanding the "circumstances" which affect the choice, so well as ourselves. To be delivered from this inconvenience, we make the following proposition. To all old bachelors and old maids, matrons, and fathers, young men and young women; whereas, we have hitherto been much annoyed by your interference with our love affairs; whereas, you are disposed to pick for us sunflowers, where we would cull roses, and to infringe upon our right of free agency and free will; and whereas, our protestations have hitherto been disregarded, we do hereby, for the sake of freedom and peace, make known to you, that it is our intention, at some future period, to "take wife." When that time approaches, we do hereby promise, that, on condition you will permit us to enjoy the society of the ladies unmolested, we will give you seasonable notice of our "success," and allow you, without resistance on our part, the exquisite pleasure of spreading the report, that we are *engaged*.

J. L. Whitney

THE FINE ARTS.

The last, the noblest task remains untold;
Passion to paint and sentiment unfold.

Du Fresnoy.

THE spirit which distinguishes us in the promotion of liberal views and useful undertakings, has at length awakened to the interests of the fine arts, and we have had the gratification of witnessing the means for their encouragement among us. Indeed it could hardly be supposed at a time when every object of speculation which offers a probability of use or amusement finds a place in the public estimation, that the fine arts so attractive in their nature and useful in their influence, should remain neglected or forgotten. Their use as sources of refin-

ed pleasure, and as means of improvement, as tending to abstract the mind from merely sensual gratifications, and as conducing to national refinement are indeed universally acknowledged, and no further recommendation is necessary to entitle them to the esteem and patronage of a free and enlightened public. With us these interests are beginning to be consulted, and we trust that the mist which has hitherto obscured the lustre of our reputation, will ere long be dispersed by the sun which is now rising on our hemisphere, and which gives promise of full meridian splendor. Without recourse to the rapacious measures by which the treasures of the Louvre were amassed, our galleries have risen, and exhibit productions calculated to please the most fastidious taste.

As one of the noblest monuments of our growing interests in the fine arts, we would mention the Atheneum gallery of our city ; which while it presents a rich collection in the productions of native as well as foreign talent, reflects honor on the liberality of those who have contributed to its formation. The attractions it presents have indeed been fully attested, and its appeal to the public taste is strong and irresistible. All who have seen, have acknowledged its attractions, and though there may be those whose object has been "*potius videri quam videre*," yet there are few whose attention has not been occasionally arrested by the productions of art with which they were surrounded. It might be presumption were I competent, to point out the peculiar merits or defects of this collection, nor indeed would it be an easy matter. In considering their general merits, we cannot but admire that so rich an harvest should have been reaped from a soil which has hitherto been so little cultivated. Here are displayed to the enraptured spectator, fair specimens from the various schools, and in the various departments of painting which would do credit to the galleries of Europe. As examples we would mention the following ; (*viz.*) "*A Cardinal*," by Durer of the German school ; "*A Madonna*," after Raphael ; "*St. Peter*," by Caracci, of the Lombard school ; and the "*Ruins of the temple of Jupiter Stator*," by Patel, so deservedly called the French Claude, from his successful imitation of that master. To the Dutch and Flemish schools we are not a little indebted, for many of the ornaments of our gallery. The landscapes of Raysdael, the fruit and flower pieces by Brenghel and Van

Huysum, and the "Dead Game" of Weenix, are deservedly celebrated. "St. George and the Dragon," by Rubens, a Sea View by Vandervelde, and the animal representations by Wouvermans and Hendikooter are also deserving of notice. Many other examples of the older schools of equal merit might be mentioned, but we would now turn our eyes homeward, to the not less interesting consideration of our native talent; and here we by no means find a deficiency of merit. The genius of Allston has scattered rich fruits; and we feel truly sensible of their merit as we gaze on the admirable specimens of his genius. We feel that they possess a peculiar force of expression. In the "Prophetess" he has selected one of the most poetical subjects of scripture history, and in the representation has combined the genius of the painter and the poet. His "Beatrice" has been deservedly admired, and his landscapes display equal skill, whether the clouds assume the sombre, and threatening aspect of the rising storm, or mellow golden tints as in the "Landscape after sunset." In his historical paintings especially, we observe peculiar force and character. The landscapes of Doughty, Shaw, and Fisher, have also considerable merit, and for harmony of colouring the gallery cannot perhaps present a landscape superior to the "Scene from the Pirate." The Sea Views by Birch are also fine, and for richness and truth what shall we find superior to the "Fruit Piece," by Peale? In the mechanical part of the art, this artist has displayed great talent; and the delicacy and richness of his colouring entitle him to our highest admiration. In portrait painting too, we are proud to speak of such artists as Copley, Stuart, Alexander, and Harding. In the portraits by Stuart and Alexander, we find not, to be sure, that attention to minutia which so often destroy the effect, and which are so little essential to this branch, but they have a still higher recommendation,—that of preserving the correct outline and expression of the countenance.

We will now take leave of the Gallery; and though we would willingly dwell on these interesting considerations, we fear we have already subjected ourselves to be advised of the truth, *quod super nos, nihil ad nos*, and to the charge of attempting to wield what was above our strength. But we hope it may be some apology for our presumption, that it is not altogether irrelevant to our subject to have considered

the means we enjoy for a knowledge and encouragement of the arts. The gallery is indeed a rich *parterre*, and it is no slight gratification to know that some of the fairest flowers it contains are indigenous.

As forming a distinct exhibition, and as displaying the excellence of the Italian school, the "Capuchin Chapel" is worthy our notice and admiration. In this picture the disposition and effect of reflected light is truly admirable. The perspective and relief are also striking, and though the effect of the picture may be somewhat weakened by its being in too strong a light, we see in it the perfection of *chi  ro oscuro* in the knowledge of which the Italians have excelled all others.

The next and last picture which claims our attention, is the "Coronation of Napoleon," by David, of the French school. There is perhaps in this picture a want of strength and effect; a fault with which the French school (I know not how reasonably) have been charged; but however this may be, there is certainly much in this picture which is worthy of admiration. There is a richness and finish about the drapery which few other paintings on so large a scale present. Of the figures in this picture, that of the Pope is the most admirable.

Such are the attractions which have so powerfully arrested the attention of the public, and that time cannot have been ill spent, which has been passed in the enjoyment of so pure a pleasure;—a pleasure which tends at the same time to the improvement of taste and sentiment, and to the elevation and enlargement of the views of the spectator.

When we look back on the talent which our land has already produced, we may reasonably indulge in sanguine anticipations of the future. A West has filled the chair of the Royal Academy in England, and Copley, Trumbull, Allston, Sully, and others are among the pillars of modern art. We have had our poets too, and has listened with delight to the strains of a Percival and a Bryant. We trust also, that the time is not far distant when America shall boast her Canova, her Raphaelle, and her Scott. That there is at this moment in our country, genius of the highest order, slumbering in the shades of retirement and obscurity, there can be no doubt; and that liberal encouragement is the best, if not the only means, of stimulating their dormant faculties. We have wealth to purchase the finest models, and taste sufficient to

make the best selection. There is no reason, therefore, to fear that we shall cultivate a false taste. In Europe (particularly in France,) the galleries of painting and sculpture are open to the view of the lowest and poorest subject; and we certainly have the means of forming gradually an institution on the same plan. Genius is of no rank, and under proper regulations and discipline, much national benefit might result from permitting free access to the gallery, on certain days, to all classes. It is certainly an advance towards refinement, when the vulgar are capable of finding in a picture gallery a substitute for the ale-house, and there is no means perhaps so well calculated to draw the lower classes from this habit of intemperance, as being permitted to join in, and partake of the amusements of their superiors. There is something in it which gratifies at once their pride and feelings. It is to be hoped, therefore, that they who have the means will contribute to the accomplishment of this object. The riches of a country consist not so much in actual wealth, as in the power and extent of its attractions. The sentiment which induced the inhabitants of Antwerp to sue the tyrant Buonaparte for the restoration of Reubens' admirable picture, "The Descent from the Cross," was an union at once of pride and interest. They had lost that wonder of the age, and Antwerp no longer remained the centre of attraction to the traveller and connoisseur. Similar examples are not wanting of the importance which a nation may derive from the liberal cultivations of the fine arts. Talent and genius are its best wealth, and specimens of their cultivation its proudest boast.

S.

J. J. Sargent

POETRY.

STANZAS.

FAIR Spring had robed the earth with green,
The sky was bright above,
When first, beneath the breezy shade,
I told my tale of love ;
And still within my bosom dwells
That love, all pure and strong,
Unsullied by succeeding years
Of misery and wrong.

Forgive me that with heedless ire
When girt with foes I stood,
I struck the arm which sought my life,
And spilt thy brother's blood ;
Exile, and chains, and blighted love
Have well avenged that stain,
And now, with broken heart and hopes,
I come to thee again.

Thou'rt bound to me by every tie
I've broke for thee alone ;
Thou'rt bound to me by ever woe,
Which for thy sake I've known,
From jewell'd state, from courtly bowers,
From Fashion's fair array,
To him, who claims thine earliest vows,
I summon thee away.

By every sigh, which wringing Grief
Forc'd from my bleeding breast ;
By every tear which manly pride
Hath only half repress ;

By that dread vow which made us one,
 By thy long flighted hand,
 I call thee hence, to share my home,
 Far in the Western Land.

M. P. *Felton*

IMITATION OF GOTHE.

Know'st thou the grove, where deep embowering shades
 Spread coolness o'er the turfy woodland glades?
 Still breathe the gentle gales the trees among,
 And rises still the birds' melodious song.
 Know'st thou the grove?

Oh haste we there!

Fain would I breathe that grove's soft balmy air.

Know'st thou the Hall? No pillars there are seen
 But round it shines the summer's brightest green
 Kind hearts are there, that beat for Virtue's aim,
 And cheeks, unsullied with the blush of shame.
 Know'st thou the Hall?

Oh, quickly there

To you my earliest friends would I repair.

Know'st thou the stream within whose glassy wave
 We used of yore our youthful limbs to lave?
 The violet breathes around its sweet perfume,
 And on the banks each wild-flower loves to bloom.
 Know'st thou the stream?

When shall we there

Friend of my soul, to its sweet bank repair?

S. G. *Bulfinch*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As it is desirable that the next number should be arranged as early as the commencement of the vacation, correspondents who will favor us with their communications are requested to present them on or before the 17th instant.

THE
HARVARD REGISTER.

NO. V.

AUGUST, 1827.

THE DAY OF GRADUATING.

They are gone, and we are going all
Like flowers we wither and like leaves we fall.
Crabbe.

THE time has almost arrived when another brood of our Alma Mater, having been thoroughly instructed, are about to fly of themselves. It is customary, on such an occasion, to be very sentimental, and to talk about leaving interesting scenes, and the breaking up of fond associations. This is all well, and this leave-taking may be like the ending of a pleasant visit, when many regrets are cast behind us. But we are inclined to think that a joy similar to that derived from the anticipation of again seeing our home, arises in the breast of the student, whose leashes are slipt, and who is about to hunt for himself. The truth is, it is hard to bid adieu to old friends, and to untie the bonds of scholastic union; but a far greater part of the sorrow and sentiment, at such a time, comes from the uninitiated, or those who have tried the world and are weary of it, than from the graduates of the day. They are tired of the four years of the monotonous sound of preparation, and are anxious, and burning to tempt the untried scenes of busy life. After spending the customary period in forming their little barque, and learning how to navigate it, they long to launch it on the ocean of the world. And although the waves run high, and the signals of despair,

raised by their tempest-tossed predecessors, are numerous and warning, nothing would persuade them to resign their chance, and sleep away their three score years and ten, even in the pleasing shades of academic bowers.

There are, moreover, other thoughts crowding into the minds of those who have finished their collegiate course, which drive out many fond regrets, and prevent some pleasing reminiscences. The time has come "when they must choose whom they will serve." It is now necessary to select a profession for life, and the duty presses heavily on the heart. One turns his eye towards the healing art, and deep despondency comes over him when he sees how numerous is the class he desires to join, and how high must be his attainments to gain even a pittance of fame. Another looks to the courts of justice, and almost sickens into despair when he finds how they are crowded, and how many have labored and labored in vain. A third would become a teacher of the lessons of heaven; but the bitterness of controversy, the zeal of professors, and the hollowness of practice, that are abroad in the world, cast a cloud over the future. The field into which he is to thrust his sickle is so fruitful of tares, that the wheat is choked, and little can be gathered into the garner. Notwithstanding the number of laborers, he begins to realize the melancholy truth, that the harvest is small. The battle against vice is so fearful, that were it not for the call of duty, the hope of an immortal reward, he would fain shrink from the contest.

There is, however, a deep expectation mingled with the dread of the future. And though the way is dark and desolate, an irresistible impulse urges him to begin the march. He feels an unconquerable desire to add his weak endeavours to dispel the gloom. Ambition's trumpet calls, sounds long and loud, and pleading virtue beckons him onward. It would be deserting the duty of existence, it would be showing a want of moral courage, to falter or go back. The dead and the dying lie around, but their fate is only another reason for pressing forward, another argument for high and persevering efforts. Although others have labored without him, and wasted every thing in the cause, still we are called upon for the same devotion, for the same sacrifice. Well may these absorbing convictions put out all tender emotions.

When the darkness of the future is to be explored, there is little time, and less inclination, to look back upon the bright scenes of the past. The training is over, and however pleasing may have been the preparation, the race to be run will allow of no fond regrets. The sternness of the warrior must and will banish the tears with which the memory of days that are gone would moisten the eye.

Perhaps there is no period in life more interesting, more crowded with anxious forebodings which stifle all sighs of regret, than when we are standing on the threshold of our father's house, bidding the last farewell before we begin our lonely journey, when every thing is to depend on ourselves alone. Yet there is a call of necessity that cannot be hushed, a glow of ardor that will not be quenched. To leave is hard, but to stay would be harder and pusillanimous. We have been led long enough, and eagerly do we tear off the garments of youth, and put on the "*toga virilis*." "I would shed a tear at parting," is the language of the graduate, "but the all-absorbing future forbids me. I would cast behind me a 'long, lingering look of regret,' but the difficulties which are to come occupy my whole soul."

Yet amidst all this darkness, there is a little light. The reverence paid to the faithful minister of God, and his own inward peace; the few that sit on the high places of virtuous ambition, and are honored by the people; and those that have obtained the love of mankind by their benevolent exertions, and are to go down to posterity as the dispensers of the greatest of all blessings, are living and cheering examples and encouragements to those who are willing to be bold and industrious. The golden apple of fame is worth striving for, although the competitors may be myriads in number. The task is difficult, but the reward is great; the labor is finite, but the recompense is everlasting. With such thoughts and such excitements, he must be indeed a coward who would wish to creep back to the quiet uniformity of college life.

Let it not be thought, that we would derogate in aught from the pleasures of our literary infancy, that we would jeer at the tears which old men shed over the sunny hours of youth. O no! there is that within us, even now, which tells that we shall, ere long, do the same in bitterness. We feel thus early the "noiseless step of time," falling heavily on our

hopes, and crushing our fairest works. But nevertheless, such is the progressive character of the mind, such its longings for action, and such the fascinations which are spread around the hours when we are to think and act for ourselves, that we doubt whether the graduate feels all the misery of parting, whether he is sensible of all the joys he is leaving behind.

The remarks we have made apply to the commencement of the career of life ; but there is a time when men look back on the days of childhood, and the four years spent at college, with a melancholy eye. This is when they have weighed the world and found it wanting. Hopes have been blasted one after another ; high efforts have been baffled again and again ; motives have been continually misconstrued ; support after support has been broken down ; friends have deserted us or been consigned to the tomb ; affection has grown cold ; property has fled ; until, naked, wasted, stript of all that was dear, with the grave yawning before us, we look back over the desert of existence to that bright spot which blooms in lasting freshness. Then, then it is, that the floodgates of grief are opened, and the tears fall many and bitter. We would not willingly cast a gloom over life ; we would not call up ghastly spectres to throw a damp upon the enthusiasm of youth ; but we fear we are only repeating the sad story of experience ; a story, to the truth of which almost every one, whose hairs are silvered with age, sighs forth his testimony.

Even this looking back may be more sad to some than to others. For him who has well improved every hour, who has laid up stores of immortal thought, whose path has been straight, and whose step firm from conscious rectitude, there is a bright consolation, which enables him to rise above the surrounding gloom, to a heaven of his own creation. While the retrospect is far more dreary to him who has misspent his time, and let slip the golden hours of opportunity, who feels that he has gathered the gaudy but withering blossoms, instead of lasting fruit from the tree of knowledge. The thoughtlessness of youth may smile at these sad reflections, but we are persuaded that all have felt them, and we would not banish them because they ill accord with the recklessness of early days.

It has been the singular lot of one to be the only survivor

of his classmates, and the only living graduate of our venerable university. In him may be seen a living picture of what we have attempted imperfectly to describe. Perhaps his way has been more in joy than in sorrow ; but if he has felt no hours of sadness, experienced no harsh reverses, he has been blessed above all others. We think it must be a melancholy pleasure to him, to stand thus the connecting link between the generations past, and the generations to come ; to wander about in the grave-yard of time, and trace on the moss-covered tomb-stone the names of his long buried classmates, and drop a tear over their death and their sorrows. And we think it must be a still greater pleasure to him to look around and see how, during his single life, knowledge has, in his native land, grown from infancy into a strong and promising youth. Few of those who now linger about the walls of Harvard, will remain like him. But some *one* may, some *one* may be spared, to give the traditionary tale of college life to our posterity. And blessed and enviable will indeed be the melancholy pleasure of *him* who is to be that favored *one*.

T. B.

J. O. x

PROPER PERSONS.

There are folks, Mr. Mannering, before whom one should take care how he plays the fool—because they have too much malice or too little wit.

Guy Mannering.

THE sort of persons here described is one frequently to be met with in society. They may be recognised by certain infallible signs ; a portentous length of visage, a stiff and formal carriage, an air of wisdom which they endeavor to throw into their language upon the most common-place and every-day topics. These people are always upon their stilts ; always towering and lofty ; always, if I may so say, dressed for company. One more important particular in the character of the men we are considering is, that they are usually shallow ; for you always suspect that there is some weak part in him who, by his chilling and forbidding manners, keeps every one at a distance. I should set down that man for a fool or a

knave who is always reserved and stately ; cool and cautious in uttering his sentiments ; who is shy and reserved, or pompous and distant. A man of this sort is always leading the conversation to the most elevated subjects ; discourses in well-set phrases and finely-turned periods ; deals largely in general truths and sweeping assertions ; and maintains his dangerous elevation by the aid of certain old maxims, with which he is perpetually garnishing his own meagre thoughts.

Men were not made to be always upon parade ; to keep every feature and gesture composed into the gravity and sedateness of wisdom. The fact, "that no man is a hero to his own valet de chambre," does not derogate in the least from the dignity of our nature. Though these "men in buckram," as I may well call them, may tell us that conviviality is vulgarity, that wit is buffoonery, that a game at cross questions is puerile, yet I would, rather see men of great parts engaged in such sports as these, than a circle where all warmth of feeling is frozen by a foolish pride, and all that is light and gay in conversation giving place to the affectation and conceit of the inimitable Baron of Bradwardine.

Such men as Sir Lofty may easily be distinguished in a party of merry-makers. You will find him sitting moody in a corner, croaking like some bird of ill omen, muttering about the necessity of maintaining a proper dignity in public, sneering at a jest which he could not equal, pretending disgust at merriment in which he cannot sympathize, and deciding in his own mind that he is the only individual who supports and represents the dignity of human nature. Poor inflated man ! Thou dost not even play the part which thou hast studied, the part of the great man ; for know, that he who truly merits the title, is never afraid of degrading himself by innocent mirth, or sullyng his reputation by breaking a jest with a friend.

These "knights of the rueful countenance" have yet to learn, among other things, that a sour, puritannical visage is no mark of wisdom ; that never to smile, never to jest, will not make a man a philosopher ; that to retail old saws is not to be brilliant in conversation. They have to learn that there is as much true genius, as much real dignity of character, to be shown at a merry rout, as in the court room or the senate house. In truth, a great man never looks half so en-

gaging, half so attractive, as when throwing aside his books, unbending his furrowed brow, he drowns for a season the noise of the forum in the merry laugh and playful jest. We can approach him now without awe; we feel more upon a level, more at ease in his company. Not that I would insinuate, that our veneration for the man is at all impaired, but I mean that we see him from a different point of view, that we witness those passions and feelings only, which are common to us all, while the sterner and loftier traits of character are for a time thrown into the shade. And when next we meet this man in public, the recollection that he has unbent himself in our company, so far from degrading, tends to raise him in our estimation. We did but admire him before, we love and esteem him now.

Away then with these cynics, who would tell us that we can never throw aside for a time formality and punctilio, without throwing our reputation after them; that we must leave jesting and trifling to fools and clowns. Alas! poor men; their shallowness and insignificance peep out through the flimsy covering in which they are enveloped by pride.

Chapman

REMARKS UPON THE CLASSICS.

—— CH. *Audivi jam omnia.* DA. *Anne tu omnia?*

CH. *Audivi inquam a principio.* DA. *Audistin' obsecro?*

Andria, Act 4, Scene 4.

WHEN we speak of the character and writings of the Ancients, we do not mean to recommend either for indiscriminate imitation to the Moderns. Educated, as we have been, to the study of Greek and Latin for years, we are not therefore wedded to a blind admiration of those languages, or those who spoke and wrote them. The remarks here offered are few, and not more than are believed to be true. We do not suppose the Ancients superior to the Moderns; and in many respects we acknowledge they were inferior. We prefer infinitely our own ideas of things, and have every reason in the world to be satisfied with our present condition and prospects. The very discreet way with which our country-

men sit down to count the cost of a house before they begin to build it, is a very great improvement upon the old-fashioned plan of trusting to Fate. A boy's wit may be much better cultivated by study than stealing, though the Spartans thought differently.—We never admired the plan among some of the ancient lawyers, of having a musician at their backs in court to set the tune, and we hold that our deliberative assemblies, our colleges and schools, our going to church regularly twice on a Sunday, with many other peculiarities, constitute a happy distinction between us. But then it is a very foolish fashion to talk so much against the Ancients and their writings. It is a symptom of bad taste, and argues a too extravagant fondness for the lighter productions of our own days. We know that many who have never studied them at all, and many who have studied them but partially, are convinced (very much more strongly than this circumstance entitles them to be) that no possible good can come from *dead* languages. The very name seems to frighten them. They think of them as of some mortal substances that have lost their vitality. We are as strongly convinced as they can wish we *should* be that *they* never will see any possible good in them. But all who are familiar with them, all who love truth and goodness and greatness, all who love eloquence and power and beauty, see much good in them. The dead languages have no claim upon our admiration because they are old, but because they are useful, because they are excellent, because they are pregnant with thought and feeling, which we heartily wish could be more and more transfused into the compositions of our own times.

We have always had a great respect for the men who lived so many centuries before us, and who lived to such good purpose. We love their virtues supremely, and sometimes almost love their faults—they were the faults of the age. We look to the motive, and pardon the action. Their history has exercised and does still exercise, a tremendous influence upon their posterity. Their language is only nominally dead,—it still breathes inspiration into our own, and the very men who tell us to throw up their works, are unthankful appropriators of their thoughts. From them they learn

“To point a Moral, and adorn a Tale.”

It has been urged with more plausibility than correctness, that time has wrought such a thorough change in society, in speaking and acting, upon all subjects and all occasions, that there is nothing in the character of the ancients or their writings at all applicable to us. Their writings, it is said, are necessarily superseded by the greater advances of a more refined age. All our institutions, civil, literary, and religious, are different, and there is hardly the faintest resemblance in any particular between us. Young men are not trained to the Olympic Games, though they are to gymnastics. They are not sent into the Campus Martius, but to college. It is intellectual and not physical force that now conquers the world. Why then go to those for instruction with whom we have so little common feeling? But such talk is idle. We owe much to the ancients. Our literature has been formed upon theirs. From all their institutions we have borrowed something ;—we have taken a hint here and a hint there, and carried out the great inquiries they had started. And we have not learned out yet. We must go again and again to quench our thirst at their wells of living waters. It must be confessed, however humiliating the confession may be, that our sickly appetite for novelty, our affectation of fine thoughts and fine actions, together with our fine clothes and fine dinners, bear a sorry comparison with the originality, the sincerity, the grand simplicity of an age, by which it is professed we are too wise to be taught.

To study human nature well, we must see it under the different changes of circumstance, locality, and disposition. We cannot expect to find pure morality where the light of revelation never dawned. We cannot expect to find great advances in knowledge; where the means of acquiring knowledge are not disseminated. When we look at a people as they really are, we should think of what they had the means of being. In time of war we do not expect to find their lands highly cultivated, their trade brisk, their literature improving, for these are the effects of peace. In looking at the effect let us look at the cause. With all our moral and intellectual superiority, we can yet learn of the ancients. There is instruction and pleasure to be drawn from a review of the ages that are gone—in tracking improvement in its slow and sure march. By drawing comparisons between times past and

present, we shall find they do not so much flatter our pride as command our admiration. We shall find that greatness has sprung up every where, and in all ages, under a burning sky and Boeotian atmosphere, and amidst all the obstructions of a corrupt and barbarous community. Neither power, nor poverty, nor oppression could keep it down. In rude ages,—the ages of poetry and nature,—the mind, cradled amidst the airs of the mountains, has risen in its native strength, putting forth energies that droop under the nursing hand of education, like flowers transplanted from their native soil.

We love ourselves inordinately. We talk loudly and rhetorically and justly too of the growth of intellect among us; and stand up conceitedly to measure heights with any country. It was not long since our opinions with regard to our scholars and great men, were but the echoes of English criticism. We repeated our lessons like fainthearted schoolboys fearful of the lash;—but now we are gaining confidence every day. We can hold up our heads and speak without a prompter, occasionally sparring with the scientific, and showing home-spun fabric without blushing. This is all well and natural. We *have* grown great, but we have been many years about it, and we now look back almost hopelessly upon the eloquence and histories of the ancients, upon the sculpture, architecture, poetry, and drama of their best days, which have hardly yet been rivalled. More refined than they, we are more indolent, and less original—we follow where they led. We are building upon the results of the study and labor of centuries, and it will be long, long, before the doings of our predecessors will cease to exercise an influence upon our own. Our steam engines are masterly things we know, but so were the engines of Archimedes, which, by a power greater than steam, sunk the Roman fleet to the bottom of the ocean, and forced Marcellus not to assault but to shut up Syracuse.

It is for these reasons, thus imperfectly offered, with others that have recently been before the public copiously, that we would bespeak a little more respect for the ancients and the dead languages. We should be sorry to see those volumes given to the dust and the worm, which have done so much for the first scholars of the age.

C.

Felton

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

[It will be perceived by our erudite readers, that this correspondence between two worthy "jacket trimmers," was carried on in "auld lang syne," and, therefore, it must be considered in reference to the circumstance of the time (which is the only philosophical method of determining upon the merits of any literary performance), inasmuch as there are several expressions in the following epistle, which, however just when referred to the *ancien regime*, are by no means applicable to the present time. We deem it proper to give this hint to our readers, lest some of them should imagine that the "creature" grievances complained of, exist even to this day; whereas we believe it to be true, that they are now as things that are gone, yea, veiled in the mist of uncertain and fabulous antiquity.]

M——, January, 18—.

DEAR CHUM,

I RECEIVED your promised letter through the medium of a post-office, situated *only* eight miles from my present tabernacle. This would be a very comfortable distance, were it not, that the road being little travelled and the snow immeasurably deep, I have, in traversing it, the fatigue of riding without its pleasure, or the misery of walking without its excitement. Our lot has cast us, Chum, at opposite points of the compass, for while you are domiciliated on the coast, I am situated at least 60 miles in the interior. But each of us seems to have mournful occasion to say with Gloster, "*Now* is the winter of our *discontent*," without either being able to repeat another line of his soliloquy.—You will recollect that you left Cambridge three weeks before me. Those weeks passed off unmarked by any thing extraordinary. Each night, with blear-eyed assiduity, I groaned through a lesson in "Optics," and having learned it, so as to "get it off my mind," as — says, slept as soundly as college dreams will permit one, till the morning prayer bell, with its tolling horrors, sent me to recitation, with a mind as perfectly free from the impression of a single optical illusion, as if the *Mirage* of Enfield had never crossed my sight. Three mortal times each day, did commons bell call me to another department of painful duty. Breakfast came, with its doughy rolls, its rancid butter, and that mysterious liquid, which a crack-brained

college rhymster, misled by some fancied resemblance, had the absurdity to nickname *coffee*—therein affording a mournful proof how far the human intellect may wander, and how little of common sense poets generally possess. I say nothing of dinner, with its multifarious soup, and its *fair-haired pudding*, or of supper, with its toasted shingles, and its tartar-emetical tea.

At length, the day of my departure arrived, and I took my seat in the stage at two o'clock in the morning. The weather was cold as Lapland, and there was just enough snow on the ground, to make the roads unfit either for wheels or runners. My fellow stage sufferers were four students, and an Episcopal priest and his wife from Trois Rivières, in Canada. This priest was a fine specimen of the bulky dignity, supposed to belong, by hereditary right, to the clergy of the established church. If not a ship of the line, he was certainly a frigate of the largest class. His helpmeet could not be called his better *half*—if at all better, she was his better *quarter*.—My fellow-students had been engaged at a “blow” till the stage horn had summoned them to depart. I had been unable to sleep, from the thoughts of my approaching fate. Of course, we were about as sleepy a set as ever I saw nodding at each other, with open-mouthed satisfaction, on a hot summer's afternoon, under the droppings of soothing and soporific instruction. The old gentleman and his lady occupied the hinder seat. Myself and one more, being unable to ride backwards, were obliged to sit on the middle seat, which was not furnished with a back. Of course we were at the mercy of every lurch, which our crazy and top-heavy vehicle chose to make, in rolling over the ruts of a very bad road. At times, overcome by extreme cold, and our late watching, we all dropped asleep. But we were soon awakened by some roll of our stage, which brought five heads together in ruinous contact. Every time I broke my own head, I was so unfortunate as to plant my brass boot-heel upon the gouty toe of the priest, who occupied a post at my rear. On each occasion, I received a “God bless you, sir,” apparently uttered with great fervor and unaffected sincerity—a benediction, which I prized the more, as it came from so respectable a source, and seemed to breathe so much of the spirit of the precept “love your enemies.”—Morning at length broke, and

exposed a region of pine stumps, rocks, and log huts. The lumbering of our wheels brought the inmates of the latter to the windows, and we saw one tow-head after another displace the old hats, disbanded breeches, and veteran petticoats, which served to shut out the light, till the whole front of each hovel was transformed into solid columns of *animated* heads. I was most of the day engaged in speculating upon the influence exerted by rocks, stumps, and log-huts to increase the rapidity of population. The result of my cogitations I may hereafter lay before the public, under the title of "New Ideas on Population." I half projected, too, a new treatise on *log-arithms*, in which I shall attempt to show, from the reason of the thing, that this term was first used by some bard of a barbarous age, and of a country like that I have described, who entitled a poem, descriptive of the most striking features in the scenery of his region, "log-a-rithms." The idea struck me, too, that the scene of the old ballad of "Chevy Chase" must have been laid in a country like this, and that the stanza relating to Witherington had been corrupted, and should be read thus,

"Of Witherington I needs must speak,
As one in doleful dumps,
For syne his legs were all too short,
He fought upon the stumps."

But my limits oblige me to close here. You shall hear from me again soon. Meanwhile,

I remain yours, &c.

M. B. *Barl*

NOTICES OF AMERICAN POETS—No. 2.

One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries; to chase him from his birth; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him.

Gaities and Gravities.

REV. JOHN ADAMS.

It is mortifying to human pride to observe the quick decay of even the most flourishing fame; and to see in how short a time, names, to which an honorable immortality has been

promised by partial friendship or ill-judging popular opinion, have been entirely effaced from the remembrance of men, and rendered "as a thing that is not." An humble instance of this may be found in the case of the subject of the present Notice.

JOHN ADAMS, a learned and pious divine, and author of some tolerable poetry, died at Cambridge, in the year 1740, at the early age of thirty-six years. His pall was supported by the Fellows of Harvard College, and his funeral attended by the Lieut. Governor and many other state officers, followed by the President, members, and students of the University. These scanty relics,—the dates of his birth and death, and an account of the honors paid to his remains,—are now nearly all that can be gathered concerning one, of whom a contemporary speaks in the following language:—

"But sufficient to perpetuate his memory to the latest posterity, are the immortal writings and composures of this departed gentleman; who, for his genius, his learning, and his piety, ought to be enrolled in the highest class on the catalogue of Fame."

His poems were collected in 1745, and published with the following motto.—"Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit." They consist chiefly of translations from the Old Testament,—with a few imitations of Horace, and several original pieces on sacred subjects. From an "Address to the Supreme Being" for assistance in the composition of his poems, we will extract a few lines as a favorable specimen of his versification.

"May I not write too little, or too much,
But paint with care, not with a hasty touch.
May all my thoughts be rather just than high,
And never let me rove when I should fly.
But yet secure me from the low extreme
Of writing lower than becomes my theme.
'Through all my works, let order clearly shine,
And let me know the reason of each line."

The following lines, taken from a translation of the first Ode of Horace, are very melodious.

"The coolness of the rural scenes,
The smiling flowers and evergreens,

And sportful dances, all inspire
My soul with more than vulgar fire ;
If sweet Euterpe give her flute,
And Polyhymnia lend her lute."

MATHER BYLES.

MATHER BYLES was born in Boston, on the 15th of March, 1706, and graduated at Harvard College in the year 1725. After leaving College he divided his time between literary pursuits and his theological studies till December 1732, when he was ordained the first pastor of a new church in Hollis Street. He continued with this society till the year 1776, when he was compelled to leave it on account of his inclining to the unpopular side in politics. He formed no new connexion with any parish either during or after the Revolution ; he died in Boston, July 5, 1788, in the 82d year of his age. He is represented as being tall, well-proportioned, graceful, and commanding in his person ; of a strong and clear voice, and inferior to none of his time in the requisites for a pulpit orator.

Besides his professional distinctions, he was celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic as a writer of essays in prose and verse, as a gentleman, a scholar, and a wit. He corresponded with Watts and Pope, and in 1765 had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred on him by the King's College, Aberdeen. Many of his poems and essays were originally published in the *New England Journal*, under one of the letters composing the word *Celoira*. A number of his poems were republished in England, and a collection of them was afterwards printed in Boston, in a small volume. His longest poems are the two entitled,—

"A Poem on the Death of George I. and Accession of George II."

"Epistle to the Governor on the Death of his Consort."

We can make but one extract from his works. It is from a short hymn entitled "The Last Tempest."

"Come quickly, blessed hope, appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly ;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I'd bear a joyful part ;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart."

THOMAS GODFREY.

THOMAS GODFREY, author of "The Prince of Parthia, a tragedy," and a number of miscellaneous poems, was born in Philadelphia in the year 1736. He was the son of the mathematician of that name, the inventor of the quadrant that has been called Hadley's. His father dying whilst he was young, Godfrey was placed at an English school, where he acquired merely a good acquaintance with his mother tongue. After some time he was placed, as an apprentice, with a watch-maker of his native city ; but still he devoted all his leisure time to the study of the English poets. In 1758 he obtained a lieutenancy in the forces raised for the expedition against Du Quesne ; in which capacity he served till the provincial troops were disbanded. The ensuing spring he accepted an offer of being settled as a factor in North Carolina. During his residence there he finished his tragedy, and offered it for representation to the company then in Philadelphia. He died in Carolina on the 3d of August 1763 ; in the 27th year of his age.

His poems possess great merit when considered as the productions of a self-educated youth. They consist principally of short pieces written for the magazines ; where they obtained considerable celebrity, and from which many of them were copied with praise into the English periodicals. "The Prince of Parthia," which we have looked through hastily, contains a number of fine passages ; but is uninteresting, and very frequently in bad taste. The following curse is powerful.

"O may he never know a father's fondness,
Or know it to his sorrow, may his hopes
Of joy be cut like mine, and his short life
Be one continued tempest ; if he lives,
Let him be cursed with jealousy and fear,
And vex'd with anguish of neglecting scorn ;

May torturing hope present the flowing cup,
Then hasty snatch it from his eager thirst,
And when he dies base treachery be the means."

His poems were collected after his death, and published at Philadelphia, with a short critique on his writings annexed.

J. O. Sargent

INDIVIDUAL DIFFERENCES OF CHARACTER.

THE view we have been led to take of mankind, is one that unites so much to interest, with so much which perplexes, that we engage in it with much distrust. It is not to look at man as the work of the Almighty—the highest of created things that inhabit earth; to view him in his combined physical, moral, or intellectual strength, as enjoying the present, yet communing with the past, and holding a mysterious intercourse with the future; as powerful in what has been done, yet more so in the vast field which still lies before him for the exercise of his ever new and increasing powers. This would be interesting, and comparatively easier than the consideration of those differences which mark individual characters, and prevent mankind from being blended into one indiscriminate homogeneous mass; differences which exist notwithstanding the bond of a common origin and a similar destination—notwithstanding the mutual relation of common feelings and affections and natures. It is thus that we look upon man as the subject of weaker or stronger feelings, as delighting in the indulgence of the refined and delicate affections, or denying "the bond of brotherhood;" as possessing capacities which are small, conceptions feeble, susceptibilities which are dull, or minds which are all vigour and ardor, quick to perceive and strenuous to act; as gifted with powers which make them the giants in intellect, who pile high the huge monuments of their strength, around which their pigmy brethren drag out an insignificant existence, and lie down in "dishonorable graves."

In looking into the causes of these differences, we find it a question more easily asked than answered, whether they arise from the situations in which men are placed, or from original endowments and gifts of the Creator; whether it is probable

that the Deity has said to this man reign, and to that man bend in willing submission ; to this rise and with the might of mind astonish and improve the world, and to the other toil and number your appointed days in senseless ignorance ; or whether he has given the free gift to every one, and the power to run with equal strength, in the grand contest for all that men call good, or great, or honorable. We will not dare to assume the right of judging whether an equal distribution of mental powers is the only way consistent with justice. We will not assume that there is any incompatibility between unequal endowments and the most perfect well being and happiness of mankind. All men do not require the same fervid feeling. It is not meet that every man should look with a poet's enthusiasm upon the works of nature. It is not necessary that every one should possess the same deep and powerful attachment to country and to kin, and cherish that high patriotism which willingly resigns life when death is glory. Society does not require of every man to be buried in the mysteries of metaphysics, or to walk only in the delightful paths of science. There are relations in life as numerous as the dispositions of men. There are duties to be fulfilled which demand powers as different as the ends to which they are applied. There is happiness every where diffused—not a quality inherent in any one object ; not embodied in any definite or substantial form, but, like the cause of love, which “is in no face but in the lover's mind,” it is only the reflection from the pure heart which breathes contentment. It is for this happiness that each one lives ; and each finds it in the way which nature and inclination and circumstances dictate.

We need not, then, in fear of calling nature partial and capricious, doubt that there are what are called gifted minds ; that there are men who, more than others, can grasp at the mighty things in the intellectual world, and like the infant Jupiter, “sport with thunderbolts ;” that there are original qualities in some minds, which fit them to be the channels of deep feeling—which enable them to hold converse with nature, and draw from her rich fountain all that is strong and impressive, and to embody in their own thoughts whatever is beautiful in the contemplation of her works, and fit them to be the poets of nature, who “hold the mirror up” to the

mind, reflecting all its bright and glowing forms. Nor should we doubt that there are others whose eye would wander indifferently over the richest scenes, clad in romantic beauty, and their hearts feel no lighter, and turn coldly from the majesty of the mountain and feel no elevation of soul; as unconscious of their magnificence as the beast that roams carelessly among the flowers of the one, or the bird of prey that builds his nest among the cliffs of the other. Nor yet should we doubt that some are endowed with a predisposition to those tender susceptibilities which humanity is heir to, that some are made more sensible to the charms of intercourse, are more alive to generous sympathy, feel more strongly, and impart more willingly, and cherish more assiduously, the mutual kindnesses of friendship; while the cold soil of another's heart chills the growth of the worthy affections, and nurturing nothing that is bright and glowing, the world wears to them a dark and cheerless aspect; a settled gloom seems to hang over man and his actions, and "darkness visible, serves only to discover sights of woe."

That society does not, then, demand a perfect and equal distribution of gifts to every individual, we may with safety believe. But although we cannot deny the existence of a vast diversity in powers of mind, though it is hard to believe that those who, in every age, have been set apart as geniuses, differ in no respect from the thousands who die and are forgotten, yet we think that the mind derives many of its peculiarities and much of its force from the situations in which it acts, and the character of the events with which it is connected. Every object which we contemplate leaves some impression upon the mind, and every occurrence which awakens our interest, excites some feelings. We cannot, indeed, analyse every thought and feeling, and trace back every inclination and propensity to their sources; for numerous are the incidents which affect us in childhood, and influence the conduct long after the circumstances have been forgotten. Our investigations are stopped before we have gone back far enough to see the mind, the passive-recipient of external impressions. Multitudes of objects have been presented to the wondering gaze of the infant, numberless processes have been carried through, and the mind, which imparts its peculiarities to the conduct, and identifies the man, has received inclinations and

imbibed tendencies long before the period beyond which it will ever elude the research of the metaphysical and curious.

We well know that peculiar times are marked with the display of peculiar talents. There are always those who evince a spirit which the tone of passing events seems to demand. It needs only the clamors of rebellion, and, as if it were the trumpet-call to action, a hero arises to rule the order of events, and enroll his name with the proud heirs of undying glory. And when great deeds are working among men, and daring enterprises engage the thoughts and feelings, an elevated character is imparted to the interested, and even the calm observer cannot but catch a portion of the spirit which breathes among and animates the aspiring and ardent in the contest for honour, for greatness, or for happiness. The voices which have only been tuned to the soothing strains of harmonious numbers swell with bolder themes, and wars and battle fields, with heroes of "brave deeds and gallant service," are the proud songs of the poet.

The literature of every country is always, in some degree, influenced by the prevailing spirit of the times, and the character of passing events. The dull inactivity to which the luxuriant of milder climes are so closely bound, deprives the mind of its vigor, and the productions of the mind are characterized rather by a languishing beauty than an inspiring strength. The soft strains of Italian song, and the mellowed and chastened lustre of an Italian sky are strikingly harmonious, and the former can only result from nature reflecting its own hues upon the soul. The busy and energetic tone which distinguishes the less congenial climes, is found in the strength and vigor which the mind assumes; and among the wild and romantic scenes where nature is arrayed in awful magnificence, where all that meets the eye looks like power, working with reckless pleasure its own will, and heaping up mountains, and piling cliffs over cliffs in fearful grandeur, we look for brave hardihood in character and nerve, and boldness in thought. Literature is but an expression of the feelings and sentiments of the heart. It is but a transcript of the impressions which the mind receives and the emotions which it sustains in contemplating the world without, or musing upon the strange and wonderful works of the world within. But literature has not a fixed and substantial character. It changes with the

changing scene. The mind, which contemplates and acts, wears the hue and embodies the spirit which animates the scene about it. There indeed are some who seem not dependent on times, nor events, nor circumstances; some minds there have been which seem to have taken a proud stand, to be longed for and admired, but not reached, by hosts of contemporaries and followers. And were it not that there were such, who, bending their gaze on greatness, have blenched not till it was within their grasp, though every thing seemed to unite to bind them down to insignificance, we might doubt that nature had only given men different dispositions and susceptibilities, while the powers of mind were all of the same kind. But this is a hard doctrine when we think of such men as Homer and Milton, Bacon and Newton. When we wander with the former through the rich field of thought which they have spread out before us, when we follow them in their high imaginings to the temples of gods, when we are made to mingle in the turmoil and shouts and din of battle; and are led through the gardens where innocence reigns in its surpassing loveliness; or to the hateful throne of the prince of darkness; when we are thus borne on from scene to scene, where the poet's thought has wandered, we cannot but think there is something original, something excellent in the gifts with which such minds are endowed. We cannot, for a moment, reconcile the thought that the bards who live in deathless song, those who still breathe inspiration from the silent eloquence of the page, while the sounds which once bore their lofty thoughts are forgotten among men, that such are allied, not merely by birth from the same common stock, but by minds which are the same in nature and in power, with the degraded, the abject, the almost brutal savage, who runs his round of sensual delights, or the slave, whose whole energy is expended for a wretched support of a still more wretched life. Nor can we think that less than an uncommon gift could have formed such minds as Bacon and Newton; could have given them that unfeigned second sight, which, from sound investigations, connected causes and effects with a certainty so unerring; that power which rolled off from the philosophy of mind and nature those coverings of mystery and error which had clouded the one, and concealed the workings of the other. There is much in education. There is much

to be expected by culture. But there are differences and peculiarities which are marked and striking, even in those whose names will be forgotten when their breath has ceased. To some knowledge comes in like a flowing stream; to others every acquisition is but the fruit of toil and labor. To some every thing is the source of joy, and their ardor seems to carry them onward above the care and troubles of life; others are only slowly dragging their way with darkness on all sides, and difficulties and delays at every step. We would not be thought to advocate the opinion that all the diversities in mind and disposition are the direct allotments of Providence, in received gifts. We strongly believe that energy and exertion do much for the slow and the dull. We do not argue that all who feel unkindly and brood over ills and evils, and bear themselves aloof in gloomy solitude, were cursed by nature with unsocial, inhuman souls. Misanthropy, so far as it can exist, seems to be an acquired disposition. It is the mind labouring under disappointment, the spirit broken down by calamity, the affections stifled by coldness and neglect. It is not nature. For however long may have been the bondage, however deep have been the hatred of man, however blackened the character may have been, and however dead to all that honors and exalts humanity, there are times when nature will break forth, when sorrows will melt the long relentless heart, and the breast which has felt no sympathy be softened and subdued. Nature may be improved by culture, or her gifts may be perverted or neglected. Though the poet be heir to his high and quick feelings, though the philosopher is endowed with a stronger power, with a peculiar faculty adapted to the search for wisdom, yet if the one or the other is confined to untoward circumstances and an uncongenial soil, the growth of mind must be weak and stunted.

A. Sweetser

AN ESSAY ON THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is power—moral, intellectual, and physical power. Its secret springs are detected in the simple, rude state of savage life; and its power is completely developed in

refined and polished society. We see it diffuse itself through all the different classes of the community, under the wise administration of monarchical power, as well as under the free government of a republic. But we have seen it ere now checked in its advancement, borne down by superstition or fanaticism, but we have also seen it rise superior to them all, breaking through every barrier, and surmounting every obstacle in its way. Men now *feel* and acknowledge its power. It has entered their souls. Happily it was not left for this age to learn, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." But there have been times when men were ignorant of the truth of this adage; when they would throw off learning as they would a garment, and marshal all their forces in array against it. But it clung to them, like the vine to the sapling, which curls the more closely, the more you would disentangle it. Some, who could not rid themselves of it, have thought to decry it, and have at once bid defiance to its power. But it asserted and maintained its native dignity and beauty; it spoke to men in a voice of thunder, and they recoiled from its increasing might. They vainly thought to weaken and undermine its power; they have hurled the weapons of ridicule and the shafts of satire at it, but their weapons have rebounded and fallen with double force upon those who wielded them. They became victims to the mischief which they could not inflict. But men begin now to see the folly of their ways; they have become true votaries to literature; they now bear to her temple the well earned trophies of their labor, thought, and research. They hang around her shrine the unfading festoon of letters, and the blooming garlands which they have woven in the fields of science and taste. *

Knowledge is moral power. It educates the heart as well as the mind; it matures and ripens it for a full harvest. It points the soul upward from whence it came; it paints virtue in her fairest and most lively colors, and vice in her most odious ones. It marks out the best rules of action, and prescribes the best mode of conforming to them; it lays open the most noble feelings of the heart, and distils into it the sweetest drops of virtue and religion. It teaches man, when its power is first developed, that all are born free, and that equality is the only true relation of man to man. It is knowledge, as moral power, which rears churches throughout our

country, for the dissemination of moral and religious principles ; and it is knowledge, as moral power, which builds up our prisons for the suppression of vice and the promotion of virtue. It is knowledge, as moral power, which insinuates itself into the tender heart of the young, and points out to it the way it should go. Vice flees its presence, but virtue courts its insinuating addresses. The moral power of knowledge must be felt, to have it in its fullest strength. The moral energies of man must be kept from slumbering ; knowledge awakens them from their repose, and calls them into exercise.

Knowledge is intellectual power. It educates the mind, and brings into action its powers and secret energies. It shows what the mind can do ; it lays open its susceptibilities, and strengthens and improves them. It raises its arm, and no one can withstand or gainsay ; it speaks, and is heard ; for it speaks in a voice like that of many waters, mighty and tremendous. It is knowledge, as intellectual power, which sends the greatest works of genius from one end of the world to the other. It is knowledge, as intellectual power, which burdens the press with the efforts of the mind, and sends volumes of science, literature, and taste throughout the community. It is knowledge, *felt* as intellectual power, which rears schools for the education of the infant mind, and it is this alone that builds up colleges and seminaries of learning in our country, for the education of more mature minds. It is knowledge, as intellectual power, which enables man to communicate his thoughts with all the lively coloring that refinement can give them. Knowledge works its way into the mind by degrees, by mild and gentle steps, and, before we are aware, the mind is matured and strengthened. This is the case when knowledge is *felt* as true intellectual power. It takes hold upon the mind of man with an iron grasp, and it often does not quit its hold, till it has subdued the most secret springs, and set all its latent and dormant powers in full and complete action. It triumphs over ignorance and superstition, and gains the victory in its combat with authority and arbitrary power. It braves the storms which frequently gather around it, and it emerges afterwards under the auspices of a calm and serene sky. It tears away the veil of darkness which has been often thrown over it, and appears again with

its native light, in a day of bright sunshine. This is the advancement of knowledge, felt as intellectual power.

Knowledge is physical power. It in a manner educates nature; for she assumes, as it advances, a loftier and fairer aspect. It is knowledge, as physical power, which pulls away the mighty forests that cover our land. It was this that turned the trees of our coast into timber, and piled them up for the abodes of man. We see the advancement of knowledge as physical power in glancing at the rude hut of the true native of these shores, and keeping in our eye, at the same time, the magnificence and elegance of more modern buildings. This shows its physical power. It is this, too, that sends the steam-boat across our rivers, and we see its vast physical power, when we compare this with the rude, though fleet sailing canoe of the Indian. It is knowledge, felt as true physical power, which in a sense civilizes man, and embellishes society, by bringing it from a rude and simple state to one of refinement. It cuts roads through the different sections of our country, and enables us to travel from one end of the Union to the other. It leads canals from one place to another, and gives man an opportunity of travelling as well by water as by land. Knowledge, *felt* as physical power, can remove mountains. It is stronger than the sword, and does as much execution, though of a very different nature. Knowledge, felt as true physical power, makes nature herself blush, or at least she is continually changing her aspect and features as it advances.

But that knowledge should have its full force, it must be felt, at the same time, as moral, intellectual, and physical. These combined, give an entire new face to the world. When they are properly mingled and blended together, the true equilibrium of society is preserved, and its happiest ends answered. We can best see the infinite use of their union, when we think for a moment what the world would be, if they must be separate and distinct. All would be chaos and confusion; society would be wrecked, and return to barbarism and ignorance. But, happily, this cannot be the case. Nature has ordained that moral, intellectual, and physical knowledge should walk hand in hand, and keep constant pace together. The consequence is the harmony, symmetry and proportion that at present obtain in the different parts of society.

M. A. C. (Worla
Warland)

POETRY.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'LL think of thee, when the heart is light,
When 't is overborne with sorrow,
And when no sky is seen that 's bright,
No sun to gild the morrow.

I'll think of thee in days of sadness,
When the star of gloom is reigning ;
I'll think of thee in hours of gladness,
When at last that star is waning.

I'll think of thee when Spring 's appearing,
And its flowers are blooming fair ;
When the fields their verdure wearing
Shed their fragrance on the air.

I'll think of thee when the Summer's ray
The enamelled green is burning,
When the fruit in the scorching day
To its golden tint is turning.

I'll think of thee when Autumn's sun,
The yellow sheaf is drying,
And when the farmer's work is done,
And the harvest time is dying.

I'll think of thee when Winter 's nigh,
And throws her whitest garb around,
And when the flowers of Autumn die,
And the streamlets in ice are bound.

I'll think of thee when the morning sun
Is gladly peering from the east,
And when the fields he shines upon
In dew-drops lay, the eyes to feast.

And I'll think of thee, when evening's veil
Is spread in darkness round,
And when the silvery moon we hail,
And mirth and song abound.

I'll think of thee when the lightning's glare
Is hurrying madly by,
When storms and tempests cleave the air,
Careering along the sky.

I'll think of thee when the tempest's o'er,
And the breezes gently play,
When the lark is heard along the shore,
Sweet harbinger of the day.

I'll think of thee as one who never
Wished friendship's ties were rent in twain,
Or sought those lovely ties to sever,
In hours of joy in hours of pain.

I'll think of thee when danger's round thee,
And when thy bark is tossing high,
When the charms to life that bound thee
Can no longer charm the eye.

I'll think of thee when joys are highest,
And the brightest days await thee,
But never let—when the highest,
Those fleeting joys elate thee.

I'll think of thee when my evening prayer
Ascends to the Almighty's throne ;
And think—oh ! think of me, whene'er
You kneel to the Holy One.

S. C.

W. L. G.
Barlow

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

It was the bridal night, and the young bride
Sat blushing there. *He* looked, and turned aside ;
And in that laughing circlet shone one tear.
Was it of joy ?—Of grief ?—Why shone it here ?

The lights grew dim, and dark the bridal wreath ;
And mirth smiled faintly. Eyes looked dull beneath
Their heavy lids. It was more gay to me
Within my lonely chamber. Cheerfully
The flickering blaze rose up, and I sat there,
Musing awhile, with vague and vacant air.

* * * * *

Again he stood beside me ; the faint blaze
Burst briefly up, and threw some sudden rays
Upon his colorless features ; and went down
Again as briefly : yet that flash had shown
A lip—an eye, and forehead, that to me
Spoke with an eloquent voice, fearfully.
A look of passionate feeling, too intense
And overwhelming for the enduring sense,
And yet endured ; all masterless, yet subdued ;
With a fierce clenched hand, and lips as glued.
'Twas but a moment. On the ready chair
I bade him sit, and then with a free air

Clasped his cold hand in friendly welcoming,
 Then lit my lamp, and with a careless fling
 Chanted a merry stave or two ; then took
 From out my little pile a favorite book,
 And said I longed to hear the melody
 Of his full voice, and bade him read to me.
 He took it with a labored smile, and read
 Two lines, then threw it by. "I loved," he said
 Abruptly, as he threw the book away,
 "I loved her more than heaven. Yes, I say,
 She was to me dearer than all the bliss
 That God to swerveless virtue promises ;
 And that she loved *me* too, her passionate blush,
 As her sweet lips have told me—now—"

The rush

Of memory came over him, and he—
 He spoke no word, his lips moved silently.

M. Lellan

A REVERIE.

In moments of joy when the spirits are flowing,
 How Memory delights to wander away ;
 And Fancy to paint in colors life-glowing,
 The bright hours of bliss that enlivened our day.

But where are they now ? they come o'er the soul
 With a soft tinge of sorrow in beauty combined ;
 And the memory of friends gives a charm to the whole,
 That spells with enchantment the deep feeling mind.

The gay tones of mirth full quickly are fled,
 For a pleasure more solemn and deeper by far ;
 The pleasing communion with scenes that are sped,
 Which nothing of earth for a season may mar.

The spirits of those whom we loved in their lives,
 From heaven's bright dwelling in radiance descend ;
 The victim of death in glory revives,
 A short moment we list to the voice of a *Friend*.

The sorrows of earth for a time are forgot,
 Amid the pure rapture of hours like these,
 And the grief and the care that belong to our lot
 Die softly away in calmness and peace. P. Q.

Felton

LINES.

On Fancy's wing I soared above
 The clouds that shade this vale,
 To regions where sweet peace and love
 In heavenly mansions dwell.

Methought what bliss it was to rove
 'Mid scenes so passing fair ;
 Melodious notes cheered every grove,
 And flowers perfumed the air.

A gentle zephyr breathed around,
 And kissed the blooming rose ;
 Soft murmuring springs gushed from the ground,
 And lured to sweet repose.

But ah ! the vision, like a dream,
 Too quickly passed away,
 Upon my soul the blissful gleam
 Shed but a transient ray.

The world, with all its anxious cares,
 Disturbed the fitting show ;
 And still I found it only bears
 To each his meed of woe.

P. Q.

Felton

LINES.

LOVELY maiden, maiden gay,
Changeful still as dancing May ;
Now all sadness, now all glee ;
Daughter of Mnemosyne,
Offspring of immortal love ;
For she met enamoured Jove,
And spite of jealous Juno's care,
So blithe a damsel to him bare.
Then hail ! divinest child of heaven,
Noblest boon to mortals given,
Soothe of life's morn and even.
Hail ! Enchantress, hail to thee,
Heaven descended Poesy.

Poesy, delightful maid,
Sweetest tenant of the shade,
Ever youthful, ever blooming,
Modest, coy, and unassuming ;
All unseen by vulgar eye ;
Dwelling with the spirit high,
Dwelling with the soul sublime,
That scorns the bounds of earth and time ;
That stays till mind and sense be riven,
Impatient for the joys of heaven ;
That starts not when the rolling thunder
Rends the trembling earth asunder ;
But a dauntless bosom bares,
And the raging tempest dares ;
Quails not, when the cannon's roar,
Tells of men that live no more.
When the mighty son of Ocean,

Rushing by in wild commotion,
Bears upon his crimson tide
The sons of passion, envy's pride ;
And dashes to his troubled bed
Alike the dying and the dead.

But though his spirit owns no fear,
Yet he can shed the silent tear ;
For thou know'st a softer feeling,
Gently o'er the spirit stealing.
Sorrow thou canst bid to cease,
Whisper to the mourner, peace ;
Calm the tumult of the soul,
Passion, hatred, pride, control.
Scatter, as a breath of air,
All the horrors of despair ;
Cheer the wearied with thy voice,
And make the broken heart rejoice.
Then deign, oh ! deign to dwell with me,
Heaven descended Poesy.

Richmond

THE

HARVARD REGISTER.

NO. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1827.

DAY BEFORE COMMENCEMENT.

Scene.—No. 4, Holworthy.—Doctor X. in an arm chair smoking.—Some one at the door knocking.

Doctor X. (at the height of his voice.) Come in. Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how are you?

Tom. How are you, Doctor, how are you?

Doctor X. Just from the city to take a "Peep at the Pilgrims?" Draw up a chair and make a settlement. Take a cigar. You look like a gentleman in that citizen's. Class of '27 for ever! Their last appearance on any stage tomorrow!

Tom. Yes, to-morrow is the last day of grace for us—no more cracking jokes and sending away time in cigar smoke—no more "Noctes cœnæque Deum"—no more being *screwed* on a plane and taken up for *dead* under an air-pump. No more heads out and go it ——. "Othello's occupation's gone." We are "moving with accelerated motion" in "the line of swiftest descent."

Doctor X. Ay, Tom, (*knocking off the ashes from his cigar*) it's "the motion of heavy bodies."

Tom. Yes, faith, I feel heavy enough for one—just come out of B's room—glasses down—beds and bedding rolled up in one corner, exchanging valedictories with the bedstead—chairs, tables, pictures, selling off to the highest bidder—

every thing giving "dreadful note of preparation." It gave me an extemporaneous fit of the blues.

Doctor X. Yes, it's rather a *moving* scene. I've had my heart in my mouth two or three times. Take another cigar.

Tom. Well, what are we going to do to-morrow?

Doctor X. Do! Why, do well, I hope. Show 'em we are men of *parts*.

Tom. Zounds! It will be very evident that some of us are men of *no parts*.

Doctor X. Poh! poh! Man, they can't help seeing they have been *partial* to all of us in a *degree*. But the poet saith,

"If *parts* allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Tom. Ha! ha! ha! You make me laugh, Doctor, you make me laugh.

Doctor X. (*singing.*)

"Why what 's the use of sighing,
Since Time is on the wing,
Can we prevent its flying?
Then merrily, merrily sing."

Tom. Well, now Doctor in good earnest, what do you mean to do with yourself when you come out?

Doctor X. Do? Why, I'll tell you what I mean to do. Leave off my lazy habits in the first place—smoke no cigars, and have Dr. Waterhouse in gilt—drink no wine—own no arm-chair, and stick to the law, Tom, without a *Poney*. That's what — means to do sir. I've had an easy time in College, and enjoyed well the "*Otium cum dignitate*"—the learned leisure of a scholar's life—always despised *digging*, you know—and what with *ticking*, *screwing*, and *deading*, am candidate for a piece of parchment to-morrow, certifying that I am admitted to be by all A. B! which being interpreted is *A Booby!!* a passport all the world over. And now for the law. Sir, the law is a noble profession—to protect innocence, to punish guilt, and guard the liberties of the country. Sir, it is *great* to lead a client out of the mazes of the law by the thread of one's argument—as Ariadne lead Theseus from the labyrinth—a noble profession. A man may rise to eminence in it. But in Physic—in Divinity—a man's genius is curtailed—yes, sir, curtailed—it *cannot* rise—

there is no means—no desire—no scope for it—you may laugh, if you please, but because some of us have done nothing as yet, is no reason why we should not do something in future—we start fresh in the race—the most distinguished men in this country were thought nothing of in College.

Tom. Just exactly so, Doctor, (and by the way you *loom* in your classical reminiscences.) I was telling my uncle so very eloquently the other day at dinner—laying down his knife and fork so coolly, it would have done your heart good to have seen him, with a significant look that looked me into insignificance—Hark' ye, Tom, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" Zounds! the girls began to titter—never was such a damper—I poured some brandy into my porter.

Doctor X. You're a fool, Tom, and your uncle too—(*lighting another cigar.*) What do you mean to do with *yourself*?

Tom. That's a question I never could answer. The Professions are full—mercantile life is dull—was once turned out of a school—terms, "two and three pence a week, and find yourself," for disciplining the children by *rule*, and not eating dough dumplings and unskinned cucumbers without vinegar—so I can't be a schoolmaster—am too poor to be a gentleman, and hang me, I think I'll be married.

Doctor X. Married! The devil you do—not so fast—not so fast, my boy—there are two words to that bargain.

Tom. "It is most true," Doctor, but they are both on my side—I'm a fine looking fellow, (*adjusting his gills at the glass.*)

Doctor X. To speak *figuratively*.

Tom. Can talk—

Doctor X. To no purpose.

Tom. A head like Apollo—

Doctor X. And nothing in it. No, no, Tom, mind me, I say—you was made for a Doctor—can talk nonsense, and have a good exterior—both which the ladies love—are always "wide awake," and have no feeling—indispensable requisites in a physician—and *must* be married or you will have no practice.

Tom. A lucky thought—a bright idea—no sooner said than done. I'll enter my name with Dr. Warren, who is so famous for his *Hospitality*, and be the ladies' humble servant.

"A wife ! A wife ! My kingdom for a wife ! " "O Mi Vida ! Mi Alma !" I'm off to see if chum has arrived, so call up and see us this evening.

Doctor X. Well—I'll try, (*Doctor, dozing.*)

(*Exit Tom, whistling.*)

G.

Farley

THE PROGRESS OF COMMERCE.

THERE was a time when the different nations of the earth engaged but little in commercial concerns, when it was deemed most practicable for the small vessels, then in use, to "keep near shore," and when, if a voyage out of the sight of the land had been attempted, it would have been reckoned at once a monstrous and truly alarming essay. But at this early period the knowing ones did not even comprehend the earth's figure, nor were they acquainted with the mysteries of the compass needle,—an acceptable apology for their timidity and maritime policy. Years and ages, however, rolled away, and with them this national ignorance and distrust ; and in these days of an universal and unrestrained commerce, we can indulge our eyes with the sight, which might perhaps have utterly confounded the ancients, of countless vessels, very capacious and very comfortable, which move proudly and securely over immense seas and fathomless oceans to the most distant quarters of our globe, and withal, abundantly able to bear the roughest dealings of old Neptune. Nay, furthermore, the wide, unbounded waters have now gotten to be the seat of naval pride and power, and the very element of national enterprise. Vessels of every description, from the gallant ship, with her skysails fluttering aloft, through the several denominations, down to the almost insignificant "fishing smack," come and go into port unheeded ; and though still to the eye of the curious or philosophical it be a beautiful sight to view one of these ingenious machines in full sail, and with "the interesting group upon its deck," slowly ushered into her destined port, other cares and other speculations of busy life have led us no longer to regard the common incident as a phenomenon or a miracle.

But we do not look to the ocean alone for such sights. Mechanical genius has been active elsewhere to display its wonderful fruits. Let us take our station on the banks of the Delaware or Hudson rivers; as we "roll back the tide of time" to remind ourselves that here the untamed native was once an unmoved spectator of nature's romantic scenery, which fills us with noble emotions, we may presently be startled from our reverie by the approach of the noisy steam-boat, breaking the surrounding stillness as it plies its measured way along the narrow and winding stream. And when we learn that steam has supplanted, with so much benefit and convenience, the use of sails and masts and rigging, we may conceive of the diffused intelligence and awakened enterprise of man in these later days. The light and simple canoe, that perfect token of Indian simplicity, which the dusky native not long since paddled along our rivers and about our lakes, we see has given place to these vessels of such intricate construction and so wonderfully propelled. So that while the ocean and the sea are marked by the course of the loftily rigged ship, the silent river is ploughed by the steam-boat, carrying wealth and happiness and pleasure over its shallow and shady bosom.

Such a spectacle would indeed be instructive. It would remind us of the energies of man—fill us with an enthusiasm to be active—tempt us, if any thing would, to throw off our sluggish spirit, and make more profitable efforts for the common good. The last thing we should say would be—there is no room for improvement. But what, we may ask, is the cause of this extensive and invaluable inland navigation, and what reason is there to suppose that it will be extended. Look then at the sturdy pioneer, as he is marching toward the western wilderness,—see him fell the forest tree, build his thatched hut, and sow his field. A few years pass by and a flourishing village starts up where but lately all was a wild solitude. Agricultural produce begins to accumulate fast, for which a vent is required. The canal or road is marked out, and terminates at the bank of some navigable river, and so at last the flag of commerce makes its regular visit and indicates the spread of human industry. Look, too, at the manufacturing interest, and while we see it spreading over our land, reckon it not as an inadequate cause of an extensive

inland and foreign commerce. Examine into the nature of American soil, and the extent and resources of our country. Nature, we find, has done much for us indeed, and we may unhesitatingly look forward to a period when we may deserve the appellation of being the greatest commercial nation on the globe.

We might pursue this subject to an almost indefinite extent, if it had been our design to enter widely and fully into it. Such investigations are always no less instructive than interesting. We may be certain of discovering the genius—the spirit—the actual state of different people at different periods, not only by their laws, manners, and customs, but by their inventions also and their resources. We live professedly in an improved and improving age, an age in which full scope and encouragement ought to be given to the inventive faculties of men, and every one should abstain from ridiculing whatever may at first view appear impossible or useless. People have in many instances been wonderfully deceived and disappointed in the resulting benefit of improvements and inventions. If, several centuries ago, any one had proposed to propel a vessel by steam, he would inevitably have been laughed at as out of his right mind completely, whereas now, mechanical genius is more highly appreciated and meets with much greater respect. In fact, “modern improvements have so far outstripped the calculations even of the most sanguine theorists, that it has become hardly safe to pronounce any scheme visionary.” And well it is that such is the case. A spirit of encouragement is a spirit of philanthropy. Sneering ridicule is something truly forbidding and terrible, and disheartening to genius,—it is a reception cold and ungenerous. Even the indefatigable author of the new theory of the earth has been too much bantered. Above all things, we deprecate a habit of wanton raillery.

W.

Warland

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end.
Milton.

THIS is a part of that beautiful hymn in which Adam and Eve pay their morning devotions to their Maker. The sun was rising upon one of those beautiful mornings when the heart feels, if it ever feels at all, the goodness of God. The birds were on every bough—the flowers were opening around them, the tremulous dew-drops were fast drying up, and the air was fed with rich perfumes. Every thing they saw was full of life and freshness and beauty, and they acknowledged that it was so. In this hymn, Milton seems to have felt all the beauty and sublimity he was representing, and he invokes all things in the Heaven above and the Earth beneath to join in extolling the Great Giver. It reminds us of many of the beautiful Psalms of David, in which the inspired minstrel calls upon all the works of God to praise him—to “praise him in the heights,” to “praise him in the firmament of his power,” and they do praise him—silently yet eloquently praise Him, as they move along in their mystic dance—“not without song”—yet there are those who can see all this and not feel it—who can look upon the beautiful canopy above them, and, like the fool, say in their hearts, “There is no God!”

That there should be any such thing as absolute Atheism, seems to be impossible. How a man breathing the air, and enjoying the light of Heaven, can be an infidel, is incomprehensible. It has frequently been said, that Pagans never think of the unseen causes of things—that they never ask themselves *why* such effects take place, but are satisfied with their taking place. But the proofs of a Deity are too simple and obvious and strong to be resisted. There are too many wonderful things going on not to force this conviction upon them. The regular return of day and night and the seasons, are perhaps too silent and uniform to strike them; but the sudden and terrible changes in nature—the thunder and lightning cannot pass unobserved, and cannot fail to convince them of a

power above all human power ; it seems as if the thought of Him, " who hung the Heavens and planted the stars," must come over them at such moments. The very circumstance of their having any religion at all is proof enough of this conviction. There is something very touching and illustrative of this in the simple and affectionate ceremonies of an Indian burial. The Indian's friend dies, and he buries him with provisions for a long journey, and expects to meet him again in the country of the Great Spirit.

We are far from believing that natural objects and the beautiful world we live in, are alone sufficient to convince men of a God. There are few who pay attention enough to these things to moralize upon them, to say nothing of the obtuse faculties with which some men are gifted. All have not that delicacy of perception and feeling—that nice deep sense and love of beauty, that throws over every thing the glow and richness of poetry. The imagination of some never stretches beyond the plain palpable uses of things. They go into the fields, and a plant is a plant, without telling them any thing more. They do not observe its curious mechanism, its latent beauties. The different temperaments, education, and situation of men make all the difference imaginable in this respect. It requires a high cultivation of taste, and perhaps a separation from the grosser occupations of life, to relish the beauty of green landscapes, where rock and forest and shade are thrown together with a master's hand into every form of simple, beautiful, and grand.

But infidelity does appear a forced thing ; a thing which some men take infinite pains to reason themselves into, and for what ? To be different from other men—to stand out unshackled by the creed they have learned from their catechism, their grandmothers, or their clergyman, and walk "per se"—to doubt because they have a *right* to doubt—to have a religion of their own, because it is their own. And let them hold to their rights and their religion, and sun themselves in their independence. Their religion, if true, is revolting and degrading. Christianity, whether true or not, makes man a rational and happy being. If infidelity is not the forced thing we say it is, why is it that the Indian and the ignorant man worship the sun, the moon, and the stars, and talk of the Great Spirit that afflicts them with evil, and be-

stows upon them good ? They cannot withstand nature, there is something in them, call it what you may, that irresistibly tells them of a God. The sky is their outward Revelation—there is nothing of man's work in its beautiful colors, moving clouds, and shining lights.

Meditation upon the works of God is both useful and delightful. It calls into action the best affections of our nature, and puts us in humour with ourselves and all about us. It makes us better friends, better citizens, better men. There are many who know not what to do with their leisure hours, and after being occupied in business and pleasure think it misery to be left alone. There is no more intolerable feeling, nor one for which a remedy is more desirable. That which I have found most efficacious is to put the mind upon some pleasant reveries, build castles in the air, and indulge our imaginings, however romantic. It is in this way that we may rid ourselves of that desolate feeling which will sometimes come upon us when alone.

Some men talk of their day-dreams, but I prefer the starlit visions of night to the sunny fancies of day. When I have a touch of the romantic I gaze upon the stars, till all the worldly realities I have gathered during the day go out one by one, giving place to the crowding visitants of a brighter sphere. Those stars so bright, so pure, holding on their sinless course so steadily seem the types of that heaven promised to the righteous, eloquently contrasting the fluctuations and perishable pleasures of this world with the unbroken and enduring joys of another.

G.

Farley

VACATION

— "There's nothing like vacation."
Old Class Song.

THERE is no more striking specimen of solitude, than the venerable halls of our Alma Mater, when deserted by their numerous and noisy inhabitants. The life of a student, though it is one of mingled lights and shadows, is yet a bustling and

active and a well occupied one. But when the vacation begins, it seems as if the machinery of life had come to a sudden pause; the tumult and excitement of the *term*, settles down to a noiseless calm. The few students that remain, are seen occasionally winding their way across the college yard, like the few solitary beings that linger around a deserted castle. The clock, each time it tells the hour of the day, is heard with appalling distinctness; and a single laugh from the room of a student, reverberates with surprising loudness. The beautiful trees that adorn our academic retreats wave to the passing breeze, but there is none to sit beneath their shade and listen to the music of their whisperings. Our delightful walks, worthy of Apollo and the Muses, seem like a fairy garden suddenly bereft of its inhabitants. Vacation, for those who remain, is a season of meditation. It is now about five weeks since the end of the term, and during this time I have experienced a tolerable share of the blessings and perplexities, the comforts and the weariness, the activity and the *ennui* of a college vacation, a few sketches of which I will now attempt to trace.

While the business of the university is going on, there is such a constant succession of labors and duties and pleasures, that there is no time left to hang heavy upon our hands. In the morning we are summoned from our dreams, by the shrill sound of yon bell to attend the matin devotions. We hurry to the Chapel, and then crowd to the recitation room, with all the marks of having the demon of Somnus just cast out of us by the potent exorcism of the clamorous bell. The joyful sound of "commons" again intervenes to prevent the irksomeness of a monotonous life, and in a moment you may see the yard covered with hurrying groups of the "dark-robed crowd," some just released from metaphysics or the blackboard, and some just arisen from their beds, where they have indulged in the luxury of "sleeping over"—a luxury, however, which is sadly diminished by the anticipated necessity of *making up* "back lessons." Thus it continues through the day. Recitation follows after recitation, bell after bell, and meal after meal, until at last the day is wound up with a scene of careless laughter and merriment, among a dozen of joke-loving classmates who may chance to be assembled in a "boon companion's" room.

This all ceases the first moment of vacation. We become so habituated to the ordinary routine of business, that when the mechanism of college ceases, we are at a loss how to proceed. For my own part, I can never tell when to get up, and for want of the bell to give me warning of the time, I generally lie pretty late. The consequence of this has been, that I have many a time slept over breakfast ; and although one would naturally suppose that such a misfortune would be a solemn caution against falling into the like error again, yet with me it has produced quite a contrary effect. I find myself more disposed to sleep soundly in the morning than ever. This propensity, however, is to be attributed in some measure, to a short residence in the city of New York, where for several weeks I was forced to endure a degree of watchfulness almost beyond human sufferance. O ! I never can look back upon those scorching days and sleepless nights, without indulging in a feeling similar to that of one who has just made a fortunate escape from an almost hopeless captivity. I could hear, as I attempted in vain to catch a few moments repose, the rattling of carts over the pavements, the oaths and execrations of their drivers, the loud and senseless clamours of a thousand night-walkers who perambulated the streets, apparently for no other purpose than to disturb the peaceful citizens, a confused jumble of all the tongues and dialects that are spoken beneath the sun, and what was worse than all the rest, just opposite the house where I had taken up my abode, one of those snarling moon-baying curs, whose barking powers increase in the inverse ratio of their solid contents, set up such an uninterrupted howling as soon as heaven's blessed light retreated before the shades of evening, that even if no other noise interrupted the silence of night, you might as well think of sleeping amidst a contending multitude of all the beasts of the forest. The effect of this delightful concord of sweet sounds was wonderfully heightened by the circumstance that the hooping-cough had just invaded the street, and every child from one month old and upward joined nightly in the chorus. Thus, I was kept awake so long, that upon my return I found it necessary to sleep as fast as I could to make up for lost time ; and to tell the truth, I have scarcely been awake since.

There is no evil, however, attached to the present life that

has not some favorable circumstances attending it. The most afflicting dispensations of Providence have many things to alleviate them. Events apparently the most unworthy of notice, have ended in results highly important to the interests and welfare of society. The world had received opinions at the widest possible remove from the truth, in regard to the principles that regulate the solar system ; but at last the illustrious Newton got a clue to the reality, by accidentally observing the fall of an apple. Dr. Franklin's beautiful theory of electricity depended for its confirmation upon the experiment of the kite. Milton's immortal epic is said to have owed its origin to a childish drama that he saw represented somewhere in Italy. Gibbon's great history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, was suggested by a walk amidst the ruins of the *Eternal City*. Goëthe wrote a dramatic piece in consequence of a word accidentally dropped by a young lady with whom he chanced to be in love. Shakespeare was forced to escape from his native town by the wrath of a country Squire, on whose lands he had taken the liberty to poach, and the end of the matter was, that he became the boast and pride of merry old England. These are only a few out of many examples that might be brought forward to illustrate my proposition. The present age is remarkable for wonderful discoveries. Captain Symmes has found out that the earth is hollow. Mrs. Royall has proved that ignorance united with loquacity are wonderful helpers in making books ; and that unblushing impudence is the best agent in selling them. Mr. Owen has discovered that the world have been laboring under the most horrible mistakes for the last six thousand years ; and with all the benevolence of philanthropy, has set himself about correcting them. A great many sharp-sighted grammarians have clearly seen that their predecessors have advanced a thousand doctrines perfectly erroneous and absurd, and without once surmising that their own positions might not be correct, have zealously undertaken to bring about a reform. Their labors have proved, so that the dullest intellect may comprehend, that three fourths of the parts of speech are mere nonentities—perfectly imaginary beings, existing only in the disordered brain of poor, deluded philologers. One of these reformers, has convinced himself, if not others, that the verb *to be* is an active verb ;

and though the reasoning is so very singular that you cannot perceive the least trace of sense or rationality, yet you would imagine from the earnestness of the writer that the fate of a nation were at stake.

But I must confess I am wandering. I began to mention some of these wonderful discoveries, that I might have a chance to unfold a secret which this vacation has disclosed. I would humbly suggest that the whole human race have been in all ages sadly deluded in the belief of the beneficial effects of early rising. Poets have sung their most enchanting strains upon the glories of the rising sun; they have celebrated in their most melodious numbers, the freshness and loveliness of the morning. The birds of the grove, say they, just begin to pour forth the rich strains of their native harmony. Every thing above and around us breathes the very quintessence of bliss and joyousness. But I have no doubt, if the truth were known, that these crackbrained sons of song indicted their melodies in praise of the morning, under the inspiration of the Queen of night, thus giving a practical refutation to all their fine-spun fictions. The recreant Thomson, the laziest man that ever breathed, speaks in raptures of the glorious sublimity of early dawn; a scene which, I venture to say, he never witnessed save in imagination. I once heard of a German student, who it seems had some inkling of the true philosophy, and who being persuaded to get up before the sun, and walk to a certain eminence to behold his rising, came back with evident chagrin and disappointment depicted on his countenance, and would hardly forgive his friends for the trouble they had caused him. Upon being asked the reason, "why," said he, "I expected to see the sun shoot up from the horizon like a rocket, but it seemed struggling to ascend the heavens, like a tired traveller climbing a precipitous hill." Whether I shall ever immortalize myself by promulgating the truth, like some of the above mentioned worthies, posterity alone must determine. There are many sound and convincing arguments against the practice of early rising, and withal so very obvious that I am astonished they have never been suggested to any one before. It is true, that many practice upon the principles I would establish, but they do it with so bad a grace, and so much uneasiness of conscience, that I should infinitely prefer, for their health and happiness even the old-

fashioned plan of early rising. For I hold all the evils that have ever attended late morning slumbers, to be simply the results of a certain unhappy state of mind which all who imagine themselves, whether right or wrong, to be indulging in a pernicious habit, must inevitably fall into. Now the truth of the case is this. The morning atmosphere is so filled with the damp vapors that have collected under cover of the darkness of night, as to render an exposure to them exceedingly prejudicial to the health. But if you will wait until the sun has made his appearance some two or three hours, and kindly swept away these dangerous night fogs, you may safely trust yourself to arise and take your morning perambulations. These truths I began to suspect some time ago, having on several occasions during my college life, slept by pure accident, until breakfast time ; but I determined not to promulgate them, until my conjectures were fully verified by a long and satisfactory train of experiments, which the present vacation has enabled me to accomplish. Now, having committed the secret to the safe keeping of the public, I must leave it in their hands ; if they refuse to profit by the discovery, the sin must be laid to their own door. I do not expect to be rewarded by the present generation, but look forward with bright anticipations to the grateful recollections of millions yet unborn. The discovery is one that has cost me much, as may well be supposed by the calamities I have narrated which first led to it ; but like a philosopher, I have sustained myself to the end, and now I impart it to the world with a feeling like that of many distinguished discoverers, who have proclaimed the results of their deep meditations, even when they were conscious that their labors would not, nay could not, be appreciated by the generation in which they lived.

Among the pleasant things of this vacation, have been its delightful moonlight evenings. I have gazed, till I could gaze no longer, upon the full-orbed moon, presiding in majesty over the celestial assembly of stars. The thoughts that crowd upon one's mind at such a time, the feelings that pour in upon the soul, the deep and thrilling emotions that rise up in constant succession, no human tongue or pen can give fit utterance to. If ever there is an hour when evil thoughts lose their hold upon the mind, it is this. If ever there is an hour when the heart is softened and subdued, and the engrossing cares of life lose their

interest, it is this. If ever there is an hour when man is prepared to hold communion with beings of a superior nature, it is this. If ever there is an hour when the spirits of the great and good of departed ages deign to revisit the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage, where myriads of active and immortal beings are following rapidly in their path, it *must* be this. But nothing can equal the beauty of a moonlight evening within the walls of Harvard, during the stillness of vacation. The large and unoccupied buildings spreading their dark shadows across the college yard, the tall trees through whose branches the moon sheds her silvery light upon surrounding objects, the beautiful walks where silence rules in the midst of uninterrupted repose, are objects that inspire the mind with a solemnity of feeling, most delightful and improving to the soul. I would not exchange the pleasure of contemplating such a scene for all the intoxicating excitement of Harvard's gayest festivities.

But there are some petty misfortunes that disturb the current of every course in life ; and many to which the student is exposed, especially during a vacation. It not unfrequently happens, that some of the hangers-on of college, who loiter about after the students have left, take the liberty of pilfering whatever they can find unsecured in a college room. I lately experienced a most provoking instance of this kind of liberty. I had determined to visit Nahant, that famous resort of the gay, the beautiful, and the accomplished, from all the adjacent country. Anticipating a pleasant excursion in the steam-boat in the company of an agreeable friend, I had walked half way to Boston, when I accidentally discovered that some light-fingered rogue had decamped with my pocket-book, and left me only sixpence remaining. Of course I was obliged to defer my jaunt till I could procure a new supply of the *needful*.

It is sometimes difficult also to drive away the *blues*. There is so much time to be filled up, and so little in particular to do, that it often requires no small degree of ingenuity to eke out the heavy-dragging day. Pleasant weather does not last forever. Storms *will* come, and we *must* live through them. For instance, we have just had a visitation of three or four days of rain, which has confined us within doors, and driven us to employ all the resources we could command, to

repel the demon of *Ennui*. We have been obliged to muster all our forces against the common enemy, and if the walls of Holworthy have occasionally resounded with the noise of three or four pent-up students, it is not to be wondered at.

But, thank Heaven, while I am now writing the sun has peered out from behind the clouds, which are preparing to make a precipitate retreat. So, begone all ye demons that haunt poor mortals during the gloom and darkness of a storm, and beware of making your appearance again before Commencement has gone to the days beyond the flood.

Speaking of Commencement reminds me, that this is the last vacation I shall ever enjoy in Cambridge. Notwithstanding the high anticipation that every one forms who is just about to set forward in the world with a diploma in his hand, but nothing in his pocket, we cannot help indulging some few melancholy emotions while parting with such pleasant scenes. These academic retreats, devoted to science and letters, are quite a different world from that which now opens before us. *Here* the great masters of past ages have been our companions ; *there* we must mingle with the suspicious, the ignorant, the selfish, and the depraved. *Here* we have indulged freely in the gay delights of social intercourse ; *there* caution and mistrust must dictate every word that is said. *Here* the principles of good-feeling and brotherly communion, have guided our conduct ; *there* a sterner rule must be followed to guard against the machinations of the wary and cunning, who stand ready to take advantage of the credulous and unsuspecting. The slightest action will be misconstrued ; motives that were never dreamed of, will be imputed to the most innocent conduct. A word, a look, nay silence itself, will be enough to set bigotry and fanaticism to work with their foul and slanderous insinuations. The venom of party spirit will poison the joys of patriotic and distinguished exertion. The purest character will be rudely assailed, and none, no, not one, may expect to escape the shafts of envy, malice, and wickedness. This, I know, is the dark side ; but these are feelings that I cannot drive from my mind, when I look back upon the few past years, which have been rendered delightful by the elysian pursuits of literature, and the unrestrained intercourse of social life ; and forward to those scenes of contention, bustle, and controversy, which, it is probable, we

must all engage in. Here, within the venerated walls of Harvard, I have roved with poets of past ages and the present, through the fairy regions of their own creation; I have listened to the voice of instruction that comes from long gone times; I have tasted freely of all the purest streams of happiness; but now a widely different scene is approaching; the stern realities of active life are to be grappled with; the engrossing cares of present things are to be attended to; and amidst all the happiness the most fortunate can anticipate, there will be many a bitter draught of unmingled wretchedness. Then farewell, Harvard. Thy many pleasant scenes cannot be forgotten. The hours of joyousness passed in thy hallowed shades, shall live in memory, till memory itself shall be lost in eternity. Fairest abode of the Muses, I must now quit thee, perhaps forever. But whether beneath an eastern or a western sky, whether in weal or in woe, I can never, never, forget thee.

C. C.

Felton

DEATH OF STUDENTS.

I HAVE often thought that most of our grief for the death of a friend arises from the suddenness of his departure. When the event has been for some time expected, and we have had time to prepare our minds for its coming, our tears flow not so fast or so bitter, as when a fell an unexpected blast sweeps away the dearest objects of our affections, and lays waste the idols of the heart. We look upon the hectic cheek and fading form of him whom consumption is wooing to the grave, and we are resigned to the dispensation, even

“Before decays effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.”

And as we look upon the countenance of old age, we read its wrinkles as the lines of dissolution—we feel when we grasp the withered hand, that the life's blood is fast ebbing from the shrinking veins—are ready without a murmur to lay the silver head of three score years and ten in the bosom of our mother earth. We regard even the infant as a tender plant

which the first cold wind of disease may blast in its budding beauty. But when the cold hand of death is pressing on the bosom and stifling the heart-beats of lusty manhood, and joyous youth ; when the king of terrors mows down the ripe and nourishing talents of full grown manhood ; or plucks the first efforts of young genius, to gather them into the dark garner of the tomb, we feel for a time that all is lost, and that our desolated bosom harbors nothing but the withering influences of despair. Death, by slow and wasting sickness, comes like the approach of night, advancing by degrees, and always illumined by some star of hope. But, death by one sudden, undreamed of stroke, is like an instantaneous and total eclipse, when " darkness covers the land and gross darkness the sea."

Yet, even this common heart-rending sorrow at the demise of the middle-aged and the young, may be made more scorching by circumstances. The situation in which some are placed renders their decease more generally felt. They are separated from the world or stand upon the high places, and every eye is upon them, every ear open to listen to their wisdom, and when the annihilating flash cometh it is seen by millions, and its thunder reverberates through a whole nation. They are selected and sent to be trained under the wise and good for important duties ; and when the young hopes of a student are laid low, society and religion mourn the loss, and his fellows feel that death has cruelly torn away a brother from their friendly circle. Truly there appears to be no time when the destroying angel brings more lasting affliction, than when he comes to bear away the classmate and the pupil.

The student is drafted, as it were, a cadet, to be trained a soldier in the cause of learning, justice, and religion. He leaves his home and enters himself a member of the little society of college ; his affections are twined around others, and other's affections are twined around him. The sympathies of fellow-students, classmates, and friends, bind him to life with a thousand golden cords. It is not necessary for his name to fill the trumpet of fame before he can be known. He is soon as well acquainted, and as much beloved as he was in the family he has left. He walks happily with his brother students in the long but flowery path of knowledge—

he mingles gaily in the festal scenes of college—he sports joyfully in its amusements—and he worships always in the same chapel with his fellows. Besides this, the busy hand of hope is weaving her rainbow colors on the dark cloud which conceals the future. Here he catches that honorable love of honorable fame. Here is the first lighting up of the prospects held out to virtuous emulation. Here he is exercising in miniature those lofty and high-souled sentiments, by which he hopes to gain the love and respect of his fellow-men. Here, aided by the sympathy and example of those of his own day and generation, he is painting a glowing picture of future usefulness and honor. And here too, he is forming those devoted friendships which shall endure while the vital spark warms the bosom with a single generous emotion. And to have the leaden mace of death fall on one who is enjoying, feeling, hoping all these bright and noble things, truly desolates and blast the fondest expectations of the heart.

Sometimes, while we are gone to visit during a vacation, the scenes of our childhood, and to recall for little time the sweet hours of our earlier days, the raging fever racks the system, destroys the energies, burns up the heart-strings, and at last puts out the life of a fellow-student, whom we have respected for his talents, admired for his lofty feelings, and loved for his generous disposition. Thus died the kind, virtuous, intelligent Atherton.

Sometimes gradual decay seizes upon a fellow, and health, strength, and intellect, wither away one after another beneath its slow but sure and subtle influence; and we see him to whom we were drawn by his gentleness, his piety, and his goodness of heart, a cold and breathless corpse, the victim of a tardy but certain disease. Thus died the mild and innocent Furber. Thus died the amiable and religious Prescott.

And lately we have had a young, talented, and virtuous brother, torn from us by a sudden and horrid accident, when absent from the mother that loved him—the father that took a manly pride in him—the relatives who saw him fulfilling their brightest hopes. Yes, Sturgis, the affectionate and grateful son, the attentive and docile pupil, the warm and generous friend, the honorable and brilliant classmate, the pleasing and good-humored companion, has been taken from our little circle. A beautiful flower, too tender for this cold world, he has been transplanted to the happy and sunny Eden on high.

But we mourn not for the dead, but for the living. Our departed friend has gone thus young to a brighter sphere. He has been taken away in mercy, without being called upon to encounter the rough realities of life. His dust has returned to the earth whence it was, and his spirit has ascended unto God who gave it; and his memory shall never die. Often hereafter shall his classmates and friends delight to gather around the grave of Sturgis, and call up in affectionate remembrance his virtuous character, and dwell fondly on the bright and glowing hours they passed when his heart beat like theirs, high and warm with the bright expectations of youth.

Jox

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

M——, January 18th, 18—.

I FINISHED my last letter, chum, with a growl at my accommodations for sleeping, and a promise to give you a further account of the uncouth tribe among whom I tarry. Premising that my couch has grown no softer from constant use, I will now fulfil my engagement. On Sunday morning my dreams were scattered by the shrill piercing, soul-thrilling strain of the tenth and youngest Wormwood. Fully sensible that there would be no answer to my earnest invocation for "a little more sleep and a little more slumber," I loosed my grasp from the upper bed-post, which had cramped my hand into the shape of a fish-hook, with its night-long clinch, and suffered my body to roll down the gentle declivity of the bed until I reached the opposite side, where I made use of my gymnastic powers and landed on my feet. My toilet was soon finished, for the air, oozing through the crevices in the walls, formed, as it were, a focus of cold, which made me desirous to feel the warmth of the fire as soon as possible. After opening sundry doors which led into the "cellar-way," butteries, bed-rooms, and closets, I at last succeeded in finding the portal of the kitchen, where the family were assembled, and from whence issued such volumes of smoke, such an unearthly jargon and confusion of tongues, mingled with

the dulcet notes of the old "tabby," whose tail was under the pinching application of some youngster's fingers, that the scene altogether out Plutoed the regions of Pluto; and gave a far more vivid impression of his domain, than the diabolical representations of his majesty's ministers and the blue flame which I remember to have seen exhibited in the pantomime of Don Juan.

The kitchen, by the by, is the only room ever enlivened by a fire, and all my evenings, except those I have passed at the parsonage, have been spent within its limits, where to read or write, think or sleep, is a task no intellectual Hercules could accomplish. To peruse deaths and marriages in a newspaper in this place, would call for as great power of abstraction, as would have been required to study and understand metaphysics at the building of Babel. I am determined to state this fact with all the eloquence I can muster, when I return to college, hoping that it may recommend me to the mercy of my examiners.

But this is wandering. I shall say nothing of the breakfast, excepting that it was rather *scaly*. I have deferred my description of mine host and family until they made their second appearance armed and equipped for their march to meeting. But here they all came, with the exception of the baby and Deborah, which last is to be left at home under the care of "grandinam," being grievously troubled with the whooping cough. First in the procession came Mr. and Mrs. Wormwood, paired but not matched, looking like the "piper's cow" beside an elephant. There was nothing remarkable about the matron, except her tenuity and her peaked nose tipped with vermillion, which twinkled beneath a bonnet of faded green, like a dark lantern in a misty night. Her lord was a broad-shouldered, raw-boned "six footer," his arms dangling from his shoulders like the swingel of a flail, bearing on the summit of his ungainly frame a countenance resembling nothing within my knowledge, except your aunt Betsy's copper tea kettle. Next to this lovely couple came the son and heir, and fac simile of his father, Erastus J—— jr. with his sister, Comfort, tucked under his arm, who, although the thermometer was below zero, dashed out in a pink bonnet ornamented with home-made roses about the size of cauliflower, a white gown flounced with imitation sea-weed, blue

yarn stockings, and green shoes. She, as I afterwards learned, once worked in a factory, which may account for her taste. Then followed Jotham and Thankful. "Jotham," said his mother to me at breakfast, "is the scholar of the family. He's ben to the Cademy, and larned grammar and 'een gist' through Tittler's Pityme of History. And I guess as how, if we get fore-handed enough we'll send him to be a Colledger, and make a Parson on him." Thankful was rather *para-toed* and somewhat crooked. The next pair consisted of Jeriboam and Prudence, who are not sufficiently developed to claim a description. Dodorah, who continued to be shaken every Sunday into the velvet jacket and trowsers, which once enclosed his brother Erastus, until the baby should claim them as his inheritance. And Submit, who was wrapped up in a huge red shawl, surmounted with a sky blue cap, not unlike the top of a tea-pot, brought up the rear.

I followed the family to the meeting-house, where I endured a second inspection from the groups of young fishermen in their short jackets, with anchor buttons, tarpaulins, and black neckcloths run through a ring made of a shark's bone. I found, however, that the town was not altogether composed of the sons of Neptune, for several substantial farmers made their appearance with their families in wagons.

I entered the house and sat for some time listening to the "practising" of the choir, and believe me, chum, compared with the strains I heard, the sound of your jew's harp came over me like the music of Apollo. Presently the tolling of the bell ceased, and the minister was led up the aisle. He was a young man, with a pale and interesting countenance, but perfectly blind. The services commenced with a hymn, which the pastor repeated with devotional fervor. I intended to have attempted to give you some idea of the preacher and his preaching, but I must forbear. The impression cannot be transferred to paper. His subject was Christian fortitude; and to hear that sightless man, shut out from all the beauties of nature, barred from looking on the faces of those he loved, to hear him descant in glowing, poetical, devotional language, with fervid and holy eloquence, on the goodness of God and the blessings of affliction, was enough to fix the attention of the most thoughtless, and warm the bosom of the most frigid. It was the triumph of religion and the soul over this

mortal coil, and this world's troubles. It was like the viewless spirit of a lovely sound breathing through the dim aisles of some lonely temple.

You shall have an account of my school, &c. in my next.

Yours, &c.

T. B.

J. O. x

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

THE comparison of the ancients and moderns has been alike the favorite subject for the elaborate dissertation of the wise and learned, and for the petty theme of the schoolboy. It has furnished materials to fill out the pages of huge quartos, comfortable octavos, and neat duodecimos. It has afforded us solid and substantial repast in the shape of dissertations, essays, and discussions; and has been served up to us by way of *lunch* in the lighter and more delicate form of novels. And after all that has been said and written; after all the tedious days and nights which have have been spent in examining the still more tedious contents of dusty folios; after all the fair paper which has been blotted, and all the innocent ink spilt in this long continued warfare, we are probably as far from deciding the question as at first. On the one side it has been said, that the fire and originality of Homer could best exist when men were unlearned in philosophy; and straightway Milton has been put forth in the front ranks of the other as a champion to disprove such an assertion. Demosthenes and Cicero, as the first of ancient orators, have been made to throw down their gage, and Chatham and Burke have been compelled by their officious friends to accept the challenge. Thus the contest has been kept up with equal spirit on both sides, and probably will be continued until we also are numbered with "the ancients."

There is, however, one point of difference between the ancients and moderns, which I have seen but seldom noticed, and the causes of which but little discussed. It is, that while the ancients were the inventors of almost every thing that contributed to the elegance of life, almost all those things,

which tended to the real comfort and convenience of life, and to advancement in the arts and sciences, were left to the invention of the moderns.

If we look at men in the first stages of their existence, when in a state of nature, we find them, as we should naturally expect, attending to those things which are absolutely necessary for existence, at first providing themselves with weapons and instruments to assist them in obtaining food, and with shelter and clothing to protect them from the inclemencies of the weather. Having thus provided for their immediate necessities, they would naturally proceed to cultivate the earth, and to tame animals to afford them a more certain and regular support, than their success in hunting and fishing. We should then expect them to go on improving what they had begun, increasing their comforts and their acquaintance with agriculture, manufactures, and the sciences ; and last of all, to turn their attention to the fine arts and the luxuries of life. We should certainly expect, that men, from their natural love of ease and aversion to labor, would endeavor to diminish manual labor before they made any attempts in painting and sculpture.

But if we look back to the flourishing ages of Greece, we find the progress of improvement quite the reverse. The Greeks, almost as soon as they had furnished themselves with the necessities of life, seemed content with their advancement in those branches, and although a warlike people, surrounded by barbarous neighbors, and exposed to continual invasions, turned their whole attention to the fine arts ; and while the Grecian artists have given us the most exquisite specimens of painting and sculpture, the moderns have furnished us with those works which are of far greater ability and necessity. Whilst Phidias and Praxiteles were making "the cold marble almost to breathe," and were rearing up the proudest arches and the noblest porticos to their favorite deities ; the Grecian maiden, however exalted her race, and beautiful and delicate her form, was employed the livelong day in twirling the tiresome and clumsy distaff, or wearying herself at the ill-constructed loom or embroidery frame. But we moderns (to our praise be it spoken) have imposed these tasks upon Neptune ; and left our fair maidens to pursue more pleasing employments. Instead of splendid temples

and beautiful architecture, we have our steam-engines and railways ; and instead of producing a "Venus de Medicis," a "Fawn," or a "Dying Gladiator," the inventive genius of the moderns displays itself in the shape of certain "economical cooking stoves" and patent furnaces

Now to what is this owing ? Is it that the taste for the fine arts is diminished, and the ability to produce elegant statues and paintings is lost ? In a refined age, like the present, we should expect that the fine arts would have arrived at a greater degree of perfection, than during the comparatively barbarous ages of Greece and Rome. One would be apt to think that we were much more studious of utility than beauty ; that we preferred a well constructed and complicated piece of machinery to the most beautiful productions of the artist ; and that it was a common feeling, which filled the grovelling mind of the speculator, who while looking at the grandest object in the world, the falls of Niagara, exclaimed, "What a fine situation for factories !"

The increase and diffusion of knowledge has appeared to me the great cause of this remarkable change. Now that literature is made common property, that almost every man we meet is ready to converse on any subject, we have become more of a reasoning people, we are brought down to sober facts, there is not so much room left for imagination, nothing now rests upon fables, but every thing is as plain as demonstration can make it. This change in the minds of the people has produced a corresponding change in the tastes and employments of mankind at large. They are putting the sound knowledge they possessed to practice ; and think it more for the good of society to increase the comforts, than the luxuries of life.

Moreover, I conceive, that it requires more of what is usually called *genius* (which, by the way, is a very undefinable term) to produce the complicated machines of the present day, than the most perfect statue or painting. For in the latter, the artist has the models of his work before him, the human form, the endless variety of natural objects ; the most beautiful parts of which he is to combine and unite in the most natural manner. But in the former the inventor must be well acquainted with the laws of motion, he must study the most compact and durable way of putting the several

parts together, he must combine forces and powers in the way best calculated to produce one great effect, so that "what is lost in velocity may be gained in power, and what is lost in power may be gained in velocity." It seems to me, that more of true genius is shown in the invention of a steam-engine, than in the production of a *Venus de Medicis*, or the most splendid painting.

Still I would not wholly deprive the moderns of a taste for those works, which not only delight the eye, but improve the heart. A taste for the fine arts is rapidly growing up among us, and attended with so many advantages as it really is, it surely deserves cultivating.

M. E.

Dixwell

THE ETONIAN.

THIS is the name of a periodical lately published by the Students of the different colleges in England; and after saying this, every reader will anticipate an introduction to a pretty clever acquaintance. The journal is supposed to be edited by a Club, an account of whose proceedings at their monthly meetings furnishes an agreeable leading article to every number. And a club of right merry fellows they are! What a contrast must there be between their comfortable meetings over a brimming bowl of punch, and with a sufficit of the best Havana—singing songs and cracking jokes,—and the melancholy conclaves of the editors of our goodly sober and staid Register—with no romantic whiffs curling around their heads, and inspired by no draughts but those from pure fountains of mere cold water! * These gentlemen are not afraid of hazarding their reputation by making a good joke, nor do they ever hesitate to make a bad one, if they can do no better. In short, their countenances, if not always wearing an appearance of wit and humor, are always enlivened by the gaiety and sprightliness natural to unsophisticated youth. They are determined not to wear the spectacles of age till they can show a permit from old father Time, written in legible characters on their wrinkled brow and furrowed cheek. These are the pure teachings of nature. For why should youth, the season of buoyant feelings, and rich imaginings,

* Vide Notam.

and glowing expectations, be wasted in straining out, poring over, and giving a local habitation, though not a name, to thoughts fit only for the learned lumber of decayed libraries. Such persons appear to me to reverse Pope's description of a dunce ; their brains are made of heavier articles than "feathers," and their hearts of a lighter material than "lead." We must waste no more time in preliminaries, but to our subject "like French falconers."

Well, then, "*The Etonian*," in two volumes, (second edition), handsomely printed by Colburn, and handsomely bound by—I know not whom,—may be found in the Belles Lettres room at the Athenæum,—and where else your deponent sayeth not. This is stated for the benefit of any one who is disposed to profit by it ; and if any visitor at the Athenæum is desirous of seeing how such things are done in England, we would desire him to com—— ; but comparisons are odious. An apothegm worthy the sagest editor that ever sat in judgment over any article devised by the wit of man, even for the gratification of that founder and tutelary deity of all magazines, viz. Sylvanus Urban, Gent.

There is not a dull prose article in the *Etonian*. I mean, no writer is heavy wilfully, with malice prepense and aforethought. They have not a class of writers retained for the express purpose of manufacturing articles radically dull. There is no pedantry ;—no quotations from the Greek or Latin introduced, except for the sake of a pun or jest of some description. And the jesting is carried on with a good face ; a writer does not make a joke and then blush for it ; but he appears to be proud of it.

The poetry of the *Etonian* is also of great merit. There is a grace about it that is seldom found in juvenile compositions. The Muses worshipped by these youthful votaries are not stiff dames that are two thousand years older than they were in Homer's time (I suppose you will say I am some years out in my chronology), nor are they ladies of a certain age, dressed in the style of fifty years ago, but mere youthful flesh and blood, with whom they can chat, laugh, talk scandal, dance, and even waltz, if there be an opportunity.

Another—we are going on to state some more good qualities in the *Etonian*, but on looking back we find that we have

already praised it sufficiently. We have said that the poetry and puns were good ; and what other recommendation does a juvenile periodical need ? To those, however, who are fond of other matter, we will say, that they will find some sensible—we do not mean to be severe upon them by using this word—some very sensible and good articles on the Lake poets, and we are not quite sure that there are any other very sensible articles.

I will just enumerate a few of the subjects, that the reader may have some idea of the general character of the publication, and also an opportunity of compar—— stopped just in time to save my reputation. We advise our readers to make no comparison at all. Comparisons are odious of course. Well then, here are some of the subjects ; but no comparisons I charge you.

A Visit to Eton.

Letters from Oxford.

Not at Home.

A Certain Age.

Mad ! Quite Mad !

Reminiscences of Youth.

&c.

Now I have no doubt but that some malicious persons will place these titles in one column, and then by way of contrast—but if they do, their own ingenuity must lead them to it, for I will not suggest it ; I have “ less malice and more wit.”

At the end of the second volume of the new edition is placed an index to the pieces, with the names of the authors annexed. The contributor of the best articles, both in prose and verse, is the editor, Winthrop Mackworth Praed ; a name which will hereafter be distinguished in English literature, if the productions of his maturity correspond with the promise of his youth.

But we have gossiped long enough. If any person is desirous of amusement, and can condescend to be pleased by boys, we refer him or her to the Athenæum, shelf 1154, where may be found two goodly octavos, lettered *The Etonian*, I. II.

J. O. Sargent

NOTA.

It is very evident to *ourselves*, if not to every body else, that our worthy correspondent has not yet caught a glimpse of the glorious arcana of editorship. As our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic have taken sundry occasions to display the good cheer which enlivened their editorial labors, and we have heretofore neglected to let the world into the secret, he has been led to the absurd conclusion that our conclaves have been supported only by a cooling glass from the college pump. He doubtless, never has heard of diverse and sundry most edifying and substantial eatables, together with certain *et ceteras*, that have occasionally "made their first and only appearance" on the Editorial board. He never yet beheld a certain *pipe* of such portentous longitude, that while the bowl thereof projected out of the window, the smoke might be seen encircling the critical head of one of the trio, attempting in vain to eke out a bad line for a young worshipper of the nine. He has never even dreamed of the points of the "triangle," a mystery that none but the initiated can comprehend. He has never, in all probability, had depicted upon the retina of his eye, or on the canvass of his imagination, a certain huge arm-chair which has full oft supported the writhing body of a critic in all the contortions of hopeless despair, while an essay, or poem, or tale, or review, lay man-gled before him, and a rhyming dictionary beside him. These are matters which have been profound secrets up to the present day. We mention them now, because we are unwilling that any of our good friends and correspondents should labor under so fatal a delusion; and more especially for the benefit and edification of those who may succeed us in the *high* and *responsible* office of editing the HARVARD REGISTER.

POETRY.

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS.

In this broad temple, which the Almighty hand
Has decked with all the beautiful and grand—
Where lofty mountains rear their shaggy brows,
Wreathed with a crownlet of eternal snows,

Where trackless forests wave their branches high,
Their bright green blending with the dark blue sky—
Where inland seas lift up their trumpet voice,
And in their pride of conscious power rejoice—
Where mighty streams to swell old ocean throng,
And scatter gladness, as they dance along—
Where fertile plains expand their ample breast,
In all the brightest hues of Nature drest—
Here, in a scene of broad magnificence,
Stamp'd with the glowing foot-prints of Omnipotence,
The Pilgrims' altar rose—their voice of prayer
Went up to Heaven upon the wings of air,
And mingled with the universal song,
That rose from choral Nature's tuneful tongue—
The voice of rills, that raised their shouts of gladness,
And pranced and rippled on in merry madness—
With the deep thunders of the torrent's roar,
That speaks, in sterner tones, the Almighty's power—
With the sweet strain, that floats upon the breeze,
When zephyrs whisper to the listening trees—
With that soft voice beyond the minstrel's strain,
That swells from every hill, glen, forest, plain,
When Nature, with her countless myriads, glows
With grateful praise to Him, from whom her beauty flows.
'Twas in this land, fresh as when youthful Time
First plumed his pinions at Creation's prime,
Remote from *tainted* man, devoid the stain,
That dimmed that elder world beyond the main,
Our Fathers dwelt—how could they but inhale
The Liberty, that breathed in every gale?
They drank her spirit in, like vital air;
Each bounding pulse confessed its presence there.

M. B.

Barlow

THE PAST.

THERE is a gently soothing voice that comes
 And speaks in lowest whispers, of what was
 But is no more, in deeply moving converse.
 For 'tis the mild yet solemn spirit from
 The long gone days, and with its mournfulness
 It calls a multitude of shadowy forms
 Of what has filled the busy past, as if
 Those scenes were conjured back to bright reality.

When life first opes in its gay spring, how fair
 How beautiful the young and bounding spirit
 Deems all that meets its gaze ; it rushes forth
 In the infantine boldness of young years,
 When all seems pure and holy, as we read
 Of Eden, and no guile and hollowness
 Disturb the happy dreams that gaily dance
 Before the eye of untaught fancy, glowing
 As with the hues of immortality.
 There is a deep-felt joyousness in youth
 E'er the cold hand of time hath writ upon
 The brow of man "life's roseate spring is flown."
 The morning of a summer day, all clear
 And cloudless, Nature's hour of renovation
 Beneath the golden sheen of eastern skies,
 Is the bright emblem of our life's young bloom,
 And of those brighter, happier days, when time
 Shall fade in glorious immortality.

P. Q.

Tilton

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

[The following mathematical question was received some time since, but on account of being misplaced, was omitted in the last numbers.]

Required that situation of a ball rolling down the quadrant of a circle, by the force of the attraction of gravitation, in which the perpendicular velocity will be a maximum?

B.

A solution is requested.

Pierce

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR COMMENCEMENT, AT
HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AUG. 29, 1827.

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin.—Epes Sargent Dixwell, *Boston*.
 2. A Conference. "Actions, Words, Manners, and Expression of Countenance, as indicative of Character."—Charles Andrews Farley, *Boston*; George Augustus Meredith, *Raleigh, N. C.*; William Powell Perkins, *Boston*; John Turner Sargent, *Cambridge*.
 3. A Literary Inquiry. "The Effects of the Crusades."—Arnold Francis Welles, *Boston*.
 4. A Conference. "Slavery among the Ancients, in the Feudal Ages, and in Modern Times."—Thomas Dwight, *Springfield*; John Henry Warland, *Cambridge*; Horatio Wood, *Newburyport*.
 5. A Forensic Disputation. "Whether a State have a right to recede from the Union."—John Hubbard Eaton, *Boxford*; Edward William Hook, *Castine, Me.*
 6. A Colloquial Discussion. "The Standard of Taste."—Henry Russell Cleveland, *Lancaster*; Charles Cushing Paine, *Boston*.
 7. A Dissertation. "The Benefit accruing to an individual from a knowledge of the Physical Sciences."—James Lloyd English, *Boston*.
 8. A Conference. "The Poets of England, Spain, France, and Italy."—George Bartlett, *Plymouth*; Benjamin Varnum Crowninshield, *Salem*; Francis Dwight, *Springfield*; Charles Ritchie, *Boston*.
 9. A Poem.—Samuel M. E. Kittle, *Dorchester*.
 10. A Literary Discussion. "Changes in English Style, since the time of Milton."—Edmund Quincy, *Boston*; John Winslow Whitman, *Boston*.
 11. An Oration in English. "Of Living in Times of great Intellectual Excitement."—William Augustus Stearns, *Bedford*.
 12. A Deliberative Discussion. "Comparative advantages of Politics and Literature, as Professions in this Country."—William Hathorne Brooks, *Salem*; Cornelius Conway Felton, *Saugus*.
 13. An Oration in English. "The Diffusion of Scientific Knowledge among the People."—Edmund Lambert Cushing, *Lunenburg*.
 14. A Dissertation. "Prospects of Young Men in the different Learned Professions."—Seth Sweetser, *Newburyport*.
 15. An Oration in English, in which the Founders and Benefactors of the University are commemorated.—Thomas Davis, *Boston*.
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Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts.

1. An Oration in English. "The Importance of Efforts and Institutions for the Diffusion of Knowledge."—Mr. Edward Bliss Emerson, *Boston*.
2. A Valedictory Oration in Latin. Mr. Elias Hasket Derby, *Boston*.

THE
HARVARD REGISTER.

NO. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1827.

MY EARLY DAYS.

BY WALTER FERGUSON, ESQ. BOSTON. 1827.

SINCE one of the reasons for undertaking the publication of our humble periodical was, that it would afford an opportunity to its contributors to commence early to practise those different kinds of composition, which may be useful and necessary in after life, we trust that the insertion of an article purporting to be a review, will not call down upon us the charge of presumption. Besides, the little volume we are to remark upon is so unpretending, that it will scarcely gain notice at the higher tribunals, and may therefore be well considered in this moot court of literature.

The work before us is of great merit, and evidently the production of a mind of a high order. It is eminently characterized by its simple beauty, its deep feeling, and more especially by its purity of style and sentiment. Under the fictitious name of Walter Ferguson, it presents itself to the world, as a simple narrative of the author's early years. He represents himself as the son of a Scotch clergyman, who dissenting from the established church, emigrated to the north of Ireland and married the daughter of a wealthy tradesman. The match however displeased the bride's father, and although he gave his consent to the union, the lady was compelled to

sacrifice her fortune to her affections. The young couple continued to reside with a kind relative during six years, when an increasing family called upon the minister for increased exertion, and he accepted a call from a congregation in a village called Glen-O. After Walter had left the village school, and was pursuing his classical studies under his parents' direction, his father undertook the education of the heir of Sir John Fitz-Maurice, who owned the estate of Glen-O. A friendship was speedily formed between the boys, and all the incidents of the book grow out of this connexion. Such is a skeleton of the plot, (if it may be so called,) and as our readers must readily see, the volume derives its interest from something besides the story.

The style in which the volume is written is pure, easy, poetical and feeling; combining much simplicity with considerable pathos. It somewhat resembles the works of Wilson, though the closing pages partake of the nervous and abrupt manner of the Opium-eater. Furguson (for by this name the author chooses to be known) possesses the rare power of clothing the simplest scenes of domestic life, and the most trivial occurrences with such beautiful coloring, that they will attract even the cold and phlegmatic. He is evidently a man of deep feeling, and one who has learned from experience the hollowness and heartlessness of the world. He throws the genius and talent of his manhood around his early days, like one who would robe in beauty the brightest and happiest hours of life. As if childhood were the pet lamb of his thoughts, he decks it out with all the beautiful flowers he has gathered on his journey through the world. He tells his nursery tale, as it were, with such feeling and simplicity, that we believe few who have lived even a third part of their three score years and ten can read it without emotion.

The work contains some vivid and beautiful descriptions of scenery, and some of the incidents are wrought up with considerable power. There is a playful account of the personal appearance and habits of the village schoolmaster, which must find some sympathy in the recollections of those who have ever been under the dominion of a country pedagogue. His thoughts, as he gazes for the first time on the ever-rolling ocean; the account of a broken sabbath, when, with young Fitz Maurice, he went on a water-party, and the boat was

upset on their return, and his noble companion swept for ever from mortal eyes by the eternal waste of waters ; his reflections at his mother's grave, are instances of the qualities we have ascribed to the author. But although the work under consideration has many merits in point of style, power and correctness as a literary performance, it has still higher claims upon the public. Its pages are full of examples and warnings. The minister and his consort are well drawn representations of what a husband and wife, a father and mother should be ; and their treatment of Walter is a beautiful personification of a judicious and affectionate system of education. We do not mean that the work is at all to be considered as a disguised treatise on the method of 'bringing up children in the way they should go,' or that the author had in his mind any idea of giving hints on this subject. Yet we think there is not a parent who may not draw from his pictures of the mutual confidence, religious feeling, and affectionate and devoted attentions, some practical truths worthy to be exercised and remembered. Indeed the work is one of those which introduces into the mind under the disguise of amusement, many important truths and much useful instruction.

Perhaps the most prominent beauty of "*My Early Days*" is the touching, tender and pathetic manner in which the social affections are therein described. Nothing can be more difficult than to pourtray the sympathetic feelings of the heart, which bind together the domestic circle. Few have succeeded in their attempts to do so, but Furguson is among those few. Like Irving, he awakens the gratitude of every child when he speaks of a mother's love, which suffereth, liveth and endureth to the last ; which never resigns or blinds its eyes against hope, when hoping can send one ray of light to brighten the dark character of a son. Indeed a mother's affection is the only phoenix which is not consumed ; deceived, despised, put out it may be, but it arises again and again with all its glow and warmth from the very ashes ingratitude would heap upon it ; and when at last it dies, because death stills for ever the heart where it made its rest, many and bitter will be the tears of him who has sinned against such affection.

There is in these sketches a beautiful strain of moral and religious instruction breathing in harmony with the aspirations

of every unwarped and unsceptical mind. He who has seen the contentions, the bad feeling abroad in the busy world, the dissipated man, the unbeliever, the scoffer, must all feel as if they would give wealth and power, pleasure and rank for the peace and quiet which gladdened the fireside of the Pastor of Glen-O.

Upon looking over the pages we have written, we are reminded that it is time to bring our remarks to a close. A similar objection to that sometimes raised against the *Sketch Book*, and which has deprived the works of Wilson of much of their merited popularity, may be made to "*My Early Days*," viz. that it is too full of sentiment. There seems to be in these misanthropic, horror-loving times, a growing distaste for works which profess to describe the milder feelings of the heart. The scepticism and daring assertions of Vivian Grey, the genteel dissipation and immorality of Almacks, occupy almost the whole attention of the novel-reading community. The truth is, every literary frog is trying to swell himself into an ox. Every unfledged critic is descanting upon the poetry of Dante, Ariosto, and Milton, or talking large about the German literati. This is well enough for those who have visited the mistress of the world, and resided at European universities; for those who are to take a station among the telegraph men of literature to spread far and wide the beauties of letters. But it is not for beardless youth to wrestle with giants. This learned spirit of which we speak, this love of what is called strength and genius, has almost overshadowed those simple productions, whose influence ought to purify the heart. Any body may laugh at sentiment, but unless his heart is of stone, his derision must be forced, and the tear of sensibility will moisten his eye in the midst of his merriment. Every one has heard of the clown, who visited the theatre to see some great comic actor personate the character of a rustic, and came away disgusted because it was so natural; thus some may throw down the volume we are noticing, because it is so like their own feelings, so similar to their own emotions, not recollecting that it is the prerogative of genius alone to describe common feelings, so that common minds may recognise them as old acquaintances. This is the kind of sentiment we would uphold, and this is the kind of sentiment which hallows the sketches of Walter Fergusson. He paints

the secrets of the heart, so that every one feels he has such emotions within his own bosom.

It may also be said that the unpretending events which the volume relates, are not calculated to produce the strong, soul-moving effects ascribed to them. This charge, however, will only be brought forward by those who make themselves, with all their selfish feelings, all the cold maxims, and all the prejudices caught from an extended intercourse with the world, the hero of any particular scene. But when the whole of the simplicity and retirement of Walter's boyhood are taken into consideration, nothing strained or unnatural will be found in the volume. There are however some sentiments and some feelings ascribed to his earliest days, which are rather too lofty; but this must be expected whenever manhood is trying to live over again his early days.

That the work may have faults we do not deny, but we have found none worth noticing, excepting that the book contains only 148 small pages. Advising all who wish to pass two hours in looking back on the first days of life, and in pleasing, quiet contemplation, to read it, we shall close our imperfect notice of "*My Early Days*," with a few extracts, not the best that may be found, and selected principally for their brevity. The following are his reflections concerning those who would laugh at his seriousness when speaking of the trifles of his youth.

"There are some who may be disposed to mock the seriousness with which I particularize the facts and impressions of these times. Let them do so that please,—I care not. I despise the man who can think lightly of his early days. A mind of this stamp must be a total stranger to that reflection which tells us all we know of the philosophy of life. Such an one sits in his easy-chair,—looks wisely,—speculates deeply,—speaks profoundly. With him 'childhood and youth are vanity.'—Wrapped up in self-sufficiency, he deems not that his mightiest schemes weigh less in the eternal balance, than the veriest sports of boyhood. The pranks and plans of infancy are the airy effervescence of uncalculating single-heartedness. They are shed from the young spirit's beauty, like the sweet perfume of a flower; whereas, the tricks of your men of houses, lands, bonusses, legal pleas, and court intrigues, are nothing better than the marshy evaporations of the mere clod. The amusements of the boy are but a secondary matter taken up for health and exercise, and relinquished at the calls of duty. They draw together a circle of social enjoyment; they cannot exist in the presence of another's pain; they deprive no one of a

sound repose. Not so the sports of age ; they are too serious to be thrown by lightly. Like all mere animal pastimes, their supremacy is proclaimed in the solitude of the heart,—they keep a continual vigil,—they occupy the whole soul like a feeling of infinity,—and, what is worse than all, the play-ground of the mischievous wanton, with grey hairs and accumulated years, is too often selected, with an unnatural levity, on the wide field of human suffering and human sorrow.—But I forget myself: my thoughts have taken this wandering course from a deep impression of the importance of those days whose brilliancy or blackness gives a coloring to all that follows after. The clue of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle-foot. Self-love would willingly seek it any where else but there,—whether our manhood press the green savanna, or tread the marble hall,—there will the backward glance of the inquiring spirit be ever sure to find it.”

p. 66.

We select next a part of his thoughts when his mind first opened to the beauties of Astronomy. We wish our limits would allow of the insertion of the whole passage.

“With such a disposition, it is not wonderful that the heavenly bodies should prove to me delightful sources of contemplation. The master always found in me a willing auditor, when he chose to expatiate on the mysteries of his beloved science. The figures on the celestial globe rather confused, than assisted, my ideas of the constellations. The fables connected with the distribution of these luminous groups, were indeed calculated to amuse the fancy, but I thought them very absurd : and no lesson gave me half so much pleasure, as that which I received when gazing on the beautiful orbs themselves, sparkling like diamonds in the vault of ethereal blue. When I was first told what was meant by the universe, the information I gained seemed to throw open the doors of an infinite and eternal world, and lay bare all its mighty and magnificent mechanism to the confined perception of my feeble vision. When I thought of the many engines that are at work in the limitless space,—when I considered that all the forms of light and loveliness that crowded the vast concave, were even less than unity, compared to those that remained unseen,—that most of them were the centres of invisible and innumerable spheres,—that probably, like our globe, each had its inhabitants,—my brain grew dizzy, and I experienced precisely the sensation I used to feel when, standing by the river-brink, on a clear day, I beheld the clouds reflected on the face of the waters, and shrunk with terror from what appeared to be an immense and interminable abyss.” p. 70.

We give next his feelings when viewing for the first time the tremulous ocean.

“It did not altogether accord with the idea I formed of its tremendous magnificence ; yet I could not but acknowledge that it

was wonderful—most wonderful. Its appearance on that day was not tempestuous, but troubled. The blue waves rose and fell, like the heavings of an unquiet bosom. They fretted themselves to foam, as a fiery horse when driven against his will. I marked the stern career of the rushing waters; I reflected, that for ages they had been travelling on their way, and that for ages they would continue to do so. Man might grow grey in watching the ebb and flow of the multitudinous ocean, yet he would observe no abatement of its speed,—no prostration of its vigor. It is a leviathan,—‘a king over all the children of pride.’ Yet there was something saddening, in its sullen and ceaseless motion. The vast company of curled and crested billows seemed hurrying on to the accomplishment of some mysterious and melancholy destiny. Many a goodly form had they swept along in their reckless course.—Like man himself, many a mourning cry did they hear, unheeding in the hour of their stormy and desolating triumphs. A coasting vessel appeared in the distance: I pitied the hard fate of the poor wave-worn boy, compelled to seek sleep and shelter in the arms of so false a friend. Sea-birds of exquisite symmetry and dazzling whiteness, wheeling through the air, and venting their shrill plaints around, conveyed to my excited imagination the idea of the spirits of shipwrecked mariners lamenting for their comrades on the deep. Sadly and silently I turned away from the mighty element, whose majestic form reflected so many images of sorrow.” p. 104.

Our last extract will be a few lines found in his mother’s bible, who was dying of a consumption.

“I go to the land where the pure spirits dwell,
 ‘Midst bowers of beauty and bliss,—
 Then why should I take an unwilling farewell
 Of a false fleeting world like this?
 Do I wish to live over
 The past once again,
 That thus I discover
 At parting such pain?—
 Oh no, ’tis not so,—
 Though my tears overflow,
 To my Master and Maker
 I long to go.

“Soft voices are calling,—O, haste thee away!
 The feast is prepared, and the song;
 The guests are in waiting, and we only stay
 To bear thee in triumph along.
 Our pinions have power,
 Unknown to the wind,
 And earth in an hour,
 We’ll leave far behind.
 On high as we fly

To our home in the sky,
The stars seem to whirl
As we pass by!

“O, Father, forgive the frail being that grieves,
As she casts a last look below,
On two that are tender, and one, that she leaves
Alone, on a journey of wo.
For a wife and a mother,
Perhaps they ’ll complain,
And the voice of another,
Would cheer them in vain.
When deep in my sleep,
A sad silence I keep,
They ’ll call on their loved one,
And watch, and weep!

“Thou God of all goodness, and mercy, and love,
With my dying breath raised to thee,
I trust that thou wilt to these mourners prove
The guardian thou hast been to me.
Ere the soul shall have broken
Its fetters of clay,
O grant me a token,
In answer, I pray,
That I with no sigh
Of regret, may then die,
And haste to the heaven
That waits on high.

Y ox

EXTRACTS FROM A VALEDICTORY POEM.

[We have been kindly favored with the MS. of a Valedictory Poem, delivered a few years ago, with liberty to make extracts therefrom. We commence by presenting to our readers the following lines.]

“But to our subject!—College life to scan,—
Let us describe its heroes if we can.
And oh! what words shall paint? what pencil trace
The faults and virtues of that ancient race?
Oh! who can tell? not ye who roam afar
Beyond the sphere of Learning’s polar star;—
Not ye, whom science never taught to roam
Far as a College-yard, or student’s home;—
Not ye, whose slumbers, with discordant stroke,

No prayer-bell ever prematurely broke,—
Whom, lulled by night-thoughts as sublime as Young's,—
No classic strains from bacchanalian tongues,*
No soft adagio, from the muse of *blows*,
E'er roused indignant from serene repose ;
Affrighted, lest your windows, in the night,
Might transmit something weightier than light ;—
Not ye, whom midnight cry ne'er urged to run
In search of fire, when fire there had been none ;
Unless, perchance, some pump or hay-mound threw
Its bonfire lustre o'er a jolly crew ;—
None ! none but ye, whom Fate's malignant spell
Bound within ear-shot of a college bell,—
Who've suffered from a student's tricks,—or worse,
Explored the shallows of a student's purse,—
Can tell the love of fun,—the wayward mood
That marked and still mark Learning's youngling brood.

For still, since Education first began
To trace distinctions between brute and man,—
Since schools and colleges came into vogue,—
And student was synonymous with rogue,—
Since fallen Apollo, on Admetus' plains,
First undertook to school Thessalian swains,—
Or Aristotle with his jovial blades
Talked, walked, and mused in academic shades,—
Since the *Falerian* in Camillus' day,
Who thought his youthful pupils to betray,
Was stripped and fettered by that son of Rome
And by his own loved flock flogged safely home ;—
Till now that suffering Greece, in our own times,
Saw her brave students from the farthest climes
Return to fight for home and liberty :—
Students have been,—as they shall ever be,
While liberty and learning still keep pace—
The same wild, frank, warm-hearted, careless race.

* Let not the friends of College be alarmed, nor those, who still have faith in the good order of our institution, withdraw their confidence. This and all following allusions to disorderly practices, have reference to a state of things which does not now exist, and which, it is hoped, never did exist to the extent in which it is here represented. It is the privilege of all poetry to exaggerate, and the satirist, in particular, is wont to magnify the objects of his animadversion, in order the more forcibly to grapple with them. *Eds.*

Blush not, O ! Harvard ; for thy annals too
 Have many a tale to prove this doctrine true ;
 Inquir'st thou, stranger, what are the pursuits
 Of our alumni ? what the golden fruits
 Of four years' residence in classic bowers ?
 Think ye ? is Learning gifted with such powers
 To charm the fancy, that we all obey,
 Will we or will we not, her potent sway ?
 Ah no ! though sweet are Learning's treasured stores
 And dear the light which sacred science pours ;—
 Though many a youth has left these ancient walls
 Prepared to shine in legislative halls ;—
 Not all, alike concerned for future weal
 The same warm impulse of ambition feel.

Ask *Her* who o'er yon azure vault presides,—
 Queen of the night, and mistress of the tides,—
 Can half of those, who at the dead of night,
 From town returning, prize her joyful light,
 Explain the transmutations of her phiz ?
 Her *apsis*, *quadratures*, or *syzygies* ?

* * * *

Or ask yon dandy, who with starched cravat,
 Stiff form, and face unutterably flat ;
 To hire a carriage for some festive day,
 Wends to thy stable, R**** ! his joyous way.
 See the glad *tandem* on its well known route !
 Biped within, and quadrupeds without !
 O ! what a splendid, well united whole !—
 Three living bodies, and one little soul !
 Yet fear not thou, that mischance may befall !
 That soul is *large enough* to guide them all ;
 Mark how they move ! as by some fairy spell,—
 How swift ! how scientifically well !
 With what amazement every passer by
 Stops, to behold the giddy pageant fly !
 And when the youthful charioteer he sees,
 He asks—"Does Harvard teach such things as these ?"

Or ask yon idler, who, when nature's gloom
 Confines the student to his own dull room,

T'escape ennui explores romance's page ;
And, if no coming *blow* his thoughts engage,
Lights candle and cigar,—awhile to soar
Above the regions of material lore,
To where young fancy reigns, with wing unfurled
O'er all the gentry of the novel world,—
Ghosts, fairies, robbers, gipsies and what not—
Wherewith thy tales abound, prolific Scott !

What various clubs our leisure hours employ,
Knights, Deips, and Akribologoumenoi,
Hermetics, and musicians of the night,
With those who feed their weekly appetite
On *hasty-pudding*—literary food !—
And ye too, of the famed *Porcellian* brood !
But O ! let *black-strap's* sable god deplore
Those *engine-heroes* so renowned of yore !
Gone is that spirit, which, in ancient time,
Inspired more deeds than ever shone in rhyme !
Ye, who remember the superb array,
The deafening cry, the engine's "maddening play,"
The broken windows, and the floating floor,
Wherewith those masters of hydraulic lore
Were wont to make us tremble as we gazed,
Can tell how many a false alarm was raised,
How many a room by their o'erflowings drenched,
And how few fires by their assistance quenched !

But see ! where yonder light-armed ranks advance !—
Their colors gleaming in the noonday glance,—
Their steps symphonious with the drum's deep notes,
While high the buoyant, breeze-borne banner floats !
O ! let not allied hosts yon band deride !
'Tis *Harvard Corps*, our bulwark and our pride !
Mark, how like one great whole, instinct with life,
They seem to woo the dangers of the strife !
Who would not brave the heat, the dust, the rain,
To march the leader of that valiant train ?

Hedge

CONVERSATION.

———*Si malè loquëris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.*
Hor.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, on the memorable occasion of his rupture with Mr. Burke, avowed his sincere sorrow at the loss he must sustain. 'If,' said he, 'I consider all that I have learned by study, by reflection, and by the conversation of other men, and put it in one scale, and what I have learned by the conversation of Mr. Burke, and put it in the other scale—I know not to which side the balance would decline.' Such was the esteem in which this gifted statesman held the advantages of masterly, intellectual conversation; a conversation drawn from the most extensive reading, and the most profound thought, and the most delicate sentiment; a conversation which taxed the giant faculties of Johnson.

It is strange, that what men do every hour, so few should learn to do well. It is very strange, that with such brilliant recorded testimony to the worth and beauty of the art of conversation, as is constantly forced on us in books, new and old, it should engage so slight a portion of regard and study, from those who are compassing sea and land, to add to their knowledge, to strengthen their reason, to sharpen their perceptions. It seems to be a tacit convention among scholars, that their learning and wisdom shall not intrude upon their common intercourse. They appear to amuse themselves with an incognito like that which kings have sometimes assumed,—hiding the badges of royalty beneath the gown of the mendicant, and ever on the watch lest their rank be betrayed, by the sparkle of a gem from under their rags. In our unhappy times, a gentleman chooses his parlor talk, as he does his table wines, light and cheap. Compliment must be unmeaning, or it is not compliment. The province of courtesy is distinct from the province of the understanding. The drawing-room is intended in kindness, as a Sabbath of rest to the exhausted intellect, and if nothing occurs to us but common sense, we may be sure we shall best consult our own reputation, by playing dummy. Indeed, none now make pretension to the name of agreeable companions, but those blessed with the rare accomplishment of giving dignity

to folly, and an elegant consequence to trifles. When and where these articles of exclusion were signed, that lay the ban of fashion on every thing which approaches an exhibition of mental power, we are ignorant; we have only to lament the fact,

Conversation should have a peculiar value to the man of letters, as a sort of private, preparatory rehearsal of his opinions, before he sends them out to the public; and not only is he able to judge of their force by the impression made on his friend, but his conceptions get a reality, a life, a glow, in the eloquence to which he is unconsciously wrought, by his desire to recommend his own views to the reason and imagination of another. Any one who will attempt the experiment, will be amazed, to find how his thoughts on any subject are cleared and multiplied; to see what troops of arguments and analogies start up unbidden in the excitement of conversation, for the defence of his sincere opinions; "*ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messes.*" 'Talking,' said Bacon, 'makes a ready man;' it does also, wisely managed, make a wise man. And nobody was more diligent to improve, or more worthy to exemplify its uses than the immortal chancellor, of whom it is recorded by Francis Osborne, that "in all companies he did appear a good proficient, if not a master, in those arts entertained for the subject of every one's discourse. His most casual talk deserveth to be written. I have heard him at one time entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs; and at another outcant a London surgeon. Nor did an easy falling into arguments appear less an ornament in him. The ears of his hearers received more gratification than trouble, and were no less sorry when he came to conclude, than displeased with any who did interrupt him."

Many times each day are we offended by the transgression of some of those proprieties in conversation, which are always beautiful in those who observe them, and the perception and practice of which need only a little attention, and the exercise of the same good taste in this, as in the other embellishments of life. Why should the art of music be so sedulously cultivated, while this natural music of good sense, and good feeling, to which God has tuned our system, is never taught and seldom learned? No song or viol ever touched the soul, like a word fitly spoken.

One would suppose, that at college, where are collected the young during the great process of education, where stiff propriety is put to the rout, and the monotony of life is relieved by the gaiety and elastic temper of our minds, conversation would take its tone from these fortunate circumstances; that because of our buoyant spirits it would be lively; and because of our pursuits, intellectual. But no—even here, the embargo is laid upon the great staples of discourse, the doctrines contained in books, the subjects of our daily study, the subtle questions of taste, the curious speculations of philosophers, the affairs and conduct of men in history, ancient and modern, dead and living—all these are contraband, and if introduced at all into our talk, must be smuggled under some disguise of wit, or in the bustle of contention. To avoid pedantry, we banish learning; to avoid vanity, we discourage genius. All must be free, equal, merry, commonplace. It is ill for the interests both of learning and friendship, that our intercourse should not be regulated by larger principles, at this period of generous feeling and candid judgment. Could we get over our dread of being sober, and give a wider range to our conversation, it might be an advantage to us all, and confer on some a peculiar favor. According to the present order of things, those very scholars who most need the refreshing influence of hilarity and kindness, are the individuals most likely to be excluded from its enjoyment. There is frequently a student, whose labors and cares incline him to despondency. While he is toiling to supply the defects of nature, or to overcome the disadvantages of early years, removed from those who were accustomed to cheer his exertions by their tender regard, his fine affections are running to waste. He seeks the social circle; but he cannot readily catch the tune o' the time; he knows not how to assume their gay demeanour, and circulate in his turn the current scandal; his serious looks and words sour upon their dainty stomachs, and they manifest their weariness of his presence. He perceives that he is not welcome, and he goes back with one more disappointment, sad and lonely to his chamber.

We do not wish to be mistaken. We are attached, beyond measure attached, to the habits of college fellowship. We love the jokes, stories, laughter, songs. We love the healthy

circulation of opinion, the frank declaration of sentiment that prevails. We admire the independence of names and forms which is a part of the character of students. There is no respect of persons, no bowing nor cringing to rank or fortune. All this is noble, and it is because we see here the elements of so excellent a society, that we are anxious to have them mingled and attempered to a perfect composition.

We are far from desiring to see established that order of argumentative captious talking, which obtains occasionally in certain circles. A man must be careful that he advance no new or strange doctrine; careful that he let fall no casual remark, whose wit, he thinks, will atone for the faults of its logic. These defenders of the truth are in immediate alarm lest his innocent *jeu-d'esprit* be the source of pernicious error. He is vague,—he must explain,—reduce his brilliant conceit to their poor capacities; he must be hunted down with deductions, he must be tossed on the horns of a dilemma, and finally left crushed, like Tarpeia, beneath the shields of his antagonists.

When in future years we shall be scattered, each to his separate office and place, some far, some near; when from that distant hour we shall look back upon this period of our youngest, perhaps our best days, what will be the prominent trait which will give them their character in our memories? on what will our recollections most strongly fasten, as they pass in review before us? Not, I think, on the developement of mind, that accompanied their progress; more astonishing changes will have then been wrought in our capacity and habits of thought, than were here effected. Not on the consequence and honor which they saw us acquire; intervening years of action will have made us forget the incipient dignity of Academic life. But we shall think of them as the days when we used to have those pleasant meetings of friends and companions—those little assemblies, rich with the treasures of the mind and the heart, that were poured out in the warmth of intimacy and the flow of conversation.

“Ah, Ben!

Say how, or when,
Shall we thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Held at the Dog, the Fish, the Tunne?

Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
And yet each verse of thine,
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine."

We shall then be sorry, that these golden days of free and hearty love, were no better husbanded. We shall lament that we were so prodigal of unreturning opportunities, unvalued friendship. We are able now to store up comfort for coming time. Every hour now spent in the exchange of manly thought, and cordial feeling with our chosen acquaintance ; every hour that we rescue from shallow gossip, and crowd with the true conviviality of intelligence and affection, is a noble contemplation reserved to future years. It is a fair picture, whose colors age will mellow, not obliterate, and on which the eye will repose with satisfaction, when surrounding objects shall touch feebly our fading perceptions.

E.

Emerson

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

How bright and pure those moonbeams fall
Upon the glassy lake, and with a touch
More potent than the chemist's stone,
Transform the liquid element
To molten gold. The lofty trees
Cast their dark shadows far below,
And each bright silver star seems torn
From its own heaven, to make beneath
Our feet another heaven as bright :
Yet how deceitful is that calm—
How like our own deceitful life ;
There all is pleasing ; gayest hope
Spreads out her fairy scenes
Decked in the brightest hues—
Away with doubt ! Eager we plunge
Into the waves, which yield, " not found,"
" But where they mean to sink us."
But still how calm art thou, O lake,
How beautiful : and I could gaze

On thee and on yon moon for ever ;
And is not this in truth the time
When "happiness most perfect" fills
The enraptured soul, while the full moon
Looks calmly down on the still world,
And all within is still.
And this is contemplation's hour,
Her holiest hour. Cares of the world
Away, and leave my troubled breast ;
Fain would I hold a converse pure,
Devoid of earth, with those bright orbs.
What are ye—suns of other worlds ?
Ye shine so sweetly on me now
That I could think ye spirits blest,
Watching o'er mortals while they sleep.
For if there be an hour so pure
That beings of another world
Descend to earth, it must be this.
Spirits of those, I once lov'd here,
Come to me now ; I fear ye not.
Hark ! how those strains of music steal
Through the still night upon the ear,
Diffusing through my soul sadness
So sweet I cannot wish it gone.
I only wish that those I love
Best upon earth were with me here,
That they might feel as I now feel.
Who is there so allied to earth
As at this hour to entertain
Within his breast one selfish thought ?
And now that music dies away,
And fancy pleased could almost deem
The lingering sounds the kind farewell
Of those bright stars, as yon black cloud
Steals over them. Farewell sweet stars.

A. D.

Rand

KEY TO VIVIAN GREY.

But the puff collusive is the newest of any, for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility.

The Critic.

THIS Key is really the most ingenious "puff collusive," that we have ever seen. The author reasons in the following original and irresistible manner. Vivian Grey is a very malicious, but a most eloquent and talented production; it is to be found in the desk of every young lady, where it ought not to be. We do not approve the introduction of private characters and failings into a novel; therefore we are determined to unmask the author. Very plausible!

"It is not fit," say they, "that he should wrap himself in darkness while he strikes at his victims;" therefore we will bring him out to the public gaze,—we will expose him to the world; all which we shall bring to pass, not by printing the name of the writer, but by publishing the characters which he has obscurely outlined, or alluded to!

Now the direct effect of this is of course to make every one desirous to see this personal but exceedingly fine work; all young ladies of fashion must of course purchase it, because it is not likely to do them any good; and the philanthropic and benevolent will of course purchase the Key, in order to forward the attempts of those who labor to expose malice. This method of puffing is getting quite into vogue;—and indeed we strongly suspect that a certain very powerful and exceedingly satirical notice of our own labors was written by some kind friend to introduce the work to the notice of the public.

But this Key, though it may be interesting to the immediate circles round about London, cannot be very much so to us, who know no more about the noble personages alluded to, than we should about the nobility of the Moon,—if there are any nobles there. Therefore we determined to write a Key ourselves, which should supersede the Key to Vivian Grey. This being determined upon, the next thing was to find a book for which to write a Key. We thought at first we should be obliged to write one. But after long self-communings we finally determined to publish a Key to Nahant, which we are now going to present you with. It will probably make the fortune

of the Harvard Register and its publishers; whom we promise not to call upon for any portion of the profits, unless this number passes through more than fifteen editions.

KEY TO NAHANT, OR THE FLEURE OF SOUVENANCE.

Most of those readers, into whose hands this may fall, and particularly those whose memory it has not escaped, will remember that some months ago, a small volume, with the title of Nahant, was issued in a very superior style, as it regards its mechanical execution,—to the very great gratification of the reading public. But as to its mechanical execution, though to be sure it is rather superior to the literary, we shall say nothing. The only circumstance, to which at present we intend to allude, is the introduction of highly respectable private characters, under fictitious names. The illiterate vulgar probably thought that Cicero, Demosthenes, and others mentioned in the above work were really at Nahant when all this took place. This we hold to be an error. So far from supposing that these gentlemen were really there, in *propria persona* we have the best possible authority for saying, that they never dined there in their lives! Now we will unmask without mercy a person who attempts to practise so palpable an imposition upon the public, and show who the persons designated under the above letters really are.

*Demosthenes	Mr. _____
†Cicero	Mr. P****
‡Lysias	Mr. _____t
§Apollo	Mr. _____
Venus	Miss _____
&c.					

NOTES.

* It has been confidently asserted that Mr. H—— M—— is the gentleman represented under this name; but we are *positively sure* that it is no other than the one intended in this blank, which our readers will have no difficulty in supplying.

† The editor of the Harvard Register is not the person here alluded to, as has been strenuously though erroneously asserted.

‡ There can be no mistake here.

§ If every one, after looking in the glass, will endeavour to recollect who of all his acquaintance most resembles Apollo, he will

find no possible difficulty in discovering the pertinency of this allusion.

Thus have we fully and manfully unmasked the malice of this elegant though personal writer.

J. O. Sargent

THE DAY OF ENTERING.

See how they come, a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days ;—
Beneath them like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

Bryant.

THE thoughts and feelings of him who is just entering upon his college life, though more simple and freer from sickening anxiety, are not less peculiar than those of the Graduate. Hitherto the changes which have taken place have cost but a few tears, which a new joy has quickly wiped away. Now are to begin those real meetings and partings which throw sunshine and sorrow on the journey of life. Thus far the hours have been passed in the quiet and rural seclusion of domestic life, but now the time is come when he begins to see at least the vast ocean of existence, and hear the roar of its troubled waters. Within a few days, boyish hopes, boyish fears, boyish sports, all that give such a thoughtless innocence to early days, are, in a great measure, to be given up. The feelings of the schoolboy are to be laid aside with his ruffles and his spenser, and although he is not yet to enter into the bustle of active life ; to experience the cares and solitudes which thicken around us as we advance into manhood, still he is to tread a path on which are cast deep shades, compared with the glorious sunshine which has thus far enlivened his way.

Few of us realize that at the time we enter into college, the *die* is forming which is to stamp our future characters. Yet it is so. Here we are to learn the first lesson of self-government. We have few guides, except our own strength of mind ; and whatever influence is now exerted over us is

indirect. The eyes of our natural guardians can hardly reach us, even with the far stretching gaze of affection. And our friends can aid us only by those lessons which they have heretofore graven upon the heart. There are here no kind and attentive relatives to watch untiring our conduct. Those who are to direct us in college, kind, feeling and interested though they may be, cannot supply the place of the friends we have left at home. Duty and inclination may lead them to do much, but there never can be that mutual confidence which springs from natural affection, or that instruction which is conveyed by ever present example, rather than precept.

The customs and prejudices of college, good and bad, the dread of ridicule, the love of popularity, with many other circumstances, so stagger and perplex the mind of the youthful student, that few of us have, at the early age we enter college, decision of character sufficient to lead us to mark out the most proper course to be pursued. There is scarcely any one who does not look with sorrow upon some of the notions and habits he acquired by the want of judgment, the inexperience which characterized the commencement of his academic life. The bantering of older students leads some to break at once the silken fetters with which affection would restrain us; while the principles and gentle feelings of others are moulded more gradually but no less surely into the recklessness of college life. Not that we would be understood to derogate aught from the moral character of our Alma Mater. The tales of scoffers, and of those who would raise their own severe and unsocial principles on the ruins of every faith which differs from their own, the tales which these men tell, the insinuations and cowardly inuendoes, which these men are propagating, are false—false as they themselves know them to be. Harvard is as pure as any literary institution, and there is as much piety and morality, as much honorable and generous feeling among her students, as there is among any two hundred and fifty young men, gather them from what ever part of the Union you may. She *has* put men of worth and talents in the highest places of the nation. She *has* filled our pulpits with wise, pious and benevolent men. She *has* maintained liberal and high-minded principles, and she will do so yet, in spite of the quakings of the weak, or the malicious efforts of the envious and inimical.

But to return from this digression : we mean only to say

that there are necessarily strong temptations which few have sufficient firmness wholly to resist. There are evils too deeply rooted to be soon eradicated, manners and customs which have come down to us from our fathers, partaking of a mixed character, though doubtless the amount of the good in college far surpasses that of the bad. But it may be that some unpleasant things are needful to the well being of our "little world," somewhat in the same manner as sin is necessary in the greater world around us.

But perhaps we have gone too far in ascribing so much to the first days in college. We may not think deeply on serious things. The perplexities which are continually troubling us, those feelings incident to us as strangers to the customs of the society we have entered, the novelty of the thing, with various other circumstances, may distract our attention, and keep the mind from dwelling on melancholy truths; while those brilliant honors, those happy hours, with which our young hopes and imaginations are decking the future; the elysium which our sanguine expectations create within, may keep out all fearfulness, and banish for a while the lowering clouds of disappointment and sorrow. We may say at this time with the poet,

"Then haste the time, 'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged feet so fast;
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
And all thy pains are quickly past."

For

CAMBRIDGE LYRICS.

Mæcenas atavis edite regibus.

Hor.

DEAR GEORGE—descended from a line,
Where peers and lords their names combine,
To raise heraldic glory—
Come listen, while I point the ways
In which each son of Harvard strays,
A "true and pleasant" story.

He who desires to be a *big-Bug*, rattling in a *natty gig*,
 No-top, or chaise, or tandem,
Cuts corners with its glowing wheel,
And while his brains and body reel,
 His steeds dash on at random.

While one, on fame alone intent,
Seeks to be chosen president
 Of clubs, or a class-meeting ;
Another, in his study chair,
Digs up Greek roots with learned care—
 Unpalatable eating.

There is, who, strange to say, delights
In moistening days and likewise nights,
 With Claret, Port, and Sherry,
Reclined at ease upon his bed,
Cigar-clouds rolling o'er his head,
 He gently waxes merry.

Another joins the Harvard Corps,
And struts in arms ne'er seen before,
 When his assessment paid is,
Admiring military life,
The rattling drum, the thrilling fife—
 Sounds hated by the ladies.

Unmindful of his loving chum,
The sportsman stays away from home,
 Beneath the chilling sky ;
Whether his dog a woodcock starts,
Or partridges of luscious parts,
 With whirring feathers fly.

For me, within the grove's cool dell
Praising bad jokes with "fair," "c'est belle,"
 And toasting belles much fairer ;
I spend the day in mirth or song,
And also use as *agrément*,
 Punch dashed with old Madeira.

Q. H. F. jr.

Clarke.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

—Forsan et hæc olim meminisse
Juvabit.

Virgil.

[In the absence of a regular history of our Alma Mater, we have thought that a few sketches of the college would not be unacceptable to our readers. As to their extent or interest, we can give no promise; it will depend on the materials we may be able to procure. To those who are disposed to aid us in our undertaking, we would say, that any communications relating to this subject, directed to the Editors of the Register, and left with Hilliard and Brown, will be received with thanks.]

THE pilgrim fathers, who left the comforts and conveniences of their native land to seek shelter in the wilderness of America, were no foolhardy adventurers. They were men of powerful minds, of unshaken fortitude; and if an intolerant spirit is found to have been mingled in their character with much that was highminded and noble, we should attribute it entirely to the age and circumstances into which they were thrown. They were men of enlightened minds, and (except on the subject of religion) of liberal views. They knew the importance of learning, and in a very early period began to provide for its interests; for no sooner were they freed from their most pressing dangers and necessities, than they founded the University which now holds the highest rank in America. Religion was the subject which occupied all their attention; it was the thing for which they lived, and for which they were ready at any time to die; and their devotedness to its interests early led to the establishment of a college. Great anxiety prevailed as to the means of obtaining a sufficient number of ministers of the gospel, since the supply from England could not be sufficiently large. Accordingly we find that in the year 1636 the general court appropriated £400 towards the establishment of a college at Newtown.

The Rev. John Harvard, founder of Harvard College, was minister of Charlestown, and had received the degree of A. M. at Emanuel College, England. He died of a consumption September 14th, 1638, bequeathing £779. 2*d.* towards the pious work of establishing a college. Whilst the first building was erecting, a society of scholars was forming in Boston under one Eaton. This man appears to have been

by no means calculated for the task he had undertaken ; being noted for his avarice and cruelty, and after having been excommunicated by the church, he left the province. On the 27th August 1640, the magistrates and ministers met and chose Mr. Henry Dunster first President of the College. The amount of studies required for admission into the University at this time, was with the exception of mathematicks, almost as great as at the present day. It was necessary for an applicant "to be able to read any classical author into English," and readily make and speak true Latin, and write it in verse as well as prose ; and "perfectly to decline the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue." Whoever could comply with these requisitions was admitted, and received a copy of the laws, which he was obliged to transcribe and preserve. It was the duty of the President "to inspect the manners of the students, and unto his morning and evening prayers, to join some exposition of the chapters which they read from Hebrew into Greek, from the Old Testament in the morning, and out of English into Greek, from the New Testament in the evening." The resident fellows were Tutors to the classes, and instructed them in Hebrew, "and led them through all the liberal arts before the four years were expired." Besides this instruction, the scholars had regular declamations on Fridays, and public disputations every week, at which the President and Fellows presided. For three weeks during the month of June, the graduates of the year attended in the recitation room on Mondays and Tuesdays, subject to the examination of all who chose to visit them. These were called the Sitting of the Solstices, or the Weeks of Visitation.

Commencement at first, took place on the second Tuesday of August, when the candidates for the first degree "held their act publicly at Cambridge." The exercises consisted in part of salutatory and valedictory orations, which were written in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. It was customary also for the President to deliver a Latin oration. But by far the greater part of the performances appear to have been disputations. At the close of the day, in a manner similar to the present, the President conferred the degrees.

President Dunster continued in office until 1654 ; when becoming "entangled in the mazes of Anabaptism," he was

obliged to resign his office. Whilst Mr. Winthrop was travelling in the low countries, he endeavoured to persuade Johannes Amos Comenius to become President; "but the influence of the Swedish ambassador," (says Mather, from whose *Magnalia* this account is principally taken,) "proving too strong, this incomparable Moravian became not an American." On the 27th November, 1654, Mr. Charles Chauncy was inaugurated. President Chauncy died in 1701, and was succeeded by Mr. Leonard Hoar, the first graduate of the College who rose to the dignity of being its governor. Whilst he was in office he became unpopular with some of the leading men of the time; and the students, taking advantage of this, raised a rebellion and left College. The Doctor therefore resigned, and died of a consumption caused by grief, in the winter of 1676. Passing over a period in the history of the College, comprising about seven years, we find that Mr. John Rogers was installed in 1683. It is related of this worthy man, that he usually made very long prayers. On one occasion, however, he was remarkably short to the great wonder of the students. It was afterwards looked upon as a special act of Providence, for on returning to their rooms, the scholars found a chamber on fire, which had spread to such an extent, that it would have destroyed the whole building, had the devotional exercises continued three moments longer. President Rogers died on the 2d July, 1684, three days after Commencement, and during an eclipse of the sun. He was interred in God's-acre, (probably the present burial ground.) A stone was placed over his grave with a Latin inscription thereon, written by Mather, at the expense of the students.

In order to preserve a continued account of the first presidents of the College, we have omitted incidents the date of which entitled them to an earlier notice.

The first Commencement took place 1642, and is thus noticed by Governor Winthrop. "Nine bachelors commenced at Cambridge; they were young men of good hope, and performed their acts, so as gave good proof of their proficiency in the tongues and arts." All the magistrates and elders of the three nearest towns, then constituted the government of the College. "Most of them were present at this first Commencement, and dined at the College in the

scholars' ordinary commons, which was done of purpose for the students' encouragement, and it gave good content to all." In 1643 the general court altered the government of the College, by committing it to the magistrates of the six nearest towns, and the President for the time being. In 1650 a charter was given, appointing a corporation, consisting of the President, five Fellows and a Treasurer, which, with the above mentioned board, were called the Overseers.

Edward Hopkins Esq. Governor of Connecticut, died in 1687, and left £500 for the use of the College and grammar school. Part of this fund was applied to the support of five resident graduates, another part to the maintenance of a master, and the instruction of five boys in the town school at Cambridge; and a third part was expended in *Deturs* to meritorious undergraduates. The legislature in 1800 enlarged this fund, so as to increase the number of graduates benefited to six, and the number of boys to seven.

Through the exertions of Eliot, and others, a brick edifice was erected in Cambridge in 1668 for an Indian college. But although several of the natives were admitted, only one, Caleb Cheeshahteumuck, received academical honors.

The facts which we have here stated, are known to many, and are within the reach of all. Our only object has been to present them in a condensed form to our readers.

Curtis

THE BATTLE OF THE DELTA.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Milton.

THE Freshmen's wrath, to Sophs the direful spring
Of shins unnumbered bruised, great goddess sing;
Let fire and music in my song be mated,
Pure fire and music unsophisticated.

The college clock struck twelve—that awful hour
When Sophs met Fresh, power met opposing power;
To brave the dangers of approaching fight,
Each army stood of literary might;
With warlike ardor for a deathless fame
Impatient stood—until the football came;

When lo ! appearing at the college gate,
 A four-foot hero bears the ball of fate ;
 His step was majesty, his look was fire—
 O how I wish he'd been six inches higher !
 His eye around triumphantly he throws,
 The battle ground surveys, surveys his foes ;
 Then with a look—O what a look profound !
 The well-blown ball he casts upon the ground ;
 How stern the hero looked, how high the ball did bound !
 "Let none," he says, "my valour tried impeach,
 Should I delay the fight—to make a speech"—
 "Let it be *warned*," a youthful Stentor cries,
 No speeches here,—but let the football rise."
 Through warlike crowds a devious way it wins,
 And shins advancing meet advancing shins ;
 "Over the fence !" from rank to rank resounds,
 Across the rampart many a hero bounds ;
 But sing, Apollo ! I can sing no more,
 For Mars advancing threw the dust before.

Meantime the Seniors, on the ladder raised,
 Upon the strife sublime, intentive gazed ;
 Secured from blows by elevation high,
 The fight they viewed with philosophic eye,
 Save here and there a veteran soldier stood,
 A noble darer for the Freshmen's good.

But ah ! I vainly strive—I could not tell
 What mighty heroes on the greenward fell,
 Who lost, who won the honors of that day,
 Or limped alas ! ingloriously away—
 I could not tell—such task might well require
 A Milton's grandeur and a Homer's fire ;
 A ream of foolscap, bunch of goosequills too,
 Would scarce suffice to sing the battle through ;
 How many moons would wax, how many wane,
 While still the bard might ply his song in vain ;
 Yet minstrel's purse and brain but ill affords
 Such waste of paper, and such waste of words.

But see ! where ~~yonder~~ Freshman Hector stands,
 Fire in his eye, and football in his hands ;

Ye muses, tell me who,—and whence he came ;
From Stonington—and Peter is his name ;
That coat, which erst upon the field he wore,
Was once a coat—but ah ! a coat no more ;
For coat and cap have joined the days of yore.
So when some tempest rages in the sky,
Shakes the Gymnasium mast, erected high,
That mast so sacred to Alcides' cause,
Which oft has made the country people pause,
Or wonder, as they pass at slower speed,
What can a college of a gallows need ?
As when the aforesaid storm its tackling rends,
Rope ladders this, and wooden that way, sends ;
Still stands the mast majestic in might,
So Peter stood, though coatless in the fight.
At length advancing to the neutral space,
He proudly waved his hand, and wiped his face ;
Then with a voice as many waters loud,
He broke the silence, and bespoke the crowd.
So oft when stilly, starry eve invites,
To wander forth and taste her fresh delights,
I've heard the *bugle* o'er the common sound,
Though all unknown by whom or wherefore wound.
“ List to my words ; from Stonington I came,
In football matchless, and of peerless fame ;
Think ye, faint-hearted, scientific fools,
That such as Peter waste away in schools ?
No, glorious battle called him from afar,
From Stonington, to hear the din of war ;
Then if there be a Soph, who boot to boot,
Dares meet the vengeance of a Peter's foot,—
Let him advance, his shin shall feel the woe.
That lives, though sleeping, in a Peter's toe.”
He said, and ceased,—Jotham stepped forth to view,
A Soph of stature, and of glory too.
“ Vain-boasting Peter, dost thou think thy hand
Can Mars and Jotham in the strife withstand ?
Minerva aids thee ? vaunter, learn to fear,
Mars in the van, and Jotham in the rear !”
He said, and furious rushed upon the foe,
As when two cows to deadly combat go ;
Fate interfered, and stopped the impending blow ;

For hark ! the summons of the Commons-bell,
That music every hero knows so well ;
All sympathetic started at the sound,
And ran for dinner from the battle ground.

Richmond

RECOLLECTIONS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

During the last vacation, while looking into some neglected drawers in my father's library, amongst old accounts, deeds, &c. I found a small manuscript, entitled "Recollections." Upon examining it, I discovered it was written by a young Englishman, who, about the latter part of August, 1797, came with letters of introduction to my father. I inquired of several members of the family, concerning him, but no one could give me the least information. He died in about four months after his arrival, just as he was embarking for England. I have sent you the following extract from the MS.

L. A.

"Oct. 13. I have just returned from a long and solitary walk in the woods, which are clothed in all that variegated garb, of which those who have never left England can form no idea. On some of the trees the foliage was turned to a bright yellow ; from others the brown leaves were falling, and the rich red of the maple contrasted finely with the deep green of the fir. I seated myself on a bank ; at a little distance a hoarse and murmuring stream was with difficulty forcing its way, and at every melancholy blast of the wind the sere leaves came falling around me. It was a mournful scene ; but it harmonized well with my own soul. There, too, all is dry, and withered, and desolate. Like these leaves all my wishes and expectations have fallen under the severe and nipping frosts of misfortune, and not a single green branch of hope remains, except that hope, O that it were fulfilled ! of rest in the grave. May that grave be in England, beside one, over whom the tall grass and the wild-flower have long since sprung up. I wish to lay me down under those aged elms and yews where I so often gamboled in childhood.

"How often when I am alone does dear England and the

scenes with which I have been familiar rise up before me so vividly, that I fancy the current of life is running back to its sources, and even those occurrences which I should have supposed would long since have faded from my memory, come back to me so distinctly, that for some little time I fancy myself in the midst of them. It certainly is the power of misfortune, if it does not prepare us for coming griefs, to quicken our recollection of joys that are past. How often does memory carry me back to my native village, to my own home, with its long avenue of lofty trees, and its verdant park, where the peaceful deer were feeding, the formal terraces, and the garden with its gravel walks, its regularly-angled beds, and its clipped trees. And I even think of Isaac, the old huntsman, and Argus and Carlo, the house-dogs, who were so often my playmates. Then come my schoolboy days, with all their merry frolics, and my old tutor and his birch rod are despoiled of their terrors. Then memory hurries me on to other days, and recollections come, which, although my soul will dwell upon, and carefully nurse up, are yet painful to me. 'In my mind's eye' the scenes in which I was associated with her appear to me. I see the old village church, its gothic tower, its painted windows, its aged, silver-headed minister, and *she* is there. How often have I knelt with her at the same altar, offered the same prayers, confessed the same frailties, implored the same pardon. I think of my departure from home, my toils and labours; of the merry meetings in the old hall on my return. Then horrible thoughts of sickness and death come over me. I visited the church yard once more; I knelt on the tombstone, but not a word passed my lips, not a tear fell on my cheek. But I must stop.——

"I am now more calm. The clear harvest-moon is shining down upon me, and has diffused some of its own quiet spirit through my breast. Sometimes when I sit for a long time thinking, when I recall all I once possessed, and am able to realize that I have now lost it all,—when I contrast my present condition with my former happiness, I become almost maddened by thought. How calm and beautiful every thing appears by moonlight. O that my own heart were as calm! it is at such times as this that I most feel my loss, that I wish a few years might be recalled, and that I might be restored to my home such as it was in times gone by.

How sweet to misery's sons the hour,
Devoid of sorrows and of fears,
When memory through the vale of years
Fondly looks back to childhood's days.

When boyhood's happy scenes, but touched
By recollection's magic wand,
Like shadows from the fairy land,
Rise up to us, as once they were.

When from the chilling storms of life,
Our youthful hopes have long since fled,
And those we loved are with the dead,
And nought of joy is left us here ;

Then retrospection's pleasures come
To cheer the heart that else would fail,
And fancy tells again the tale
Of former joys, and friends, and home."

*A. J.
Rand*

REGISTER.

THE Boylston Prizes for 1827, were awarded as follows. The two first to Josiah D. Hedge of the Senior, and Chandler Robbins of the Junior class. The three second, to Henry S. M'Kean, Jonathan L. Woart of the Senior, and Charles Fay of the Junior class.

The number of graduates at the last commencement was 43.

Students connected with the University.

UNDERGRADUATES.		GRADUATES.	
Seniors	57	Candidates for the Ministry	17
Juniors	61	Theological Students	26
Sophomores	48	Law	8
Freshmen	60	Medical	110
	226	Resident Graduates	2
			163
—TOTAL 389—			

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. C. and S. G. can receive their MSS. by calling at Hilliard & Brown's.

Correspondents are requested to send their communications, as early in the month as possible, and certainly before the 17th.

THE
HARVARD REGISTER.

NO. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1827.

THE SKEPTIC.

———The owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

Coleridge.

It was a cold, blustering, autumnal afternoon. The sky was covered with a heavy mantle of clouds, and the sun, shorn of his beams by the surrounding gloom, was sinking into the west, a huge ball of lurid fire. The wind sighed through the branches of the leafless trees, as if mourning with nature the decay of her beauty. The whole scene was sad and mournful; it was one of those which press down with a leaden hand the soul of man, and murder in their infancy all joyous emotions. It was a striking picture of the desolation of a heart uncheered by the light of religion—a fit emblem of him who was now to be laid in the tomb.

Few followed the coffin of the suicide, as it was carried to its lonely grave; for he was one against whom the hearts of all were barred, as were the gates of the consecrated burial-yard against his mortal remains. A few, however, did follow the corpse; sorrowing without comfort, not because the living was numbered with the dead, but because his own rashness, his own infidelity had sealed his

doom. The father came,—not in the steadiness of manly sorrow, but tottering under the torture of despair, and shedding scalding tears, which might almost be said to leave on his blanched cheek, seared marks of his unending grief. The brothers followed, and over their weeping faces crept the blush of shame, that they were the relatives of the disbeliever. The mother was not there. Maternal solicitude could not wait for the last horrid deed. The consciousness that her son, her first-born, the boy she had borne in sorrow, and nursed in his weakness, the child who had slept on her bosom, knew no God, had already laid her beneath the cold sod of the valley. But one was there, whose affection and misery surpassed even that of a mother. One, who, too wretched to die, came to perform the last act of woman's love, which deserts not even the worthless and wicked at the grave. No tear fell upon her cheek, no convulsive shudder shook her frame. Pale and wan, despair had hardened her features to marble. As they stood around the narrow pit, she would have been a statue but for the wildness of her dark eye, which flew from the countenances of the bystanders to the bier, and told, in its flashes, of reason driven from her throne. The earth fell upon the coffin, and they all departed, without one ray of consolation. The maniac went away also, and the grave was left for the night wind to howl over.

He whose remains were thus interred had lived but a little time; yet that little was crowded with virtue, and sorrow, and vice. More evil had grown out of his short existence, than many a longer life had ever witnessed. The tale is melancholy, but may not be without its profitableness.

With much personal beauty, Frederick Oldenbert possessed a remarkable mind, and one glance at his pale but expressive countenance showed him different from all others. To an enthusiasm which sometimes approached to madness, was added unshaken firmness, and perfect independence, whenever openly opposed; but he was easily governed by any unseen power. Yet his understanding was strong, and his perception quick, so that the mind which would influence him must have studied human nature deeply. His boyhood gave evidence of these characteristics; as he grew in years they were more and more developed, and new traits appeared. It was his lot to possess a superstitious temperament,

and to have, incongruous as it may seem, the seeds of skepticism within him. Perfect freedom from temptation, and a sincere, single-hearted attachment to one as pure in mind as she was lovely in person, had thus far in life preserved him from being injured by his singular disposition and feelings. But this course was not to continue, and a change in his circumstances and situation produced a lamentable change in his character.

When he reached his eighteenth year, with his mind unmatured, his passions unrestrained, he left his native land to finish his education in Germany. To visit that land had always been the desire of his soul. There he thought he should be able to satisfy his love of romance, and find those who would sympathize in his enthusiasm. He had eagerly devoured all the horrid and supernatural tales, which the genius of that country has produced ; and nothing chimed in so well with his disposition, as the romantic, poetical and skeptical nature of the German students.

On his arrival he hired apartments and joined one of the most popular universities. Soon becoming acquainted with numbers of his fellow students, he chose the society of those who exhibited the feelings he so much admired. He would sit for hours and listen to the wild tales, the thrilling legends of his new friends ; and his whole soul became wrapped in that peculiar taste which to a degree pervades this nation. As he became more and more acquainted with its language, he gave himself up to the most bold and terrible parts of its literature. He resigned himself to those daring, but unhealthy and scorching minds, which have brought forth pages covered with dark and mysterious speculations, or clouded and dismal tales, instead of pure and instructive volumes. At home, if he had not acted in accordance with the dictates of religious feeling, he had always revered the faith of his fathers ; but now this reverence was fast fading away, and the volume of sacred truths remained ever unopened. Thus did Oldenbert pass several months, acquiring the worst of those sentiments, feelings and peculiarities, which distinguished many of his new companions.

The day dreams of Frederick would lie down with him and haunt his sleep. Scarcely a night passed, that, waking from his thick coming and torturing fancies, he did not rise

and endeavour to ease his mind by strolling through the city. The deep stillness of midnight seemed to quiet his restless spirit, as he wandered about, recalling the scenes of former days. In one of his rambles he found himself opposite to an old church, just as the deep-toned clock rung the hour of twelve. It was a night over which sublimity seemed to preside. The moon was drifting through her sea of blue like a noble ship, and softened in her course the rough features of earth into a smile, as the affection of woman melts the sternness of man into a kindred feeling. The solemn, warning voice of the bell died away, and silence resumed her reign. Finding the door of the cathedral open, Oldenbert entered almost unconsciously. The moon beams, through the Gothic windows, played around the marble statues, and seemed to substitute a reality for the pictured light of glory which surrounded the altar piece. Thinking himself alone, he walked up the tessellated pavement, and leaned, lost in a deep reverie, against a pillar. He was soon aroused by a tap on the shoulder, and accosted by a tall figure wrapped in a dark cloak. "How now, Oldenbert!" exclaimed the stranger, "what are you here for at this hour? come you to bow before yon daub like other trembling fools? or has the moon with her magic light beguiled you from your couch?" As he ceased speaking, the muffled cloak dropped from his face, and Frederick shuddered when he beheld the countenance of Faustendorff, a fellow-student. "I know not what brought me hither; but perhaps the impulse which led you may be more definable," answered Oldenbert. "I come," said the student, with a laugh, "I come to see how the temple of deluded man looks by moonlight." The tone and look of the speaker were almost withering. His face wore the ghastly paleness of death, and his dark, fiery eyes seemed to sparkle with unearthly light, from beneath his long, thick eye-brows; while his hoarse, deep tones echoed through the church, like a voice from the charnel-house. "What is the matter, man;" he continued, after a pause, "you shiver like a boy whom darkness has overtaken on his way from market, and who sees a spectre in every bramble bush. Surely *you* have more mind and soul than to give way to the forms and farces of the world. Surely the mummeries of religion cannot impose upon *you*. Or if you fear that these statues will

start from their pedestals and strangle you, come to my chambers and warm your skin with Burgundy." Thus saying, he led the way, and his companion, as if he had lost all power over himself, silently followed.

The student who thus met Oldenbert had been at the university nearly two years. He was a mysterious being. No one knew from whence he came. He was noted for his infidelity, and the unfeeling sarcasm with which he derided all religion. He seemed to have a determined hatred of all that was good or lovely; and his stories at their nightly meetings were always the most terrible and blasphemous. Frederick had met him in company, and felt himself drawn towards him by a horrid and unnatural attraction.

They soon arrived at the chambers. "There," said Faustendorff, pointing to a death's head, carved on the goblet, as they seated themselves for the debauch, "there is the only divinity I worship,—Death, the eternal sleep of the grave, the crumbling away to senseless dust, to utter nothingness, is all I regard as omnipotent." Infidelity like this would seem enough to rack the strongest mind. But Frederick appeared to have lost the common feelings of man. It seemed as if, breathing the same air, he had inhaled the demoniac spirit of his fiend-like friend, and an "amen" burst from his lips, as Faustendorff ended his exclamation. They sat long over their wine. Innumerable tales of horror and impiety were told and listened to with savage delight; and from that hour Oldenbert became an infidel.

This horrible connexion grew stronger and stronger. The cold reasonings and taunting scoffs of the student, broke down, one after another, the good feelings and virtuous principles of Oldenbert, until their characters became so alike that one was but the fac-simile of the other. It was their delight to mar, with their licentious philosophy, the fairest pages in the book of nature; to introduce some damned spectre of their own creation into the brightest pictures of life. They arrayed themselves against all that was lovely, and under the most fascinating guise, went about destroying virtue and happiness, however beautiful the shrines which enclosed them. I cannot, neither would I if I could, tell of all their wickedness, degradation and hypocrisy. I will hasten to the last scenes of the infidels' life and leave them to the fate their depraved hearts courted.

There was, at this time, at the University the only descendant of a noble family. The young Baron Eldsdorff inherited all the lofty and chivalric character of his ancestors ; but a melancholy, arising from the altered fortunes of his house, kept him silent and retired. He seldom visited his fellow students ; but when he did, the gentleness and noble sentiments he exhibited won for him universal esteem. In his person he was tall and finely formed. His countenance was exceedingly fair ; and his golden locks played around his high white forehead, like the rays of a setting sun around a snow drift. The young nobleman cherished a devoted affection for one who was lovely and innocent ; uniting to all the delicacy of her sex, a mind capable of sympathizing with the high-souled nature of her lover. Against this fair being Faustendorff and Oldenbert aimed their fell machinations. They were using all their arts to destroy her peace, and straining every power, to substitute a sullied lily for the rose the Baron so fondly cherished, when he discovered their designs. Burning with a holy indignation, he challenged Frederick ; who gladly accepted the call, as it gave him an opportunity for ridding himself of one obstacle to his wishes.

The place of meeting was a deep and narrow dell. The black cliffs which overhung it ; the dark company of trees which crowded around ; and the stagnant pool which laid like waters of bitterness, gave to it a gloomy and terrific aspect, and fitted it well for an accursed murder. At the appointed time both parties were present. The Baron was alone, but Oldenbert came attended by his evil genius. Faustendorff, to add horror to the scene, had dug a grave and placed a coffin beside it. Dark masses of clouds were rolling up, in awful grandeur, from the west, as if to frown upon the scene ; and the deep rumbling of the thunder reverberated among the hills, like the angry and warning voice of outraged heaven ; whilst the forked lightning darted its fire incessantly into the dell. Such an accumulation of horrors would have terrified the firmest soul ; but there is no courage like that which is called forth to revenge insults offered to the idol of the heart. Eldsdorff stood firm. A deadly paleness overspread his countenance, but the flashes of his eye showed it to be any thing but an index of fear. Not a word was spoken. Faustendorff, with a grin of mal-

ice on his features, marked out the ground. The combatants took their places, the word was given, and they fired. Oldenbert remained unharmed. "Oh my God, poor Heloise!" murmured the Count, as he reeled and fell dead at the feet of his adversary. A dark smile of triumph passed between the unnatural friends, as they calmly proceeded to bury the body.

The storm came nearer and nearer; the thunder rolled louder and louder; the lightning flashed more and more vivid; when, just as Faustendorff was throwing the first shovel-full of gravel on the coffin, there came a long, blue darting flash, followed by a crash that seemed

"As if the ribs of nature broke."

When Oldenbert dropt his hand from his eyes, which were almost blinded, he saw his companion, a blackened corse, stretched in the grave.

Within a few days Frederick was on his voyage homeward. The uniformity and comparative solitude, which succeeded, produced a reaction on his mind. His delusions faded away one by one, and disclosed the monster within his bosom. All the false drapery and gorgeous speculations which he had wrapt around his philosophy, had vanished. The lips that had whispered cutting sarcasms and demoniac doctrines into his ears, were scorched to ashes by the avenging fires of heaven. He found himself loaded with sins, without support—without consolation,—with a moral vulture preying upon his heart. His soul had lost its intoxicating excitement, and lay paralyzed, gazing on the horrid fiend of her own creation—her own idol. Having no sympathy with his fellow men, he sought to drown all thought in the inebriating cup; and when he reached his native village, he was a loathsome image of intemperance and infidelity. Sometimes, in a lucid moment, he would brood deeply on self-murder. But he had not yet been able wholly to shut out the fear of the future. He had only barred his heart against it for a time, and now it again found entrance, and he dared not trust to death for freedom.

The fame of his misdeeds had gone before Oldenbert, and when he arrived at his native village, distracted by his deep draughts of wine, his guilt, and the thousand recollections which crowded around his heart, he saw hate painted on every countenance. He passed by the church-yard, and the

grave of his mother met his view. He reached his home, and saw his father ready to lie down in sorrow by her side. His brothers avoided him, his friends had forgotten him; while the sight of him, the abandoned, outcast one, was all that was wanting to lay waste the intellect of the maiden who had loved him with her whole soul. There was no peace, no comfort, no joy for him. He could not live, he could not even endure existence. He wandered about for a few days in misery, when one morning the report of a pistol was heard in his room,—and Frederick Oldenbert was no more. In his bible, presented by his mother, when he enjoyed the innocence of childhood, were found the following lines.

“Driven on by destiny, self-murder must close the catalogue of my sins. Before this is read, I shall be no more. What am I that I should live? An outcast, going about like the wandering Jew, with the burning cross stamped upon my brow. I am a second Judas. If there be a God—I have known no God.—But what comes after death? No matter. Let this bible, never opened by me, be given to her who has been as constant to me as I have been false to all.

F. O.”

One beautiful summer's evening, nearly a year from the funeral of Frederick, the maniac was seen to go up the little hill on whose summit he was buried. When her friends, from whom she had wandered, came to the spot, they found her clasping the cold marble with the unrelaxing grasp of death. The little bible had fallen from her hand—a smile seemed still to linger on her pale and beautiful countenance—but her soul had winged its way to be at peace for ever!

Yox

EXTRACT FROM A VALEDICTORY POEM.

“At length we hail the wished-for day,
To Alma Mater's sons so dear,
And Harvard knows a lighter lay,
Than classic bowers are wont to hear.

But let not mirth like this seem strange,
For youthful hearts delight in change.

What though we bid a long farewell
To all that blessed our college life ?
And quit the student's humble cell,
For manhood's cares and manhood's strife ;
That age has joys that far outweigh,
The boasted peace of boy-hood's day.

And what though many a hostile snare
Await us on our destined path ?
Let malice lurk in ambush there,
Or hatred come with open wrath ;
They cannot quench, they cannot harm,
The student's zeal, the patriot's arm.

Trust not the tale which scoffers tell !
That life's best joys are bought and sold ;
That love is bound by fortune's spell ;
That friendship is the slave of gold ;
And charity a jest, a tool,
To lure the unsuspecting fool.

Trust not those misanthropic moles,
Who scoff at what they cannot see ;
Who call the sweet exchange of souls,
A fairy dream of minstrelsy,
And all that bards so fondly praise,
The names of things of other days.

'Tis false ! This world, though time and art
Have changed 't, has not yet grown cold ;
Each pure emotion of the heart,
Each noble virtue praised of old,
Unchanged by art, unscathed by time,
Is fresh as in its natal prime.

Then, while we linger on thy strand,
Welcome, thou glorious sea of life !
Another bark, another band
Prepare to meet thy billows' strife ;

And hearts that panted to be free,
Are ripe for liberty and thee.

Then out upon the mighty deep !
To brave whate'er may be thy lot ;
Serenely now thy billows sleep,
And yet, false sea, I trust thee not,
There's a deep meaning in thy smile
That bids the heart beware of guile.

Soon ! soon ! our vessel may be tost
A wreck upon yon waste of waves ;
Our canvass rent, our compass lost,
A plank between us and our graves,
A boundless sea behind, before us,
And the wild tempest gathering o'er us !

Say, mariner, wilt thou then despair ?
When fortune frowns, and succour fails,
Or idly wait till gales more fair
Shall re-expand thy flagging sails ?
No ! struggle on ! and, come what will,
Be each one his own pilot still !

Trust not thy fate to stranger-hands !
Nor hope to see with others' eyes ;
But steer thyself through rocks and sands ;
And still, though tempests round thee rise,
Though breakers roar and seas o'erwhelm,
Keep thine own hand upon the helm !

Then shalt thou hail the wished for port,
And pluck the laurel wreath of fame ;
And though thy triumph here be short,
Ages shall glorify thy name ;
Who would not toil, endure, and bleed,
To win or die for such a meed ?

J. H. Hledge.

NEW ENGLAND ROMANCE.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast ;
The sepulchre of mighty dead.

Percival.

It has been said by a man of genius, that no power of association can connect the ideas of horror and a cocked hat, and at the first view of the subject it may seem equally impossible to associate the name of Romance with that of New England. Our own names are homespun and commonplace, made for use, not show ; and the uncouth titles of our rivers and mountains most obstinately refuse to be "wedded to immortal verse." Our land is proverbially a land of steady habits ; and steady habits are any thing but romantic. Our quiet, plodding industry also, and our provident thrift, however gratifying they may be to the patriot or the philosopher, afford but a barren and unprofitable theme to the poet and the novelist, who derive the materials of their creations from the passions that are the fruit of a more glowing sun, and the startling events that grow out of an ill-organized state of society. We maintain, however, that in spite of these apparent drawbacks, there is a vein of romance running through our history, which might be most successfully wrought up by a man of genius.

Our land has been the scene of great changes, physical and moral. The neat village and the cultivated farm have taken the places of the forest and the wigwam ; the lordly red man was succeeded by our puritan fathers, the strongly-marked features of whose characters may be traced in their descendants, although the expression is somewhat softened. These almost magical changes were not brought about by a wave of the enchanter's wand ; they were effected by the silent operation of natural causes, by exertions of a noble courage and fortitude, and a perseverance, which well deserves the name of heroic. The virtues and qualities of character, which were the growth of our iron-bound shore, were manly, vigorous, it may be repulsive, but they were serviceable and lasting ; there is no imperceptible blending of the shades of character ; every thing is bold, strongly marked, with distinct outline. With the early settlers, danger was a familiar guest, and ceaseless toil a perpetual attendant ;

lands fit for cultivation were to be wrested from the dominion of the wilderness, and the crafty purposes of their wily foes were to be detected and foiled. You could expect but little of that gaiety and cheerfulness of manner, which we consider so engaging, in a man who went to meeting with a sword girded on his thigh, and slept with a loaded musket at his bed side; who, in walking to his neighbour's house, was obliged to look warily about him, lest some grim and swarthy form should start up unawares to dispute his path. There was little attractive in their outward bearing; their staid deportment, their starched ruffles, and the solemnity and quaintness of their most familiar speech, would ill befit the pages of a novel; but when the hour of action was nigh, when the approach of peril aroused their energies, they displayed a firmness of purpose, and a promptness and energy of execution, more truly admirable than all the showy qualities of Bayard or Du Guesclin. There are some narratives in Hubbard's Indian Wars, told in plain simple words, but, as Sir Philip Sidney said of the ballad of Chevy Chase, "they stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet." There is a deep, quiet pathos also, about the tales of Indian captivity, infinitely more affecting than the most eloquent description of imaginary sorrows. When we read of the wonderful firmness of men, and even of feeble women and children under sufferings whose horrible reality exceeds all the imagination had ever conceived of before, bearing up against hunger and cold, sickness and fatigue, wounds and death, sustained by a strong religious trust, we need not hesitate to say, that these unambitious narratives contain a true romance, which the most pathetic fiction cannot boast of. In the encounters with the natives there was none of that "pomp and circumstance, which makes ambition virtue," no "neighing steed," no "shrill trump," no banner, whose flap is music, no whirlwind shock, no "earthquake voice of victory;" the husband and father was roused from his midnight sleep by the wild war-whoop, or the glare of his neighbour's dwelling, and the sobbing of his wife and children was in his ear instead of the stirring sounds of battle. His courage was a strong moral feeling, not a short-lived excitement; it arose from an energy of mind, from an unfainting fortitude, which would have done honor to the bravest of Froissart's heroes. Change the

name of Miles Standish into one which shall become the mouth a little better, add a cubit to his stature, let him speak in blank verse, dress him in a steel gorget, and put a plumed casque on his head, and you will have a perfect "preux chevalier," a beau ideal of a hero, which would have satisfied even the fastidious taste of Cardinal De Retz. Let any one of the grey-haired patriarchs on the other side of the Alleghanies, deliver "a round unvarnished tale" of his life and adventures, from the time when he took up his march for the wilderness with his axe on his shoulder, till the present hour, and we shall have a real romance, which, for interest of event, and display of character, shall excel any fancied train of events, however fruitful be the imagination which produced them.

We hope that our gentle readers will not laugh at us when we say that there is something romantic in the legends and traditions about witches. It is true that the beings which were such an abomination in the eyes of Cotton Mather, have none of the poetical dignity of the weird woman of Endor, or of the witches of Macbeth. They are wrinkled old women, in red cloaks; they are not ambitious and aspiring; they do not desolate a province with famine or pestilence, or perplex the minds of kings; their spleen and ill nature vents itself in petty annoyances rather than serious injuries; they put strange fancies into the heads of the domestic animals, and interrupt the labors of the good wife's dairy. The person who has excited their resentment is punished by pinchings and prickings, by sudden blows, by strange pains, by frightful dreams. All this is very amusing to us, but it was a sad reality with our fathers. We can most of us, probably, remember the time when we believed in witches; we ourselves, in our *young* days, did most religiously; and we have been so wrought up by the stories of an old lady of our acquaintance (this "old lady" is a real personage, not an imaginary character introduced for ornament and effect), that the diamond in Saladin's turban would not have tempted us a stone's throw from the door. One hundred years ago, all the men, women, and children in New England believed in witches, as much as little boys do now. Let no man, therefore, despise them; they will be always interesting to the sons of the pilgrims; we shall always have a kind of respect for the poor

old women that frightened so many sensible men, and turned the heads of so many deep scholars.

With all these materials in their power, and living in a country so rich in natural beauty and sublimity, it is time for our men of genius to be up and doing. A great encouragement arises from the fact, that a work of fiction, the scene of which is laid in New England, and in which the characters are such as we might meet with on our own soil, would recommend itself by the powerful attraction of novelty. The world is heartily sick of German forests, Italian castles, dungeons, ghosts, chains, daggers, trap-doors, and all the raw-head and bloody-bones of the Minerva press. So many novels have been written in different languages, that the name of every highway and byway in the land of romance is a familiar sound in our ears. We know every dingle and dell in the green Pyrenees; we could thread, blind-folded, the mazes of the Abruzzi; we should feel perfectly at home on the Hartz mountains, and would doff our hat to the Wild Huntsman with all imaginable coolness. But the beautiful scenery of our own land boasts of no attraction but its own surpassing loveliness. No gifted poet has embalmed in deathless verse the landscapes of New England, though in no part of the world is the picturesque and the sublime more harmoniously blended, and though no brighter sky than ours beholds its image mirrored in the Adriatic wave. No one of our noble streams deserves the beautiful epithet of "*fabulosus*," and the "*wild wreath of freedom*" is the only one with which our giant mountains have been crowned. No wizard has arisen among us, whose magic spells can convert with equal ease, the castle of *Elseneur*, the forest of *Ardennes*, and the *Boar's Head* tavern, into classic ground, and make the harsh name of a little lake, or a remote mountain to be as "*familiar in our mouths as household words*." But we hope that this state of things will not long continue; we hope that the noble scenery of New England will find tuneful admirers, who shall sing its praises in fitting strains, and that the virtues of her children shall be duly commemorated. We hope that our men of genius will ever remember that there is "*no place like home*;" and that they will no longer delve in the exhausted soil of the old world, but cultivate the vast and fertile tract which lies fallow before them.

Hillard

NEW ENGLAND PASTORALS.

*Cum canerem Deltas, et prælia Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit.*

Virgil.

SEE, Moses Hodge is driving home the cows,
Brisk Jonas leaves the pitchfork in the mows,
While farmer Pool is bringing in his load,
And whistles Golding up along the road ;
And Mister Mullikin comes home from town,
Just as old Sol his wagon drives adown.
When in the west his ruddy face was set,
Comfort and Dinthy in the pathway met ;
The rival lasses all the village knows,
"The Lily," Dinthy, Comfort was "the Rose ;"
Full many a boxing match there was, I ween,
Full many a swain had wrestled on the green,
To prove "the Lily" or "the Rose" the queen.
Comfort, in muckle haste, her pail set down,
As Dinthy passed her with a scornful frown ;
While Goody Pool chanced to be passing near,
And heard the damsels with a curious ear.

COMFORT.

Where now so fast, and why so fine, I pray ?
Tomorrow, sure, is not Election day !
Miss Dinthy, you mistake ; your Sunday clothes ?
You'll ne'er win Moses Hodge with all your bows.

DINTHY.

And what care I for Moses ? milk your cows ;
That's business good enough for Comf. "the Rose ;"
"The Rose," forsooth ! Moses is mighty blest !
With Jonas let him box, and do his best.

COMFORT.

Last week the village met upon the plain,
Where Moses wrestled singly, or with twain ;
Your Jonas sung "enough !" the priest declared,
No wrestler might with Moses be compared.

DINTHY.

To Brighton Cattle-show our farmers went,
And each to gain the ploughing match was bent ;
Say, who in my checked apron threw the prize ?
'Twas Jonas,—or the village paper lies.

COMFORT.

When Concord dames beheld the butter bright,
In kegs and boxes,—'twas a gleesome sight—
How did they all observe, with wondering eyes,
The batch I made,—and Moses took the prize.

DINTHY.

Last winter, Comfort, when we went to school,
To cheat the master, and to play the fool,
When each for '*spection day*' had words by heart,
Who then like Jonas rattled off his part ?

COMFORT.

The centre school has far the greatest fame ;
Ask all the neighbours, and they'll say the same ;
Who then at school with Moses may compare,
Since he can cipher best of any there ?

DINTHY.

When to our school, one day, the parson came,
He saw a manuscript, and asked the name ;
"For who," said he, "can keep a book so fine ?"
Beneath the page was Jonas' name—with mine.

COMFORT.

One day our master asked if any there
Could do a sum in puzzling Trett and Tare,
"If two fat horses draw a load of hay,
How many lean will eat it in a day ?"
While stupid numskulls on their slates did pore,
My Moses straight arose and answered "four."

DINTHY.

Pray, Comfort, was it you that took the ride?
O yes, how prim you sat by Moses' side!
Whiz o'er the turnpike! so the neighbours say,
Out Comfort went, and over went the sleigh.

COMFORT.

When Jonas Pool stone ovens built with care,
And in them roasted pippins round and fair,
Behind the wall I dodged with stealthy pace,
Plump struck a well-burnt pippin in your face!
That lily face! it turned as coal black then,
As uncle Mullikin's big turkey hen!

DINTHY.

Once Ebenezer Hodge invited me,
To help his Dolly at an apple bee;
I pared, I trow, full many a russeteen,
Ere one whole paring in my pan was seen;
I rose, and o'er my head thrice swung it round,
It fell, and marked an *I* upon the ground;
And, Comfort, as you know, the masters say,
That *I*, old fashion, is the same as *J*.

COMFORT.

Full many a time my cooking powers I've tried,
And in the hissing fat have dough-nuts fried;
I'd rather Moses kiss this rosy cheek,
Than fry in hissing fat the dough-nuts sleek.

DINTHY.

Well suits it Mister Mullikin to puff
Long nines, and goody Pool delights in snuff;
With pipe well filled, old Thankful Hunks is pleased,
With mug of flip my Jonas' heart is eased;
Long nines, and snuff, and pipe,—I pass them by,
Give me good flip whenever I'm a-dry.

COMFORT.

Pork and potatoes are the rustic's aim,
 Good apple-dumplings please the city dame,
 Bright yellow pumpkin pies doth Moses love,
 Sweet pumpkin pies ! all other pies above ;
 Pork and potatoes ever I'll despise,
 Nor dumplings favour find in Comfort's eyes.

GOODY POOL (*coming from the bushes*).

Adone ! adone ! and end your silly pother,
 Your swains are like as puppy to his brother ;
 Dinthy, march off and change your Sunday clothes,
 And take your pail and stool, and milk the cows ;
 And you, Miss Comfort, with your pail, right soon,
 Go home, and put the spinning-wheel in tune.

*Exit Comfort one way and Dinthy the other ; Goody Pool
 hobbling off between, keeps an eye on each.*

Richmond

THE COLLEGE.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
Byron.

SURELY there never was a louder call for homilies upon the text "love your enemies;" for it would require an inexhaustible fund of forbearance (did not the ridiculousness of the thing excite contempt), to sit much longer and listen calmly to the direful denunciations of immaculate reformers, and the highminded irony of self-dubbed critics. Poor Harvard is in a terrible pickle. The whole pack of backbiters is unkennelled ; and hard riders, mounted on the fire breathing steeds of fanaticism, are leaping the five barred gates of truth and liberality to hunt down the poor thing ; whilst a score of Shetland-ponied Solomons are galloping lustily in the rear, so as to be in at the death. Alas ! good old Alma Mater, your merry days are soon to be over. The glorious, exterminating army of purifiers are at hand, and not one stone

of thy goodly halls shall be left upon another. O! it will be a lovely sight to see those liberal spirits, who have so long dwelt in thy bowers, scattered before the noble band of self-canonized saints; and thy open fields of charity and learning enclosed by a neat little sectarian hedge.

But to be more serious. It is melancholy to witness the attempts of straightened illiberality and malignant envy, to blacken the reputation of Harvard. Whilst some have measured all her doings by their own intellectual blue-laws; others have bedizened themselves out, with their whole wardrobe of tawdry wit, and endeavoured to turn her into ridicule. They have christened our university a Nazareth, and cry out with hypocritical horror, "Can any good come out of her?" With the miserable partiality of prejudice, they harvest into their charnel-house granaries, the tares and thistles, but leave the wheat to be gleaned by those who are willing to believe that the fruits of our university are yet healthy and nourishing.

All this might be borne, if it was done in the spirit of that love, which chasteneth, that it may perfect. It would answer if we were blamed, not for doing ill, but for not doing better. But such is not the dealing of our foes. Extermination is their war cry, and they fight altogether upon the no-quarter principle. They thus cruelly and unsparingly prune our fair tree, not to invigorate and strengthen it, but to get it under their direction, and then to tear it up and burn it root and branch. They do not wish to see any thing grow and strengthen, which does not grow and strengthen in their own rank precocity and bitterness. But Harvard, thanks to her kind guardians, is as yet too healthy and too wise to be dosed by quacks and mountebanks; and the public is too intelligent and generous to be duped and imposed upon by these "Last Words and Dying Speeches of Harvard College," which have been poured out so plenteously from *some* presses, and *some* mouths for a few years past.

We would not have our kind censors, our frank, open-hearted friends, who look upon our university as the very headquarters of heresy and vice; or who wish greatly by their gentle and polite flagellations to improve us in eloquence; chasten the wit of the Phi Beta Kappa, and, in a word, to give us "beauty for ashes,"—we would not have these

disinterested Mentors think that ingratitude is among our sins. By no means; we feel weighed down, and oppressed by their kind condescension; and we would beseech them to write and declaim on; for we find ourselves growing stronger and stronger, more and more good humored every day, upon their gratuitous lectures. To all these friends, and especially to those western gentlemen, who have treated some of our friends with such overwhelming kindness, warning all men to be ready to give them a proper reception, replete with charity and hospitality,—to them, one and all, we render our most hearty thanks; reminding them at the same time, that we wish for no better trumpet to sound our fame, than the lungs of such gentle, fair, and honorable enemies, as they have proved themselves to be.

But in the midst of our gratitude, we are tempted to pause and inquire of our reformers, whether things are in just such a state as they are inclined to suppose them. Is it really true that Cambridge is the “synagogue of Satan?” We shrewdly suspect that our friends have outrun their cause, as well as their reason. Do we not hear every Sabbath from our pulpits, beautiful and chaste specimens of that eloquence which breathes from the heart? eloquence whose holy fervor and warm devotion flow from the pure lips of christian ministers, who are beyond the reach of wild fanaticism and illiberal inuendoes? Has not the nation heard within a few months, and has she not for many years been hearing her legislative halls tuneful with the bold notes of patriotism and learning, sounded by men of real power? And is there *one* among our great and good men, who is not proud of this literary home of his youth?

We would not play the braggart. But if we refrained from expressing our opinion concerning the scandal which is abroad to prejudice our venerable institution, we should be false to our self-respect, false to those honorable men who are doing so much for our advancement in knowledge. And again we say, pore over the annals of college, ye squeamish reformers, ye cavilling critics, and point to a single act which should call down upon her a single frown from good men and true. She has no eloquence and piety within her walls, you say. Alas, if this be true, New England is poor in goodness and talent. Where did most of those eagle minds, which

have soared so high, and winged the glory of our country to other climes, exert their first infant flight? Where did those pious christians, the mild influence of whose goodness still lingers around, the twilight of their day of virtuous exertion,—where did they catch their first glow of holy fire, if not within her arms? Look to our Adamses, our Hancock, and our Otises; our Mathers, our Thatcher, and our Buckminster; and then declaim about the paucity, the illiberality, the rottenness of old Harvard.

It may be that our zeal and indignation may lead us too far. But we look upon these assassin-like attempts to murder the reputation of our university as little better than the daggers of parricidal ingratitude. But whilst we thus express our sentiments concerning the adversaries of college, let it not be thought that we forget its supporters, and are weak enough to suppose that it is, or ever will be deserted. No! Harvard can number friends far more numerous than her enemies; men of sterling merit, honorable, learned, pious men; capable and willing to support her against all the attacks of malicious scandal. And our thanks are particularly due to that talented gentleman of our transatlantic Athens, who has so nobly and generously stepped forward with the fearlessness of truth, to confound the foul tale of slander.

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MOON-GAZERS IN SATURN.

OUR poor little earth, as astronomers say,
By one little moon is enlightened,
While the night of the planets a few miles away,
By some half a dozen is brightened.

If this statement be true, as no doubt it must be,
For Sir Telescope says he can show it,
I should like to inquire if he ever could see
Such an animal there as a poet.

“On subject like this, I never could come,
I confess, my dear sir, to conclusion.”
Can query so plain, strike Sir Telescope dumb,
Or put the great man to confusion?

If poets on earth have gasped for their breath,
 While singing *one* Dian that shines in our heaven,
 Can poets in Saturn, Sir Tel, escape death?
 Poor souls ! they're obliged to sing unto *seven*.

Richmond

LYRE OF THE WEST.

LYRE of the West, thy strings are mute,
 And silence reigns around thy cell ;
 No bards arise in all thy land,
 To tell the tales thou lov'st so well.

And is there no inspiring theme
 To rouse one hand to strike thy string?
 Is there no sacred fount or grove
 To tempt the wandering bard to sing?

Spirit of our deep waters, come
 Upon the rainbow, arching o'er
 Thy dread abode ; and kindly grant,
 Our souls may feel thy sovereign power.

Spirit of our lone mountains, come
 From thy far home, the western wild ;
 And choose but one of all our race,
 To be thy own, thy favored child.

Spirit of our great fathers, come,
 And one of all their sons inspire ;
 We ask but for one native bard,
 O touch his lips with hallowed fire.

Lyre of the west, awake, no more
 In silence let thy numbers rest ;
 Call from forgetfulness thy sons,
 To sing the glories of the West.

Rand

AN OLD SUBJECT.

“If dumb too long the drooping muse hath stayed,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence.”

TACITUS, the emperor, ordered that the works of his namesake, the historian, should be annually copied, and that ten copies should be deposited in all the public libraries; rightly supposing that, as the vulgar proverb has it, a gude tale is na the waur for being twice tauld. Though we have not the power of the emperor, we profess all his good intentions. These, therefore, must apologize for us, if we have undertaken a superfluous task; that of speaking the praises of Addison.

Addison lived at a time, which has been called the age of poetry and genius; at a time, when an individual must have been truly great, to have been at all distinguished. His claims to distinction as a writer of rare talent, have never been called in question; but it has been insinuated, that his judgment equalled not his wit, that there was a vagueness of expression in all his writings, that baffled investigation, or, if criticised, disappointed expectations that had been excited by the prettiness of his style. It has been said, and written too, that there are no true pictures of nature, or of simple emotion in all his writings.

But who are these cavillers? whence do these charges proceed? From the very source whence we might reasonably expect them. These deprecators of Addison's fame were his envious contemporaries and competitors; and the charges are, for the most part, their own malicious suggestions. Seldom have any of the present day dared, or indeed wished to join in the abuse. Hearing one dispraising Addison, eloquent in good set phrase, and well turned period, reminds us of Æsop's clown, felling the oak with the branch he had borrowed from its trunk. Let him point at the weakness of Addison, who is himself stronger.

It has been observed, that Addison lived in the age of poetry and genius; but the poetry was concealed, the genius as wild and rough, as it was free and luxuriant. By him the style of the former was rendered more tasteful, the latter was pruned

ed and polished, made to partake less of sentiment, and more of sense. Addison knew well the temper of the times ; he knew that theses were not in fashion, that homilies were out of date. Those were not the times, when "the good parson thrice might turn the glass!" piety and morality were then taught only of a Sunday. His chief aim, therefore, was to bring more into notice, qualities then but of too slight esteem, to instruct in morals. Conscious that a Cato would hardly have been tolerated, he would have done ill had he affected the Diogenes. He was to present the children in morality with useful lessons under a pictured cover.

Satire was easy to him, and humor was his forte ; right well did he employ them both to effect his purpose. Like Voltaire, he was the lord of irony,

And shaped his weapon with an edge severe ;

but not like him

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

The weapons were similar, but handled in a different cause ; theirs were antagonist forces of equal power. Addison was celebrated as the Augustan poet and the latinist, on the continent as well as at home, when quite young. From his perfect knowledge of the ancients he derived that aptitude of expression, and that chaste purity of style, so uncommon in those days, that gained him the admiration of the moderns. His travels display the same great talents differently directed. It is a work written by one great scholar, for another great scholar's perusal. The reader is not troubled, as before he was, and as since he has been, with the minute details of a dinner, and 'the bills for ditto,' of sixpences and shillings. It is sufficient to say he is as classic as the ground on which he trod.

Writers who are pleased to be satirical, usually direct their literary thunders, not against individuals, but against an age. In this they are as safe as the actor who threatenèd to pull the nose of that invisible, indivisible entity—the public. Gratitude deters them from hurling their tiny shafts against the greatness which has kindly afforded to them their modicum of knowledge. Pupils themselves, they seldom so outrage propriety, as to insult the memory of their old masters, now they are gone. Because the great choose at times

to trifle, they are not to lose their great name. It would be unjust to form an opinion of Professor Porson's talents, from having read merely his Madrigal on the Devil. Though Addison trifled, he never did it awkwardly, but was as mindful of time, place, and quantity, as Dr. South himself could have wished. Addison's light pieces are proofs of the powers of the author, as some baubles, of which the work is more valuable than the material, speak well of the ingenuity of the workman.

Addison had, however, a weakness, a disease, that we do not find in the "calamities of authors," or among the ills to which the scholar is exposed. He was modest; we had almost said shamefully modest. It was this (failing, it is now called) that interfered in the way of his advancement; owing to this, his inferiors, who were blessed with that modest assurance, formerly called impudence, left him far behind them. It will not do to charge Addison with weakness. We cannot think it seemly that Steele should thus address a weak, nerveless writer, in hopes of gaining immortality:

"To my light scenes I once inscribed your name,
And impotently strove to borrow fame."

W. G. Lave

A RAINY SATURDAY.

Pluit tantum,
Nescio quantum,
Scisne tu?

Anonymous.

RAINY days have sent many rivulets of ink meandering over the fair pages of fools-cap. From Ovid's Deluge, down to our last dreary equinoctial, every series of moist weather has been celebrated or grumbled at in prose or poetry; and thunder-gusts, in particular, have been introduced, to help out some terrible catastrophe, into all the tales and romances which have made their appearance since the Crusades. Shakspeare ducked the silver locks of poor king Lear, with a very decent tempest; and Washington Irving has bedizened a dozen pages with drowned geese, soaked upper Ben-

jamins, and the everlasting pattering of the rain against the inn windows. Yet notwithstanding these tremendous draughts on the water magazines aloft, there is still a memoir of one damp day to be written,—a rainy Saturday at college.

Reader, if you have never been blessed with the dulcet notes of old Harvard's iron tongue, to awaken your slumbering energies ; if you have never counted the fleeting hours for a whole week, hailing each one as the welcome running-foot-man of that day of liberty and free will ; if you have never gazed night after night at the moon in October, until the clouds have pitied her confusion and covered her with a sable blush ; in a word, if you have never experienced the anxiety and home-sickness attendant upon a week of coquetting weather, you cannot sympathize with the ennui and blue-devils of a weeping Saturday. Gentle reader, that you may never know in reality the cross-grained feelings of such a day, is the earnest wish of one, to whom an umbrella is an eye-sore, a water-proof hat, a "monstrum horrendum."

It was Friday night. One more enemy only remained to be encountered—a lesson in mechanics. It had been as rich an autumnal day as one would wish for a wedding-day ; but alas ! when the sun was about to bid the earth "good night," he sunk into a dark bed of clouds, which seemed to say, "it will be my turn tomorrow." The moon, too, my dear, favourite Diana,—to whom I have penned so many baker's dozens of sonnets, she, the ungrateful jade, arose, wearing that vile dingy neck-lace, which she always puts on before rainy weather. All around was dismal, and nature seemed fast putting on her longest face. Well, to bed I go ; dream all night. Dream I am turned into a water-bucket, or a tin pail, and clapt under a water spout. Dream that the dinner table is all set ; pigs and poultry, plum-puddings and pastry, pears and peaches, all nicely arranged, when, whisk ! a deluge washes all away, and a hail-storm of minced salt fish succeeds. Oh ! tempora ! "Humiditas regnat." (I quote from a punster.) But, reader, do not cry yet ; we have more water in the clouds ; not quite ready for your tears. This is only Friday night. This is only imaginary rain ; we shall have the reality in the morning.

"Chum ! what is that ?—can't be a fire to-night, I will bet my nightcap." "It is the prayer bell." "True, we *do* go

to prayers sometimes. I was just swimming across the Hellespont. If they had as much rain in Greece as we have now-a-days, Leander might have learned to paddle the whole length of the Levant. What is the lesson about this morning?" "Suction pumps." "That is 'apropos,' chum. What are you roaring at?" "The wind has turned Joe's umbrella inside out, and he has dropped his Hydraulics into the mud puddle." "That is no dry joke though."

"I say, Sam, that weather-vane has a strange affection for the northeast on Saturdays. Do you think it will clear off to-day?" "No, not this month." "Well, I do not like fickleness." Powers of invention, aid a poor weather-bound wretch in passing this day of sensibility! "Chum, got any books to read?" "Yes; here is a 'Tour to the Lakes,' and 'A Description of Niagara.' Will you have them?" "No, I thank you; quite enough moisture already." "Come in." "What do you want here, you drowned monkey?" "Copy, sir, for the Register." "I have it, chum! I will write the memoirs of a rainy Saturday. Swim up here, in an hour, you amphibious rogue, and you shall have copy enough." The hour is gone. "Copy ready, sir?" "Yes. Carry that to the printer, and tell him the sun will not shine again this fortnight out of spite." Exit water-rat. "Wake me up when the bell rings, chum." *Cætera desunt.*

P. S. Reader, at half past seven on Saturday evening it cleared off most splendidly.

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HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

—Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

WE gave in our last number a short sketch of the early history of the college. We now propose to give a brief notice of the several buildings, both those which are now standing, and those which formerly existed.

The first college edifice that was erected, was called HARVARD. It stood on the ground occupied by the building which now bears that name. It was built in 1672 by a con-

tribution of £1895. 2s. 9d. Of this sum the town of Boston contributed £800, whereof £100 was given by Sir Thomas Temple, "as true a gentleman," says Cotton Mather, "as ever sat foot on the American strand." The town of Portsmouth gave £60 per annum for seven years. Dover gave £32, and Exeter £10. Harvard Hall contained the library, philosophical apparatus, &c. and one of its rooms was used as a chapel.

STOUGHTON HALL was erected in 1698, at the charge of Lieut. Governor Stoughton. It stood nearly on a line with Hollis, a little to the south, and made a right angle with the east end of Harvard, and faced westerly. Old Stoughton was built of brick, and contained sixteen chambers, garret chambers included. It was taken down in 1781, having become crazy and untenable.

MASSACHUSETTS HALL was built in 1720, at the charge of the province. It measures one hundred feet by sixty, and has three stories to the roof, the fourth being furnished with Lutheran windows. It contains thirty-two rooms, with two small studies annexed to each room.

HOLDEN CHAPEL was the gift of Madam Holden, in England, and was built in 1745. It appears to have undergone many alterations, and to have been used for many different purposes. When first erected it was employed as a chapel. Thirty or forty years ago the west end was the college carpenter's shop, and the east was occupied by the faculty of medicine, as a lecture room. In process of time the carpenter's shop was converted into recitation rooms. At length the interior was fitted up anew in its present style, and a sky-light placed on the roof. It is now solely occupied by the departments of medicine and chemistry, and contains the Boylston medical library.

On the night of the 24th of January, 1764, Harvard Hall was burnt to the ground, and its library of five thousand volumes, and a valuable philosophical apparatus, were utterly consumed. The fire was supposed to have begun in a beam under the hearth in the library room, where a fire had been kept for the use of the general court, then sitting in Cambridge, on account of the small-pox in Boston. One Barrett

(a drunken hanger-on of the college, whom many now alive probably remember), used to relate, in his old age, with great glee, that the court was occupied six weeks in endeavouring to discover the manner in which the building caught fire, but without success; but at length they came to the unanimous conclusion, that it was the wood-work which was caught, and not the brick.

HARVARD HALL (the present building) was built in 1765. It is one hundred and eight feet by sixty, thirty-eight to the roof. It contains the university library on the second floor, and on the first floor, the philosophical apparatus and the mineral cabinet, and also the models used by the Rumford Professor. It is surmounted by a cupola, and bears the college clock and bell.

HOLLIS HALL was built in 1764, and was named in honor of Thomas Hollis Esq., a liberal benefactor to the college. It is one hundred and five feet long, forty-four broad, and thirty-two high, and contains thirty-two rooms, with two small studies to each.

In the war of the revolution, the college was removed to Concord, and the buildings were occupied as barracks for the soldiers. A printing press was also set up in old Stoughton.

STOUGHTON HALL exactly resembles Hollis, and was erected in 1804.

HOLWORTHY HALL (named for a benefactor of the college) was built in 1812, and is one hundred and thirty-eight feet long, thirty-four broad, and thirty-seven high. It contains twenty-four large rooms fronting south; to each one of which is annexed two smaller rooms on the northern side, sufficiently large to serve the double purpose of a study and a bed-room.

UNIVERSITY HALL was built in 1814 of Chelmsford granite. It measures one hundred and forty feet by fifty, and is forty feet in height. It contains, above, a chapel, six rooms for lectures and recitations, and two rooms for occasional purposes; on the ground floor are four dining halls, with two kitchens beneath.

The college edifices stand on an inclosed plain of fourteen acres, surrounded by a belt of forest trees and shrubs. The College-house stands without the college yard, and was originally built about 1770 for a private dwelling-house, and was purchased by the corporation about two years afterward.

The College-bath was erected in 1801, at the Brick-wharf, about half a mile above the present one, under the superintendence of Thomas Brattle, Esq. The present Bathing-house was built about twelve years ago. The Botanic Garden is about half a mile west of the Colleges. It contains a professor's house, a gardener's house, a large green-house with many rare exotic plants, and the garden contains a number of foreign and native trees and shrubs.

Harvard Hall at present contains a valuable philosophical apparatus, an extensive collection of minerals, and a library of about thirty thousand volumes.

We hope that the following anecdote of Mr. Hollis will be acceptable to our readers, especially as the devices mentioned may be seen on many of the books in our library. We extract it from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for September 1781. "Mr Hollis employed Mr. Pingo to cut a number of emblematical devices, such as the caduceus of Mercury, the wand of Æsculapius, the owl, the cap of liberty, &c.; and these devices were to adorn the backs and sometimes the sides of books. When patriotism animated a work, instead of unmeaning ornaments on the binding, he adorned it with caps of liberty. When wisdom filled the page, the owl's majestic gravity bespoke its contents. The caduceus pointed out the works of eloquence, and the wand of Æsculapius was a signal of good medicine. The different emblems were used on the same book, when possessed of different merits, and to express his disapprobation of the whole or parts of any work, the figure or figures were reversed. Thus each cover exhibited a critique on the book, and was a proof that they were not kept for show, as he must read before he could judge. Read this, ye admirers of gilded books, and imitate."

Hilliard

VACATION.

THIS college life is all a bore,
 All trouble and vexation ;
 This famous haunt of classic lore,
 Disgusts me daily more and more,
 There 's nothing like vacation.

And sad it is to take a *screw*
 Or *dead* in recitation,
 As our best scholars sometimes do,
 In Stewart and in Enfield too ;
 There 's nothing like vacation.

Poor captives of four years, we pass,
 From station on to station ;
 With every term, with every class,
 Our troubles but increase, alas !
 There 's nothing like vacation.

Hedge

REGISTER.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES AT THE EXHIBITION,
 JULY 16, 1827.

- Latin Oration. E. S. Rand, *Newburyport*.
 Translations. J. H. Wilder, *Hingham*. C. Fay, *Cambridge*.
 Latin Dialogue. S. M. Jenkins, *Easton, Md.* B. R. Curtis,
Cambridge. J. Giles, *Townsend*.
 Literary Inquiry. F. Dabney, *Fayal, Azores*.
 Conference. C. F. Barnard, *Boston*. J. W. Cross, *East Bridge-*
water. J. J. Gilchrist, *Charlestown, N. H.* J. D. Hedge, *Cam-*
bridge.
 Colloquial Discussion. J. Caldwell, *Lunenburg*. J. A. Swett,
Dorchester.
 Forensic Disputation. O. Prescott, *Westford*. G. Nichols, *Sa-*
lem.
 Dissertation. S. Rogers, *Boston*.
 Greek Dialogue. B. Pierce, *Cambridge*. E. L. Cunningham,
Boston. G. H. Devereux, *Salem*.
 English Oration. C. C. Emerson, *Boston*.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES AT THE EXHIBITION,
OCTOBER 16, 1827.

- Latin Oration. F. C. Loring, *Boston*.
 Conferences. J. S. C. Greene, *Boston*. W. Phillips, *Boston*.
 N. Thayer, *Braintree*. L. Smith, *Waltham*. T. K. Thomas, *Boston*.
 J. L. Woart, *Newburyport*.
 Translations. C. S. Storrow, *Boston*. *W. W. Sturgis, *Boston*.
 Latin Dialogue. W. Young, *Boston*. G. W. Phillips, *Boston*.
 W. Gray, *Boston*.
 Colloquial Discussion. P. Grant, *Boston*. E. Soley, *New York City*.
 Deliberative Discussion. H. D. Appleton, *Baltimore, Md*.
 H. Shipley, *Pepperell*.
 Dissertation. H. S. Mc Kean, *Cambridge*.
 Greek Dialogue. W. Brigham, *Grafton*. S. F. Smith, *Boston*.
 J. Thurston, *Exeter, N. H.*
 Mathematical and Astronomical Exercises. C. Babbidge, *Salem*.
 A. H. H. Bernard, *Fredericksburg, Va.* G. Chapman, *Boston*.
 J. Hale, *Ipswich*. G. Nichols, *Salem*. J. C. Richmond, *Providence, R. I.* R. C. Winthrop, *Boston*.
 English Oration. G. S. Hillard, *Boston*.

The music at the above exhibitions was performed by the Pierian Sodality.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P's communication is inadmissible.

Unless the answer to the mathematical question in No. VII can be given so as to preclude the necessity of a diagram, it will be out of our power to insert it.

** The impossibility of inserting pieces in the Register anonymously, has been suggested as a reason, why many refrain from contributing. Correspondents may rest assured that *hereafter* no name will be revealed by the editors.

ERRATA.

In our last Number, Notices to Correspondents, for S. G. read S. C.

In this Number, page 263, fourth line from the top, for Count, read Baron.

THE
HARVARD REGISTER.

. NO. I.

DECEMBER, 1827.

"I wont philosophize and will be read."

BYRON.

JOURNAL OF THE POLYGLOT CLUB.—NO. I.

WERT thou ever in a stage-coach, friend? If so, (and who has not been?), felt you never your Yankee Spirit of Inquiry come over you, or merely a natural inquisitiveness perhaps, to ferret out the name of the stranger-man who has recommended himself to your notice by his learning or by his wit, by his dress or his address? Have you not, at the stops, belaboured coachee with interrogations concerning the gentleman with the brown surtout and umbrella? Has it never occurred to you, that he might be a Judge or Senator, a witty author or a grave Divine? Have you not, when near your journey's end, in despair of laying this troublesome Spirit of Curiosity elsewhere, made bold to exchange cards, and found your hero a plain Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones? If it never fell to your lot to undergo 'these experiences,' prepare yourselves to be thus gratified or disappointed, whichever you may choose to term it.

Our worthy Editors, conscious that their readers (by these we mean the world) have been oft times instructed by the effusions of gravity, and amused by the scintillations of wit, to be met with on their pages, picture to themselves the dejection and melancholy caused by the unhappy ignorance of our authors' names. They can imagine the great stir caused by the appearance of our numbers; the crude conjectures and misguided guesses. A merciful spirit of philanthropy therefore moveth the hearts of our *polyglot* editors, and hath induced them to come forward and offer to the public the names of all their contributors, and this too gratui-

tously, for we cannot, like our traveller, propose an exchange of cards, having no room for the stowage of such a number as would be showered upon us. We nine, (Reader! the Muses are nine in number), with names subjoined, met at our Chambers, No. —, Holworthy Hall, where we were called to order by the Chair—

Sylvanus Dashwood,

Doctor Democritus,	Blank Etcetera, Sen.
Jeremiah Grimes, Jun. Gent.	Oliver Martext,
Seth Pringle,	Solomon Pry, Esq.
Quicksilver Small-talk,	Tristram Sturdy.

The Chair then rose and made an appeal to our hearts and our heads, in his usual mild, persuasive tones, and in his peculiar manner alike animated and pathetic. He touched with feeling upon the pitiable want of literary spirit, or spirit of any kind, here existent; upon the absence of literary capital or of capital of any kind from college walls. In glowing language and in high wrought coloring he depicted to our imagination the miseries of our self-devoted editors, and their labors 'never ending, still beginning,' labors that would make Hercules blush at the mention of his. He pointed us to this worthy trio clambering to the garrets, and delving in the cellar of 'Old Harvard' to rake from their semi-centennial quiescence the musty folios and dusty 'Records of College,' to eke out their promised quota. His peroration was too striking to be soon forgotten. "Gentlemen!" he continued, "I am no orator, as Doctor Democritus is, but if I were, my words should 'stir your blood like the sound of a trumpet.' I would sing, hem! hem! (proceeding on a higher key,) I would sing to you not the fictitious trifles of the Troubadours; my words should affect you more than the merry jingle of an Italian roundelay. I would cry to you, Arise! write for 'The Harvard Register.' Let it be adorned with the Cap of Liberty; may 'the Owl's majestic gravity bespeak its contents!' I would rouse you from your lethargic slumbers, and bid you wake"—he sunk to his seat, wholly overcome by the violence of his emotions. Tristram Sturdy, who had been awakened from a sound sleep by "hearing the pause," and was therefore not so much overcome as the others, divining, by the looks of the members, that something very affecting had taken place, moved an adjournment; since he for one, and probably the other gentlemen, were not in a state to proceed in that cool dispassionate manner requisite in affairs of such importance. Thus we adjourned; a Club that had a 'local habitation,' but no name. It being understood that 'the Nine' were to attend the next meeting to give a name to our Club, each came so well prepared that we had quite a choice. Mr. Grimes proposed, that we should call ourselves the "Fool's-cap Club," since we had declared war against that commodity, as the giant-killing Jack, of notorious memory, derived his cognomen from his inveterate hatred to the race of giants. But as this was the first name proposed, and we came resolved to be fastidious, it was rejected. The names of 'Goose-quill Club,' 'Nimble-tongued Nine,' and others were proposed, but did not meet our approbation.

Solomon Pry, Esq. hoped that we would not reject a title of his

proposing, without mature consideration, as it insinuated that we being Nine, might afford to our readers some variety, and in any tongue, for "had we the tongues of Hydra," we might employ them all. These arguments were to serve as an introduction to the name of the "Polyglot Club." The name was accepted *nem. con.* Thus we were considerably advanced. We Nine were of a Club that had a name.

We came to several resolutions, which it will much pleasure us to make our readers acquainted with.

1st. In full faith and confidence, that, as "good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls," so also in every sub-lunary thing, and more especially in any thing pertaining or belonging to the most reverend brotherhood of "Polyglots," it is seemly and befitting,—nor only so, that without it nothing is any thing worth,—therefore,

RESOLVED, that the hall at which our convocations be held, at once in token of the grave and sanctified demeanor there ever to be observed, and the solemn and momentous concerns there to be devised and executed, and also in humble but certain foresight of the surpassing glory which shall ever rest upon it, as upon the amiable dwellings of the eloquent worthies of olden times, shall, by way of eminence, be entitled "the Tabernacle." Unanimously accepted.

2d. RESOLVED, that our Register shall eschew the cant phrases of the day, by whatever usage sanctioned; that nothing shall "stand forth in bold relief" on its pages; no "spirit," however well meaning shall be allowed to be "abroad in the land;" the age shall cease to be "an extraordinary age;" and no member shall, on any account, be allowed to "body forth his conceptions." Upon this resolution, although carried by a nearly unanimous vote, Dr. Democritus observed, that it was cruel to deprive us of these comfortable forms of speech; that they served modern authors as the "Pax vobiscum" and "Benedicite" of ancient friars, filling all awkward pauses, connecting things far as the poles apart; in fine, assuring us of hitting, in one point at least, the humour of all readers of all sorts. What! banish these phrases! "Banish sweet Jack and banish all the world!" Why, gentlemen, half the literature of the day consists of these phrases strung together like peachmeats on a wire. The worthy Doctor, growing a little warm, and not a little prolix, was called to order.

3d. RESOLVED, that

Oliver Martext being poet,
(In order that the world may know it),
Do rise and straightway rhymify,
While brother Pringle timify
With cane upraised, then down descending,
Thus rhyme and time symphonious blending,
To keep harmonious Martext straight,
Lest, with sublimity elate,
He swell, and soar beyond the sky,
And burst at last, though quite too high
For us poor souls terrene to hear him;
Resolved, that Pringle therefore steer him

By measuring off unto his strain
 The breaks and pauses, with his cane.
 This resolution being taken
 Lo! where Martext sits a quaking;
 See! in his face what darts of feeling!
 His eyes are fixed upon the ceiling!
 He starts! the Delian God he sees!
 His hands keep time upon his knees!
 Behold his soul triumphant rise!
 He clasps his hands and winks his eyes!
 O Juno! such is bard inspired!
 Then worthy Martext rose and fired!
 And Pringle stood with staff before him
 To raise if need be, or to lower him.
 With equal majesty and grace
 The cane went circling round his face.

Oliver Martext— "I propose

That all those—

Here the cane touched his nose
 On the tip, to make him descend I suppose.
 To Pringle it seemed he was too far from prose.
 But Martext at once to his full height arose,
 And stood for three seconds on the ends of his toes,
 Then with frenzy inspired at Pringle he goes,
 (As when from the mountains a north-wester blows,
 And straight to the floor brother Pringle he throws.
 Oliver then began again,
 Withouten drede of Pringle's cane:

"I propose

That all those

Whom the lists shall disclose
 As taking their name from the Register's rows,
 (Which to the 'Polyglot Club' foul treachery shows,)
 Be considered as dead, and an O-bit-u-a-ry
 Be penned by our brother S. Pry, Secre-tary.

And that a lyric

Panegyric

Be made by Pringle,

On every single

New subscriber." Here the breath, not the wit, of Oliver failed him,
 And Pringle crept up to discover what ailed him.

4th, **RESOLVED**, that we appoint a critical committee of hyper-critical Reviewers, who shall be instructed to have no mercy upon such great names as we do not find upon our list of subscribers; but who may, at the same time, intimate to Scott, Moore, Irving, and a few others, that we will deign to take favorable notice of their productions, when they shall have sent in their names to our "Agent in London." "Very fair!" exclaimed friend Small-talk, "we critical tyros will wield the lash like an experienced master of the 'four-in-hand;' and like to him of Ferney we will 'Shape our weapon with an edge severe.'"

5th. **RESOLVED**, that such of the members as are able and willing, make a short address to our little book, going forth under new auspices. (The idea took—authority Hor.) Brother Dashwood

first rose, and after looking like one inspired for the space of fifty-three seconds, thus began. "Little book! may the laurel be ever twined around thee; like the ever-green, may thy glories be unfading. Go, thou carefully collated little volume, beguile the tedium of a Siberian winter, shrink not from the Afric heat. Wing thy way to the land of taste and beauty, tread the impervious mazes of the Abruzzi, and having presented thyself to the expecting eyes of Cardinal Giovanni Consiglieri Giustiniani, repose thyself at last in the archives of the Vatican."

He would have proceeded, but "the Chair" excused him, as his beginning was a little wandering, and his style a little exotic; indeed Tristram Sturdy half grumbled and half whispered, that "brother Dashwood knew not what he was about, that he knew nothing of the Abruzzi, and he'd be bound could not for his life again pronounce the name of that Italian fellow, Dr. Gin-i-o-ni somebody." Solomon Pry, Esq. then rose, and with a look that we were to understand beaming with sentiment, and in tones replete with tenderness, mildly thus began. "Sweet little bantling MS. first 'exert thy infant flight,' though the lowering clouds are dark and dingy. Dry the scalding tear on misery's furrowed cheek, and kiss away the gushing sorrows of a brother's tenderness! Carry the mild influence of religion to the heart-stricken 'Skeptic;' ring in his ears the solemn peal of piety. Acquaint him with the yearnings of a prayerful mother for her atheist son, and of his sorrowing sister, with dishevelled hair." He was much surprised, or, as he expresses it, completely horror-struck, on hearing the laugh of the members, which had been long suppressed. It was plain to us, however, that his address was much too lugubrious for the world, though rather of ludicrous order, to us. After several other dedications, which the public would not approve of, as 'the Nine' did not, and which we therefore spare them, we determined to dun brother Sturdy, who had sat grumbling all the evening, smoking and sneering, grunting and groaning, at our oft-repeated trials and as oft-repeated failures to obtain an address to our liking. On being politely requested by the members to furnish an address, he glowered most fearfully on them, then slowly and sullenly extracting his aromatic, he replied, "I praise your little book! (taking a long whiff at the time,) I puff nothing." But at last, complying with a very ill grace, he vociferated,

"Little book, to the *Devil*! I'd not be uncivil,
Since I, of all others, can wish you no evil.
As for you, Mr. Small-talk, and the 'Club,' you may all talk.
Address it I dont, I've determined I wont!
You've interrupted my revel, hence, avaunt to the *Devil*!"
As to his verse or his manner, we cannot amend it,
And as to the book to our *Devil* we'll send it,
Gentle reader! the style of our Journal shall vary.
A true copy.

(Attest.) S. Pry, Secretary.

Swett, etc

THE EPICUREAN.

A TALE BY THOMAS MOORE.

It is a difficult thing to excel in more than one department of literature, and still more difficult to have the reputation of so doing. The world is a jealous world, and not a little given to envy and detraction. We are continually making manifest the clay from which we are formed, and showing the earth-born passions which are wrought into our nature. Amidst the praises bestowed on a man of illustrious genius, there is always heard a dissentient voice. From the days of Zoilus till now, there have always been some few who have set their faces against the stream of popular opinion, who have counted it a merit to differ from the "swinish multitude," and who, like the Pharisee in the parable, have thanked God that they were not made like other men. The same illiberal spirit, which makes us so lukewarm in our admiration of genius, predisposes us also to find faults in the work of one who is ambitious of excelling in more than one kind of writing. It is a true saying, that a man has no greater enemy than his former self. We assume it as an axiom, that no one can be eminent in more than one department of literature, and that by habituating the mind to one kind of exercise exclusively, we lose the power of applying it in any other way; as it was said of Mozart, that his fingers had become so cramped by excessive playing on instruments, that he could with difficulty use them for the common purposes of life. In our propensity to illustrate mind by matter, we maintain that there is a division of labor in immaterial products, as well as in material, and that one man should write poems and another novels, as one man moulds the head of a pin, and another sharpens its point. We draw our inferences from this false position, which we have assumed to be true, and by way of proof, we bring up the poems of Cicero, and Addison's still-born speeches.

Mr. Moore has been singularly fortunate in triumphing over these prejudices. After he had for a long time enjoyed, on both sides of the water, a brilliant poetical reputation, it was announced that he intended to publish the life of his distinguished countryman, Sheridan. Every body, of course, predicted that it would be a failure. Indeed how could it

be otherwise? How was it possible that a poet, who is the slave of imagination and the creature of impulse, whose office it is to exhibit man and nature in their general and unchanging features and characteristics, should succeed in revealing the hidden machinery by which states are governed, and in unravelling the tangled web which politicians weave? But in process of time the book appeared, and the world was agreeably disappointed. The *Life of Sheridan* is a beautifully-written and most instructive book, abounding with warnings and examples, with some faults, it is true, but with many uncommon beauties, and as impartial as the biography of one zealous party man, by another equally zealous, can be. It is a proof of no common ability, that he has been able to make the life of a politician so interesting. To be able to judge of his success in this particular, compare his work with the very sensible and very stupid memoirs of Pitt, by a right reverend prelate; a book, to which Sir Richard Blackmore's epics are interesting, and Mather's *Magnalia* a perfect fairy tale.

Mr. Moore has added not a little to his already great reputation, by the beautiful little tale now before us. The story is short, and may be told in a few words. Alciphron, an Athenian, a follower of Epicurus, at the age of twenty-four, is chosen the chief of his sect. Notwithstanding the pomp and splendor of his inauguration, which dazzled his senses and intoxicated his soul, his mind is filled with melancholy forebodings. He feels an undefinable wish, an unsatisfied longing for something more durable and ennobling than the fleeting pleasures he has spent his life in pursuing. He is commanded, in a dream, to repair to Egypt, and told, that there he should find the unknown good he is seeking. He sets sail for Egypt, and arrives at Alexandria. He becomes enamored of a Christian maiden, whom he sees officiating at a religious festival, and after a variety of adventures is weaned from his "proud philosophy," and becomes a humble follower of the Redeemer. The maiden suffers martyrdom, and Alciphron betakes himself to the desert, lives a life of holiness and penitence, and dies at an advanced age. But the story, beautiful as it is, is a thing of secondary importance; it is merely the string of the necklace, a something to connect together the pearls of thought and expression which are thickly strown over every page. There is not, perhaps, in

the English language, a book of its size which contains so much beautiful writing. It is rather a poem than a novel; it has all the essentials of poetry, the rich imagination, the warm feeling, the vivid conception, "the vision and the faculty divine." Nothing can exceed the harmony and grace of the language in which the author clothes his beautiful conceptions. Language in his hands is not a simple means of expressing thought; his very words have a soul; his mother tongue is a cunning instrument in his hands, and he makes it "discourse most excellent music." The descriptions are most vividly natural, and are painted to the eye. We walk with the hero through the magnificent gardens of Athens, and listen to the dash of their sparkling fountains. We join in his raptures, when he sees, for the first time, the moon silvering with her beams the waves of the sacred river. Egypt, with its thronged and busy cities, its "star-pointing pyramids," its massy temples, its stupendous works of art, seems to us a familiar land. We think that we have seen, with our own eyes, the beautiful and magnificent objects and scenes which are described.

But what peculiarly distinguishes this tale from almost every other book in the world, is the splendor and variety of its imagery. We are dazzled with the profusion of mental wealth, which the author lavishes with the most wanton prodigality. The eagle wings of his imagination never flag; he compasses earth, air, and sea, for the materials of his illustrations and embellishments. All climes yield their treasures at his bidding; countless shapes rise up at his summoning. His spirit holds converse with all beautiful forms and all lovely sounds, with the radiancy of day and the solemnity of night, with the grandeur of ocean and the joy of earth, with the song of the nightingale and the breath of flowers. Our author's beautiful flights show the purity of his taste, as well as the richness of his fancy; there is hardly a figure in the book which would be considered faulty, if judged by the severest rules of criticism. It is a little singular that fog-wrapped Ireland should be the dwelling place of a mind like that of Moore. One would think that he had never inhaled a single draught of the Bœotian air of "green Erin." The fire of his imagination seems to have been lit from the glowing sun of Persia, and he breathes round his creations all the fragrance of the rose-gardens of Pæstum. The Orientalism

of the scene is always in perfect keeping; every thing is Eastern and sunny. The author shows a minute acquaintance with the manners, customs, and natural history of the country he describes, which gives to his fiction a magic air of reality. Hafiz and Ferdóusi might be proud to call him their countryman; for no oriental bard can boast of a richer fancy or a warmer heart; and no sweeter poet ever wandered through the gardens of Schiraz, or told the sad tale of the loves of Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of Araby.

The Epicurean is not without its faults. It is very unequally written, and the interest is not always well kept up. The least satisfactory part of the work is the description of the hero's initiation into the mysteries of the Egyptian hierarchy. The author has shown a great deal of curious learning and research, but they seem to be misplaced in a book of this kind. There are many pages which leave a vague and misty impression on the mind, and we suspect that most readers hurry through them as fast as possible and hasten to the more interesting portions.

It may be said by fastidious critics, that there is too much ornament, and too much beautiful writing; that the sentiments and thoughts are weakened by excessive illustration and multiplied allusions; that the ground work of the tapestry is often hidden by the multitude of flowers which are woven into it. But we must confess that we did not think so; there is not a figure in the book we could wish blotted out. We may alter our opinion when a more mature age shall have traced its furrows on our brow, and taught the blood to creep with a more measured pace through our veins. This objection is a great proof of the merit of the work; they can find nothing else in it worthy of censure. The disappointed critic, whose gall is so moved by the excess of beauty as to note it as a blemish, may be compared to the god Momus, who, being unable to find any fault in the person of Venus, complained of the creaking of her slippers.

A delightful characteristic of the work is the moral feeling which pervades it, which is the more gratifying, as its author has not always been so praiseworthy in this respect. Many of his youthful productions were heavy sins against purity and good morals. He offered incense to strange gods, and the fire of his impassioned poetry was kindled from the earth-

born element, and not by a "live coal from the altar." But he has at length turned him away from his sensual idols, and bowed, in humble adoration to the God of Ages, the head which fame has thickly shaded with evergreen laurels. He has nobly atoned for his former errors by the publication of the *Epicurean*, which is a most eloquent and stirring appeal in favor of virtue and religion. Alciphron, the hero, is a noble specimen of human kind. He is rich in native talent, rich in learned lore, rich in the honeyed eloquence of his own Attica. Our spirit gladdens within us to see him casting off, like an unseemly slough, his vain philosophy and the intellectual pride of the Garden, and taking up the cross of the true faith. It is a goodly sight to behold this fair Corinthian pillar, chiseled by the cunning hand of Grecian art, supporting the roof of the temple of the Most High. No pomp of language can paint the surpassing loveliness of the gentle and timid maiden by whom his conversion is effected. It seems passing strange, that he who could conceive a character of such queen-like perfections and such starry purity, should be one and the same person with the translator of Anacreon and the author of Little's poems. She has the feelings of earth with the spotless innocence of heaven; her heart is the heart of a woman, but her soul is the soul of a seraph. The atmosphere in which she moves is rife with beauty; all unholy passions are dispelled by her presence, as by the touch of Ithuriel's spear. There is more persuasion in her words than in a thousand homilies; here virtue is seen dressed in a glorious garb, and speaking in accents which it is no profanation to call inspired.

There are snatches of poetry interspersed through the volume, which are as sweet and natural as you might expect from the author of *Lalla Rookh* and the *Irish Melodies*.

We conclude our imperfect notice with one extract, which may serve as a specimen of the style. We do not make more than one selection, as we take it for granted that the book is lying on the parlor-table of every house within a circle, whose radius is five miles, which circle we take to be the "ne plus ultra" of the *Harvard Register*.

The passage we quote is the description of the commencement of his voyage up the river Nile.

"The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and

the citron, interlacing their boughs ; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure house ;—while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses, for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

“The activity of the morning hour was visible every where. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had roosted all night in same date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked freshly awakened ;—and, most of all, the superb lotus, which had risen with the sun from the wave, and was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

“Such were the scenes that now passed before my eyes, and mingled with the reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept over the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days appeared to me one series of wonders, yet by far the most miraculous wonder of all was, that she, whose first look had sent wild-fire into my heart,—whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that would have dared any thing on earth to obtain its object,—was now sleeping sacredly in that small pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay calmly at its threshold.

“Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile-geese, folding her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shadow of the sycamores in the water. Even the nimble lizards upon the bank seemed to move more languidly, as the light fell upon their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the becalming influence of the hour. Looking fixedly at the pavilion,—as if once more to assure my senses, that I was not already in a dream, but that the young Egyptian was really there,—I felt my eyes close as I looked, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep.”

Hillman

THE SKEPTICK'S SOLILOQUY.

I too was charmed in youth's unsullied prime—
 When Hope's fair cheek had just begun to glow,
 Beneath the genial light of Truth sublime,
 With dreams which promised happiness below.

I too had seen, o'er life's unruffled tide,
 A flame like that of burning incense gleam,
 While Fancy's brightest forms appeared to glide,
 Like swans majestic down the purple stream.

I saw, but half awake, with still delight,
 The rosy hours in gay succession fly,
 And as the scene grew brighter and more bright,
 A thousand beauties opened on my eye.

Such was the morning of my life,—alas !
 That I should live that morning to deplore ;
 That days so full of bliss so soon should pass,
 And youth's once faded prime return no more.

Relentless Wisdom ! why didst thou bereave
 My hope, my soul, of all they e'er possessed ?
 O ! take thy gifts, and let me still *believe* ;
 Restore my faith, my comfort, and my rest !

I spurned the bliss that renders earth a heaven,
 Refused the cup that is not offered twice,
 And now, as if by Heaven's just vengeance driven,
 I seek in vain my former paradise.

Yes ! a Divinity, a God I seek !
 Where is his temple ? Whither shall I roam ?
 O Nature ! bid yon hoary mountains speak—
 Is their blue canopy the Spirit's home ?

Is there a God, for whom those planets burn ?
 I've sought the stars with many a skeptick's *why*—
 From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth I turn,
 But not a voice gives answers to my cry.

O ! thou consoling Power, whose gentle hymn
 Can soothe the wildest torments of the slave,
 Whose twilight-star, when others have grown dim,
 Shines brighter still o'er life's tempestuous wave,

Immortal Hope ! remove the veil which shrouds
 The skeptick-mourner's soul in doubts and fears,
 And whisper to him that, behind the clouds,
 An angel's pen records the sufferer's tears.

When Friendship's voice is hushed, and earth receives
 To her cold bosom the lamented trust ;
 When sorrowing Memory pines 'mid withered leaves,
 And Reason asks if fate so sad be just,—

O! then, kind spirit, if thine eye discern
The grave, o'er which, forsaken and unknown,
The mourner weeps, and clasps the mouldering urn
Where rests the heart he once could call his own ;—

Approach the hallowed spot, and if he think
Too hard his lot, and charge the Powers above,
O! let him see the storm-clouds as they sink,
Tinged with a morning ray of endless love.

Yes, Hope! thy voice foretells a juster sway,
Than *he* expects, who trusts in Fortune's power,
And though distressed by tempests on our way,
Thy smile shall cheer us in the darkest hour!

Thou art the Pharos of a distant shore,
Born of the skies, thou dreadst not mortal's doom;
But when the things of earth shall be no more,
Thy form shall flourish in eternal bloom.

In Egypt's sacred clime thy youth begun,
The priests of old, who knelt at Isis' shrine,
Inspired by thee, first hailed the glorious Sun,
Blessed his approach, and called his light divine.

"He comes! he comes! Ye Heavens, stretch forth your arms,
Receive him, Morning, with a joyful song,
Rise, Nature, rise, arrayed in all thy charms,
'Tis he, to whom thy bridal vows belong.

"He comes! he comes! through yonder azure field,
Blessing and blest, he glories on his way,
A heavenly lustre beams from out his shield,
And earth with all her children owns his sway.

"Light is his element, his home the skies—
Night flies before him, and the stars grow dim,
Ye Vallies, bid your richest perfumes rise!
Ye Breezes, waft your morning prayer to him!

"The Heavens proclaim him; and the distant orbs,
That float like atoms in his glory, sing—
Creation breathes the music it absorbs,
And Nature hails her Bridegroom and her King!"

J. H. Hodge

COMMENCEMENT IN OLDEN TIME.

I had a vision in my sleep
Which gave my spirit strength to sweep
All up the stream of time.

Not long since, one sleepy afternoon, I seated myself in 'mine elbow chair,' and endeavoured to keep my drowsy faculties awake over Brown's Chapter on Consciousness. But it would not do; old Somnus speedily took possession of my whole body politic—the book dropped from my hand, and I lost my consciousness, whilst he hurried me away to the Isle of Nod. Yet as I am a bustling, active little man, and believe firmly that the mind thinks always—the time I passed in sleep was by no means 'a dead letter.' Many strange fancies flitted through my brain—some of which appeared to smack of the historical. One of these I propose to transcribe, that it may be enrolled among the immortal productions of the Polyglot Club.

Methought I swam, alewife like, up the stream of time some hundred of years, and was transported back to College as it then was. The whole face of things changed—Hollis, Stoughton, Holworthy, and University Hall, fade away into the dim mists of 'time to come.'—The neat fence and the ambitious little trees vanished in the twinkling of an eye—while here and there, some giant elm was stretching out its lordly and protecting branches, to form a classic bower.—Massachusetts was raising her modest walls, blushing in her maiden beauty, beneath the encouraging glances of maternal 'old Harvard;' and Stoughton* stood exulting in youthful prime. The Hotel, Market, and College-house, and all the rest of our *Classic* buildings sunk into the dust. Post office, there was none!—Lawyer's office, there was none!—Printing office, there was none; and the Barber's pole slipt from its fastenings, and rolled off, a little acorn, into the surrounding forest. The place of Divinity Hall was occupied by a dismal swamp; Professors' Row was overgrown with brushwood; the church disappeared, and God's acre arose on a little knoll, with a few roughly hewn stones to mark where two or three worthies had laid themselves down to rest. The Eagle too, winged his way afar, to wait until called upon to be the symbol of our country.

* Here is no anachronism.—Vide Historical Sketches in No. IX.

It happened to be Commencement day—and I strolled about in my vision, wondering how things could be so altered. Instead of the booths and fiddling we now see and hear on such occasions, I observed little prim, old ladies, in russet gowns and white caps, seated behind tables well stocked with molasses candy and dough-nuts, knitting most vehemently, excepting when they paused to receive the half-pence from urchins in homespun small clothes and felt cocked hats. There were no *Hourly* coaches, dashing gigs, rattling up to the old sober meetinghouse. But the spectators jogged gravely along, in their square bodied chaises, and swains riding up to the horse-block, assisted their damsels to alight from the pillions behind them. Portly old gentlemen were trudging about with gold headed canes; and sable cloaked, thin visaged Puritans were collected in bunches, discoursing on the 'crying sins' of the times, or listening to some new and marvellous narrative of the Salem witches. And methought how these worthies would stare and shake their well wigged heads if they could witness a modern academic festival.—Yea, verily, they would marvel more than did Rip Van Winkle when awakened from his trance.

The shade on the *dial plate* wanted considerable of the hour when the exercises would commence, and I spent the leisure moments in roaming through the entries of Stoughton and Massachusetts. At the key-hole of one door I overheard a youth striving hard to wheel round the big words of a Greek oration; at another, I listened to a worthy wrangler, pouring out, 'ore rotundo,' his whole force of argument in a desperate disputation; and from a third issued forth the strange knock-me-down sounds of a Latin syllogism. As one portal gaped open to let out a shining negro, I beheld a table glistening with pewter dishes, and foaming with flagons of beer; whilst whortleberry pies and home-made gingerbread, defended the corners. A row of long stemmed pipes, too, caught my eye, on the mantle-piece, interspersed with well filled and well polished tobacco boxes.

Presently the procession marched out of Harvard, mostly composed of ministers, the officers of the college, and the students. Among the latter, methought I could distinguish even then, the well known ingredients of a class. Here the sunken eye and sallow countenance bespoke the man who *dug* sixteen hours 'per diem.' And there was the jolly round

face of the good-natured king of the Lazy Club, whose total of reading amounted to zero, and who was content to be styled a 'smart fellow,' because he did nothing. In one part of the procession, minced and tripped the college beau; in another, slouched along the college sloven. Now the white Cassimere coat, laced waistcoat, green velvet breeches, silk stockings, and gold buckles, proclaim a blood, or sprig of quality. Now the thunder-and-lightning, long waisted habit, with its steel buttons, and the pepper-and-salt small clothes, bespeak the ex-bush-whacker, and future selectman. While the three-cornered head coverings poised on the summits of tall and short bodies, gave to the whole band the delightful undulations of a sea-serpent.

The procession wound its way into the meetinghouse, as the choir thundered forth 'God save the king,' which was followed by one of Sternhold and Hopkins' psalms, to the tune of 'Old Hundred.'

Within the building, what a scene presented itself to my already bewildered imagination! Think you that the gallery wound around the house, studded with living gems, a belt of beauty?—Well then, you think right; but such beauty, none of the present generation, excepting myself by my peculiar power of dozing thirteen hours out of the twenty-four, will see living, moving, and having its being. In vain I looked around for the flowing ringlets, the rainbow robes, and leg-of-mutton sleeves of the modern belle. In vain I looked for the jewelled necklace which encircles her neck, and the golden bracelet which manacles her wrist. I listened without success, to hear the light laugh and *small talk* (not our worthy brother) of petted beauties.—No—all was proper and precise; good matronly gran-dams, in their snowy caps, and neatly folded kerchiefs, with their round eyed spectacles, and knitting work, occupied the foremost ranks. The damsels of that day, sedate and well behaved young ladies, primly erect, sat modestly behind their mammas, with their cushioned head dresses plentifully plastered and begrimmed with pomatum and powder, their neat figures shut up in stiff brocade, which fitted close to their slight waists, and then gracefully flowed off, being distended by the ample hoop. Now and then, to be sure, some lively romp was to be heard chatting with the beaux, but the severe looks of the matrons soon drew the two-footed fan forth from her side pocket to hide her blushes.

The Exquisites too, how different were they from the sophisticated ease-consulting jack-a-dandies of our own improved times. I looked in vain for the Cossack pantaloons and Wellington boots, the Cantelo stock and Corinthian gills, the Crawford hat and *à la Byron* head, which now make the man. The satin breeches and silk hose exhibited the well turned limb; the fine lace ruffle gave a delicate appearance to the brawny fist. And the laced chapeau was genteelly tucked under the arm to show off the befloured pericranium. Oh for those days of primeval simplicity—that golden age of habits—that generation of immaculates.—Alas and alack-a-day for the extravagance and degeneracy of the year 1827.

I had ample time to make these observations, whilst the multitude were settling themselves away. As soon as this was done, a venerable old divine poured forth a solemn and fervent, though rather *lengthy* prayer. He took due notice of the trials and tribulations which the conscientious few had undergone from the time they left the shores of England—that habitation of prelacy, until the present, when they were waxing stronger and stronger, like unto a strong man. He called down the blessings of heaven upon the king, queen, and all the royal family; he touched with sorrow upon the sins of the age; besought the speedy deliverance of the colony from the witches, and concluded with a fervent petition for this literary institution, which he compared to a grain of mustard seed, and prayed that it might grow and spread and bring forth much fruit, in all holiness and grace.

After the prayer, the President delivered a Latin oration replete with learning and eloquence, but which lost much of its effect, by not being translated for the benefit of the ladies, as hose ‘tinged with heaven’s ethereal blue,’ had not then come in fashion. The President was followed by the scholars in various performances, in the ‘learned tongues,’ together with divers hard fought disputations. My Greek orator turned out to be a little gentleman in black, admirably calculated for his part on account of his mouth of paragraph capacity. But, in the succeeding ‘acts’—the Latin syllogism seemed to give the most ‘content,’ if I could judge from the waving *top-knots* of the tittering ladies, and the illegitimate smiles which stole over the countenances of the ‘*cloth*.’

It was truly amusing to hear them hammer away ‘ten pound ten fashion,’ with their propositions. Up jumps one

man with a face as positive as two negatives, and sends out his syllogism, armed and equipped with its major and minor and conclusion, so well packed and dove-tailed together, that you might as well attempt to 'pluck a rap from the counter,' as to avoid its certainty. But hark,—another reasoner, looking as though he could show, past all cavilling, how many spirits dance on the point of a needle and never elbow each other, arises, and flatly denies his major; then forthwith he manufactures a syllogism to substantiate this denial. As soon as he is seated, another pugnacious gentleman levels a blow at his minor, and then a third brings desolation on the conclusion, and so they kept at it, pulling to pieces syllogisms and putting together syllogisms, asserting and denying, bandying backwards and forwards their propositions with all the earnestness of a boxing match, until a signal from the President closed this war of words, and enjoined silence for the benefit of a Hebrew orator.—Hear it, ye modern grumblers—a *Hebrew* oration. The representative of oriental eloquence stepped forward—he opened his shark-like jaws—I heard but one sentence—there issued forth a string of words, crooked, crack-jaw, and thundering as if all the tongues at the Babel confusion had been twisted together. Two dogs ran yelping from the house, the ladies stopped their ears, and I awoke to find that I had slipped, cushion and all, from my chair, knocked down the shovel and tongs upon Pompey's toes, and to see my chum grinning at my door at the catastrophe.

For

A NEW COMER.

But what's this to the purpose? you will say.
Gentle Reader, nothing; a mere speculation,
For which my sole excuse is—'tis my way,
I write what's uppermost, without delay.

Byron.

WHAT is strange is ever startling. Our mind, like our eye, winces at sudden light. There is a something in the very newness of objects, which, be they in themselves clear or mysterious, simple or complex, is interesting even to fear. We are creatures of habit. As the ear grows dull and takes

no note of an accustomed sound,—so that, in days of yore, it could be credited that the music of the spheres had, from their creation, been sweetly sounding to a senseless world—so does the mind grow callous to the things of custom; but only to be the more feelingly sensitive to what is out of custom. Even in the dull routine of ordinary life, our nerves are not proof against the unwonted sights and unlooked-for scenes, which ever and anon are thrust upon our view. A new relation in the world, a change of position in society, a novel incident, a strange face, a sudden thought, all produce the same exciting influence, and awaken the same startling interest.

But these effects are more especially realized in our early days. Indeed youth is a continued scene of new things. No day, scarce an hour passes but has brought with it somewhat that we have either never seen, never heard, or never known. Things old to others are new to us; and in our constant round of studies and amusements, we are ever discovering some law in nature, some principle in science, or some rule in art, of which we before were ignorant. The toy that gives amusement is not without instruction, and the picture that shows us nothing but what we have seen before, is soon thrown by in disgust.—In youth, too, we are ever hunting after new things. In these happy days, whose delight is only equalled by their danger, “ere the hey-day in the blood is tame and waits upon the judgment,” we are ever dissatisfied with what is before us. We love to be excited, to be startled by some strange tale or stranger sight, and we cry for the ghost-story, which has before made us shudder.—More than all, in youth it is that we are most easily and most deeply impressed by new things. Our high-tuned nerves then vibrate to the weakest touch; and many a time does our pulse throb and our fevered blood grow cold within us, as we pass along through all “the varieties of untried being,” by which youth is ushered into manhood. Things which have no quality in common but their newness are in these effects alike. The self same fear, varying only in degree, makes faint the heart of him, who is about, for the first time, to tread the blood-tracked field of war, or the embroidered Brussels of a drawing-room. Indeed so surely is this so, that newness may, without error, be accounted the great source of all our fears; and thus may be derived the pleasing reflection, which

may animate us to press forward in whatever work is before us, that fear endureth but for a season, and that, as it cometh, so also it goeth with the novelty of its cause, and that once being successfully encountered, it will remain ever our slave. The veteran soldier and the experienced gallant march out, with alike unshaken steps, to the field, be it of war or love; and both, with equal indifference, count over their wounds, and boast of their victories.

Gentle Reader! to what end has been all this preface? To no other, I assure you, but that from it, I might, extract some small portion of comfort for the task that is before me. Think not that there is no need—for far ‘more fears than wars or women have’ are those of a literary debut. Indeed I know of few things that are more entirely appalling, more exquisitely shocking to the sensibilities of a young man, than the idea of a first appearance before a literary public. I know that we who have arrived at that uncertain age, which is ranked, now youth, now manhood—hence properly entitled, by a due admixture of either term, young-men—and especially those of us, who from our locality, if not our habits, are emphatically dubbed “Students,”—are reputed to be possessed of a sufficient measure of that modest assurance (in vulgar vocabularies, vide Impudence) to bear us up in any work, however formidable; and I fain would have persuaded myself that we were not behind our reputation; but I look for it in vain in an exigency like this. ‘In these our salad days, the judgment’s green,’ we find it hard enough to think for ourselves, and we recoil from the idea of exposing our half-grown soul to public gaze. Our every thought is crude and loose and changing, and the style in which we would express them, is as our thoughts. Nothing in our whole mental system is fixed or stable. We are always on the stretch for something different, and, “in striving to better, we often mar what’s well.” It may be we have some talent in the art of writing, but we are sure to work it into a fault. Have we a knack of saying pretty things? we are *too* pretty, and, as a child with honey, our readers are soon feasted to satiety. Or have we a name, among our fellows, for sound and logical reasoning? every subject will, at some rate or other, be cleaved into heads, and no sentence be destitute of a *wherefore*. Then again, our inexperienced fancy is too much taken with Genii and Fairies. The stars are too often forced

from their spheres and the planets stopped in their course, in very spite of every principle of *gravity*, to stud the narrow firmament of our own weak mind, and throw a dazzling glare over the obscurity of our conceptions. The war of the elements is increased and their jarring sound redoubled by our violent seizure and more violent usage. A simple sentence is monstrous, and an unadorned thought, in our eyes, never to be forgiven. Thus ever our matter is either 'overdone or else comes tardy off.' The fact is, ourselves are wanting of the perfect man, and our performances, like ourselves, are 'scarce made up.'

These defects, which a young man is seldom or never without, are at no time so forcibly impressed on our minds, as when first we find that they must be exposed to others. It is then we first realize our own littleness; we confess our weakness, and we shudder at the issue. It seems to us that if we fail, and hardly the high-flown hopes of youth can persuade us we shall not, that it will be little less than deliberate suicide. We force ourselves, with all our acknowledged sins upon our heads, before the public tribunal; and how can we hope for mercy? And withal we are stared in the face by that appalling truth, which we have learned the Prosody too lately to forget, '*littera scripta manet*,' which cuts us off from every hope that a failure in words may, like one in deeds, be soon buried in oblivion. When once it is in print, not all the tears of all the angels can erase it.

Such are the horrors which invariably oppress the mind of the young debutant, who never appeared in any print before. Much of their strength, I allow, may with justice be ascribed to the cherishing, on our part, of the delusive idea, that any body will take the pains to find fault with, or even read our poor attempts; but the same superficial knowledge and scant experience which lay us open to criticism or censure, persuade us also that we shall meet it. No person, certainly no young person, in a strange position, is without the false but fearful feeling, that all eyes are on him; and even we, who contribute to this humble periodical, whose subscribers, we grieve to say, are hardly in number equal to its pages, cannot divest ourselves of the idea that we are writing for the world. The ancient astronomers could not believe that their own earth was not the centre of motion to all the heavenly bodies; so we, in youth at least, cannot but believe that our-

selves and our actions are the cynosure of surrounding eyes. But true philosophy roots out apace all faiths like these—a philosophy, which time only can afford us. These horrors then, however chimerical in themselves, are yet real in us, since we try in vain to be ridden of them, and these fears, though in part groundless, shake us with their fullest strength.

I might go on to describe the manifold sacrifice we are obliged to make, in resigning, thus early in life, the pleasing quiet of thinking to ourselves, in foregoing the delightful indulgence of a wayward fancy in the curious workings of her nature, in reconciling her seeming inconsistencies, and bringing down to dull reality the gay visions, which flit in spiritual beauty over us, but which, like ghosts at cock-crowing, vanish in description, together with all the trouble, toil, and agony of authorship. But I fear to gaze longer on my own thoughts, lest I should be tempted to deny that service, which I have already pledged. Believe me, Reader, but for the love I bear the Polyglots,

"I would not this free unhoused condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth."

I have but one comfort, and that is derived, as I but now told you, from the hope that fear departeth with the newness of its cause—a hope whose grounds I shall prove, by preparing an article for the next number of the Harvard Register.

Winthrop

I'LL KEEP A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

I'm weary of this college life,
This scene of everlasting strife
'Twixt Order and Misrule;
I cannot bear the horrid knell
Of matin and of vesper bell;
I'll keep a country school.

I sit me down to hum a tune,
Or sing a sonnet to the moon,
In frenzied inspiration;
I count my fingers now with zeal,
When hark! again that sullen peal!
Ding-dong for recitation.

Away I run like him of old,
 Gilpin, the train-band captain bold,
 Of famous London city ;
 Through hail, and rain, and snow, I scud ;
 Alas ! my shoe sticks in the mud ;—
 This measure is not pretty ;

And so I'll try to mend my music,
 Of which the reader must be too sick
 To be alarmed at any changes,
 Through which my restless Fancy ranges !
 Then aid me, all ye Muses plastic,
 To sing in metre Hudibrastic,
 Which I can manufacture faster ;
 Now I'll proceed with my disaster ;
 The pedal member liberated
 From durance muddy just now stated,
 I, o'er the common, urge my way,
 Though Fancy paints, with boding ray,
 The puddles that in prospect lay ;
 Full well Imagination knew
 That she and I must paddle through
 Sea, lake, and pool, and miry slough ;
 We cannot stop to tell you how.
 (Observe, the monosyllab we
 Miss Musa means and mister Me.)
 Arrived at court of Alma Mater,
 For recitation somewhat later
 Than brothers mine in paths of knowledge,
 Who live within the walls of college,
 I take my seat in deep dismay ;
 O ! what shall bard insulted say ?
 Instead of pitying my case,
 I meet a grin on every face.
 With eyes askant the rascals view
 The spattered coat and mud-soiled shoe—
 By Jove ! I wont be made a fool,
 I'll go and keep a country school.

O who this prison vile could bear,
 Foregoing such delicious fare,
 Squash-pies, and nuts, and cider ;
 Plump puddings too of ample mould,
 Which make the student's heart grow bold,
 And student's face grow wider.

But pen, ink, paper, rhyme would fail
 To tell of maidens lily pale,
 Or like the rose-bud blooming ;
 Oh ! hear a warning voice, beware,
 Ye masters, of the damsels fair,
 To hopeless sorrow dooming.

My muse could sing full many a tale
 Of soldiers never known to quail,
 When marching on the common—
 Yes, warriors of the Harvard Corps
 Have sighed, and bowed, yea, knelt before
 A village girl! O woman!

This last was used to fill the rhyme.—
 I fain would tell, but hav'nt time,
 Of fire in parlor kindled.
 How Love could tedious evening tire,
 And how the heavenly flame burned higher,
 As earthly fuel dwindled.

But I defy the silly darts
 Of him, poetic lord of hearts,
 Styled all-subduing Cupid;
 'Tis pleasant fancy-led to rove,
 But for a boy to fall in love,
 Indeed 'tis very stupid.

No, no, the girls shan't make me fool,
 Although I keep a country school.

I wish to be a man of note,
 To hear the busy village quote
 My sayings wise or witty,
 Like Cæsar too, I mean to rule,
 To *keep*, not always *go to school*,
 Like Barnabas and Kitty.

Besides, 'tis rather dull to *scrow*;
 Although indeed we've hammered through
 The wonders of Astronomy,
 And very easy to recite
 Is Say Jean-Baptiste's treatise, hight
 Political Economy.

I have a most instinctive dread
 Of getting up to take a *dead*,
 Unworthy degradation!
 If possible, I fear still more
 An —— I had almost said a *bore*,
 An hour in recitation.

Moreover,
 My study is a smoky place;
 I find my eyes in doleful *case*,
 By digging until midnight,
 And rising early in the morning,
 Before the matin bell gave *warming*,
 I cannot think I did right.

A thought now pops into my head,
That what I just above have said
May be mista'en for joking ;
Or else my readers may suppose,
I mean upon them to impose
About my study's smoking.

'Tis true ; I swear by all the Nine,
My study smokes, smokes study mine ;
Besides 'tis cold as Iceland ;
My windows, too, are all in shatters,
The rain this moment through them patters,
The floor is wet where I stand.*

MUSA.

Ungrateful rhymester ! dost profane
The little pattering drops of rain,
To minstrel true delightful ?
Because *thy* window-glass is broken,
These words unholy hast thou spoken,
O versifier spiteful !

POETA.

I beg thy pardon, gentle Muse,
And if thou canst thy bard excuse,
I'll amply make amends ;
I'll sing a sonnet to the shower,
And bite my nails for half an hour,
In search of tuneful ends.

SONNET.

Come, tell me, little noisy friend,
That knockest at my pane,
Whence is thy being ? where dost end ?
Thou little drop of rain.

I come from the deep,
Where the dark waves sleep,
And their vigils ever the sea-nymphs keep ;
I go to the brow
Of the mountain snow,
And trickle again to the depths below.

But wanderer, how didst win thy way
From caverns of the sea ?
Did not the sea-nymphs say thee nay,
Sweet harbinger of glee ?

* Stand, not sit. Vide Horace.

— in hora saepe ducentos
Versus dictabat, *stans* pede in uno.

With his far-darting flame
King Apollo came,
And bore me away in a cloudy frame ;
And I sailed in the air,
'Till the zephyrs bare
Me hither, to hear thy minstrel prayer.
And why dost change that tiny form,
Thou sweetest ocean child ?
Why art the snow in winter storm,
The rain in summer mild ?
The breath from above
Of Him who is love,
In the snow and the rain-storm bids me to rove,
Lest the young-budding earth
Be destroyed in the birth,
And Famine insult over Plenty and Mirth.
And wilt thou, little one, bestow
The minstrel's small request ?
Wilt come, when cares of earth below
Press on his aching breast ?
'Tis the minstrel's own
To kneel at the throne
Of Him who reigns in the heavens, alone ;
The grief of the soul
'Tis his to control,
Who bids, in the azure, the planets roll.
His couch, when balmy slumber flies,
In watches of the night,
Wilt, soother, come, and close his eyes,
And make his sorrows light ?
I cannot come
From my sea-deep home,
Whene'er I list, on the earth to roam ;
Who rules in the form
Of the ocean storm,
His will must the rain-drop too perform.
Thy gentle prattle at the pane
Makes timorous Fancy smile ;
Then let me hear that tender strain ;
Blithe charmer, stay awhile.
No, I cannot delay,
But must quickly away
Where the rills in the valley my coming stay ;
I haste to the dell
Where the wild flowers dwell.
Then, 'Peace to thee, minstrel,' is the rain-drop's farewell.

But, "gentle reader,"—ah! you smile,
 What, have I wandered off a while?
 Well, now 'tis time to get my "Say"—
 I'll tell the rest another day.
 When I'm established in my rule
 I'll write you from my country school.

Richmond

THE MAN IN THE MASQUE.

—Alter
 Ridebat, quoties de limine moverat unum
 Protulerat pedem. *Juv. Sat. X.*

I BELIEVE I am somewhat of a philosophic temper, though truth to tell, my philosophy all runs one way. I care not a straw for the researches and theories which concern this poor black ball of ours—I have no fondness for the science which scrawls the fair firmament of heaven with imagined arcs and tangents and ellipses, cheating the stars of all their poetry. As little do I respect the science that mars the beautiful confusion of vegetable nature, with its artificial laws and classes that almost make the lilies toil while they grow. I bestow my sincere pity on those unhappy men who have chosen to themselves the office of stripping from the material universe the lovely mantle wherewith God in the beginning covered its nakedness.

Men and mind are my study. I need no observatory high in air, to aid my perceptions, or enlarge my prospect. I do not want a costly apparatus to give pomp to my pursuit or to disguise its inutility. I do not desire to travel and see foreign lands, and learn all knowledge, and speak with all tongues, before I am prepared for my employment. I have merely to go out of my door, nay, I may stay at home at my chambers, and I shall have enough to do and enjoy. Look and laugh, is my precept and practice; the motto and business of my philosophy. Every body is a wonder to me and a joke. Every body has so much that is new in his character to be analyzed, so much that is quaint to be admired at, so much that is dark to be searched, that every body gives me study and amusement.

I have wandered up and down the world, gone to and fro in the walks of life, with little to do but to observe my neigh-

bours. With small claims upon the notice of my fellow men, and with narrow abilities of serving them, I determined, even had my disposition less strongly inclined me to it, to give myself to a quiet observation of other men—to prefer no prayers on my own account to Fortune or Fame—to endeavour only to understand the creatures and the scenes among which my lot has placed me. I have therefore always kept in society; I have sought out every thing which was called curious or great; I have gone to see remarkable men, as other folks went to see the automaton chess-player. For I said to myself, peradventure I may discover a law of intellectual nature that shall explain some of the countless eccentricities of the human mind; that shall help to solve that riddle, which a mightier than the sphynx propounded, and no Œdipus has read. By that fortunate constitution of my system to which I have already alluded, I have been able in every emergency to find food for laughter; and this perpetual risibility has answered the purposes of the masque on the ancient stage; it has preserved the unity of my character to all about me, and sometimes hid beneath a merry guise, emotions that—Tush! I had almost betrayed my secret.

I have mingled in all societies, and I have found cause enough for mirth in all. I have attended on the formal levees of the statesman; watched the alert civility with which others paid their courtesy, and the graceful reserve which concealed the complaisant host under the dignity of office. And I laughed, to see the pretty pageant of human consequence played so gravely that no body suspected 'twas a farce. It was Foote acting Richard III. and the audience all solemn.

I have chatted in the ball-room and figured in the dance. I have seen beauties in all the dazzle of their charms, and all the pride of their power; and I have laughed as the old Greek came into my head *ῥοια κεφαλή ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐγκεφαλαιον*! But as I have turned from these to the smirking *things* that had fastened on them, my laugh has well nigh been choked with compassion for their unhappy fate, whom the law of fashion has doomed to the attentions of these milliner gallants. It is worse than the fair Titania courted by monstrous Bottom.

I have been at the gay night revel. I have sat at the tables laden with dainty meats and sparkling wine. The

laugh of merriment was loud, the song was noisy, and wit electric ; but neither sympathy, nor noisy song, nor wit, was the occasion of my mirth. I laughed to see men cheat themselves with the idea that they were happy ; to see how hard they laboured to mistake riot for glee ; the flush of excess, for the excitement of heart ; the glare of conviviality and splendid entertainment for real warm fellowship.

I have looked on society at large, and it lessened in my eye to a puppet show. And I laughed to see so much interference among the little figures—so many ludicrous inversions—such shocking contortions and grimaces when they meant to look dignified and proper—such fearful exertions to make a noise and bustle, and such odd contrivances to raise themselves a mite higher than their brother androïdes.—Through whatever scenes I have passed, of business, of pleasure, of sentiment or fact, I have always rejoiced that it was my nature to laugh ; for I should else have found ample arguments for books of Lamentations. I have thought it better to disguise contempt under a smile, than to vent it in ill humour ; and to escape melancholy at the follies of men, by pushing boldly into ridicule ; as the choristers over the corpse of the witch, sung the louder, as the lamps burned blue, and told their beads the faster as the Devil drew near.

I am not ignorant, that while I laugh, I am the subject of laughter. I am willing to play my part in this grand 'Comedy of Errors.' I am content to submit to the necessity which binds all the sons and daughters of Adam. It is idle to resist this necessity. Circumstances will make us ridiculous, if character does not. We cannot always be seen in full dress ; the moment of surprise will come to each and all sooner or later. We cannot escape the insanity which is a part of human imperfection ; we cannot stand aside while our fellows are amusing us with their antic gambols—the mania has seized on ourselves, we are playing the same pranks. Surely then we may be allowed the privilege of laughing at each other.

Emerson

FRUSTA EXLICIA.

* DEDICATED TO THE POLYGLOT* CLUB BY UNUS ILLORUM.

† “Sunt bona? sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.”

I have often heard of the wonderful facility with which thoughts evaporate, when the pen is mended and the smooth, white sheet is laid before us—a blank void to be filled up—horresco videns. But, though I feel this truth, and know how often it is dragged in for a procemium, I shall pass it over. I hate such trash, such quibbling. If one wants to prove that he cannot write, why, let him scrawl on to the end, and then let the world judge;—his designs may thus be completely fulfilled.

It was my intention to have commenced alphabetically; but that is a thread-bare fashion; and, if it were not, the very A. B. with which I must begin, is a sad stumbling block to my feet, hands, and pen. I might expatiate upon the Bachelorship of the Artium, of which an undergraduate is generally supposed to be quite ignorant.

C.

“A sea of troubles.”—*Hamlet*.

CUTTING in all its branches. Man, through all the scenes of life, seems to hold steadily upon a few things only, and among these we may rank *cutting* as by far the most prominent. We *cut* our teeth in the cradle—*cut* our fingers and capers while children—*cut* a figure in our teens—*cut* out fine schemes, to be thrown by and forgotten through the years of manhood,†—and, at last, Atropos, with her black cap and Damascus scissors, *cuts* short the thread of our existence. Take almost any case that you choose, and you will find *cutting*, almost without exception, the safest course. If we have a new book, and wish to judge of its merits, what shall we do? Why, *cut* it open and see; if the first pages are intolerably flat, then, *cut* the book altogether. If you pretend to be a civilized being, *cut* your nails and your hair; if you are a Chinese or an Indian, *cut* neither; if a fop, have your coat *cut* according to the extreme of fashion; if a right good fellow, have it *cut* according to the cloth and comfort. Go to the surgeon, and he will recommend *cutting* by all means; consult your gardener about an injured tree, and he, if a skilful one, will preach the benefits of ‘*cutting* in all its branches.’ If the *cutting* blast whistle through your windows, *cut* list, and close up the cracks. When you have gotten into bad company, *cut* their acquaintance as soon as possible, *cut* every connection with them through and through; but when you meet

* Small-talk objects to this orthography. I can assure the Club, upon the authority of several vellum editions, that, to say the least, tute ibimus cum *two t's*.

† A translation for unfortunate husbands will unfold itself as the work proceeds.

‡ “Years of manhood”—Years of discretion—where are they?

an humble friend, of the *cut* of whose coat you are ashamed—falsely ashamed—I charge you *cut* him not.

Here I would pause for a moment, to dwell upon that odious being, the confirmed *cutter*, so called. In my opinion, he is a degenerate copy of the Revenue *Cutter* of our harbor,—for both are known by their rigging. The one has a tossed-back head, starched gills, striped cravat, and withal an air of perfect non-chalance,—the other has raking masts, swelling topsails, striped ensign, and on deck a battery of brass “roarers;” the former carries what he calls brains beneath his hat,—the latter carries a veering weather-cock upon the fore-top-gallant-mast; the one, by using his glass only upon particular occasions, *cuts* whom he does not choose to notice, with impunity,—the other by continually using his glass, *cuts* short the operations of the free trade. Indeed the whole difference is, that very decent people are sometimes annoyed by the one,—whereas, rogues are the only game of the other.

We are sometimes told, that a man has died, and *cut* off his hair with a shilling,—now, this is really too bad. It is foolish to be troubling our heads upon the bed of death about the type in which our epitaphs are to be *cut*,—but, it is criminal, to do a deed of vengeance at that solemn season; to cling to the worst passion of humanity while passing to another world; and to leave behind us a disgraceful monument of a low and rancorous spirit. While alive, gratify your malice and love of revenge by throwing your treasures into the sea,—but carry not your vengeance beyond the grave.

There is another species of *cutting* still left for consideration,—and a very decent kind of *cutting* it is. I mean that verbal skirmishing that is often played off in college rooms, insurance offices, and at ladies’ tea-tables. When it is well carried on, I admire to see and hear it,—nor am I unwilling to feel it. There is nothing that so sharpens wit, or so enlivens a dull meeting, as this slashing upon the whims and oddities of our fellows. I might quote many instances, but that the best of such *cuts*, like long scores, are apt to look provokingly bad upon paper. I must add one caution. The parties engaged are apt to forget, ‘that, in the *cutting*, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian blood,’ the spell is broken,—and what might have been amusement, degenerates into base —

CALUMNY—the darkest wave in the *sea* of human troubles. On the character of this word I feel too much excited to write with any thing like moderation. The voice of woman, when she speaks of love, of virtue, of happiness, is music to the soul; it breathes peace and rest to the troubled and weary heart; but, when she spreads the tale of calumny, I had rather hear the mad chorus of the fallen angels. I speak particularly of woman, because in her we do not expect such perversion of nature’s choicest gift. The human tones were no more made for such base doing, than are the solemn notes of the organ intended to grace with music the orgies of banditti.

To resume and conclude our *cuts*. They are of great service as illustrations—witness the child’s book, and the veteran’s face. They

are useful as **get-offs*; for instance, a bashful gentleman was desired by a lady to ask a blessing at her table; the poor man blushed—seized the carver, and stammered forth—"Madam, shall I—shall I cut this mutton." And again—Your disciples of Falstaff on the trying field of battle exhibit a strange propensity to '*cut and run*.'

In short, *cuts* are monosyllables of great and general utility; though there are times, when it would require no syllogism† to prove that they both bark and bite.—I have been dwelling too long upon these *cuts*, let us now dash on '*currente calamo*' through our catalogue of C's.

CUSTOMS—I admire them when reasonable—in such cases it is consoling to think that we are doing as all the rest of the world would do. But we are apt to become blind slaves to them. At all events, when the laws of men and morality are not against it, I should choose to be comfortable at the expense of custom.

CURIOSITY—Without it, Newton would never have immortalized himself, and without it, Bluebeard's wives, (if the story be true,†) would not have met with so early a death. Upon the whole, it is better in a museum than in a lady's disposition.

§COMFORT—At Cambridge consists in a good fire, a tight room, a good book, and no *boreds*; or a good companion and a set of chess men, half of whom are whole.

CRACKERS, *Cracked jokes, Cracked voices, Chorusses and Catch-es*—all good after their own way.

I did not begin with excuses, and hardly think I shall conclude with one. If I have written folly, it is too late to recall it—let it pass. I had no time for logic and reason—so '*thinks I to myself*'

I wont philosophize—but will be *ready*.

Barnard.

* I hardly know whether this word is peculiar to Cambridge or not—It appears to be derived from the Saxon guttolph, which is a lesson half gotten.

† A dog is a monosyllable—

A dog barks and bites—

Ergo—a monosyllable barks and bites.

† Not perhaps exactly true, but undoubtedly intended as a pointed allegory.

§ From among the various definitions, I have taken one to suit myself,—not the world; though I think all will agree with me in those parts peculiar to this season of the year.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications will be received as usual. They must be signed with the real names of the authors, which will not be disclosed by the Club.

Notices of the American Poets, No. 3. and Conclusion is omitted for want of room.

THE
HARVARD REGISTER.

NO. XI.

JANUARY, 1828.

"I wont philosophize and will be read."

BYRON.

JOURNAL OF THE POLYGLOT CLUB.—NO. II.

THE Polyglot Club, "ever anxious to gratify," were in no small degree surprised, not to say chagrined, in finding that the scheme, which "a merciful spirit of philanthropy" had suggested to them as being the most effective for relieving the anxious and distressing curiosity of their patrons, had not met with better success. They had flattered themselves, but too fondly as it appears, that a plain, unequivocal statement of the whole form and texture of their internal policy, the name and nature of their association, the resolutions adopted at its meetings, the various remarks and addresses of the different members, in which the peculiarities of their style were manifestly betrayed, in addition to a fair and correct copy of all their literary titles, would have been enough to gratify—nor only so—to satisfy the most itching curiosity. But how miserably were their hopes disappointed, when after the appearance of that number of their work in which all this is detailed, they still find, in undiminished prevalency, the same ignorant doubts and the same doubtful ignorance, the same "crude conjectures" and the same "misguided guesses." How were their feelings shocked at hearing the manifold theories, differing only in the degrees of their absurdity, which were presumptuously advanced as to the nature and entity of their Club.—Some reducing our *musaical* nine to a paltry committee-like three; our full and goodly chorus, to a mere trio; and giving it out as their serious opinion, that it was composed solely of the pristine editors of the Register, each hav-

ing, for *variety's* sake, endued himself with a kind of imaginary Trinity, and each, like the worthy Single, by name as well as nature an unit, playing three in himself, but the *deuce* with his readers.—Others, again, affirming the whole affair to be one of those “elegant fictions,” which flit at even-tide across the brain, the ephemeral bantling of Queen Mab, a mere fantasy, a “beautiful mythos,” introduced solely for effect, thus making of our worthy brothers, some of whom, for *elevation*, and others for *solidity of parts*, might vie with—any body—yourself, Reader, if you are large enough—making of these, I say, a mere nothingness, and of our sightly Tabernacle a vacuum.—Nor was this the worst. Others there were, even more profane than these last, who *guessed*, with a most knowing and sagacious air, that “the Polyglot Club were going to have oysters and coffee that very evening, in the third entry.” Oysters and coffee! ‘Think of that, Master Brook!’ Bringing down the ethereal essence of pure intellect and unclouded reason, the only food which the constant and terrible threatenings of a mental *dyspepsia* (“*Oh ilia dura scriptorum*”) will allow us to think of, much less to digest—down, I say, to such gross and *transitory* substance as oysters and coffee!—But we forbear making further comment on so absurd an hypothesis, believing it to have been a mere “idol of the *den*,” manufactured by a few sensual individuals, “whose god is their belly,” who, like gluttonous Jack of old, would fain persuade themselves that the only true fountain of wisdom is a pint-pot, and the only true stimulus to wit, sack-posset and a capon, whose interminable lust for gormandizing and guzzling will not permit them (the brunt of reason notwithstanding) to become converts to that beautiful, economical, and ingenious theory of an olden philosopher, that eating is a mere habit, and may be, aye, must be, absolutely forsworn, by all who make even the smallest pretensions to authorship. Ye fools and simple! why do ye mystify that which is clear! why shut ye your eyes against the broad light of Heaven!

But enough of this. We leave such absurd theories to bide the fate of their founders, and, despising that mysterious, clap-trap air which the vulgar catch at, we proceed in pure singleness of heart and simplicity of style to continue our regular journal.

The Polyglot Club assembled punctually at the Tabernacle on — evening at — o'clock, (we forbear giving dates to *save time*). Dr. Democritus having taken the chair, we indulged for an hour or two in parlance sweet on that, to them (may I not say to the world?) most interesting topic, the success of the *last*, their *first* number. Brother Dashwood, to the utter confusion of all concerned, informed us, that all the authors had been discovered except two; that the “Man in the Mask” had so counterfeited his laugh that it could not be recognised; and that the “New Comer” still remained a complete “incog.” Voted unanimously, that this be kept a profound secret. The following resolution was then offered by Dr. Democritus, to wit.

Although we at first were loath to demean ourselves by any in-

terference in civil factions or intrigues, yet inasmuch as even the sanctity of the Tabernacle has been disturbed by the echoes of political contention, we now deem it an imperative duty, in full conviction that it will set the question at rest, to acquaint our readers and the country at large with our opinion as to the Presidential election; therefore,

RESOLVED, that the Polyglot Club look with alarm and disgust upon the exertions made and making in behalf of one, who has so defied all laws of grammar and rhetoric, so sinned against the majesty of Taste, so murdered, of late, the King's English, as formerly the King's soldiers, and that, in the undoubting hope that the Topaz will ever be preferred above Ebony or Hickory either, notwithstanding the enormity of those *tropical* monsters, the "Light Houses of the Skies," we do decidedly approve the nomination of John Quincy Adams for re-election. Unanimously accepted.

It was then unanimously voted, on motion of Brother Small-talk, that,

Inasmuch as, so far from regarding "petticoat influence as a great reproach," we see, with Shakspeare, in "women's eyes, the books, the arts, the academies, that show, contain, and nourish all the world," and that, without them, "none at all in aught proves excellent," therefore,

RESOLVED, that some special means be immediately entered into for conciliating their favor, and that one article in every number of the work be sacredly devoted to that object.

On the acceptance of this resolution, Brother Blank Etcetera took occasion to remark that, while he perfectly coincided in the sentiment of respect towards the sex, he could not but think that it were an unnecessary and undignified task to go about conciliating the favor of any body: 'For surely,' said he, 'we, like the great Kepler, may well wait a year, aye, or a thousand years, for those who will properly estimate our work, when the world has, from its creation, been waiting for us, who might produce it; and though even for my humble part

"I'd fret to see it lie
Beneath the bottom of a pye,
Or cow'd out page by page to wrap
Up snaff or sweeties in a shap,"

Yet methinks—

The very idea of their proud productions in a situation like this, either from its terror or its *truth*, was sufficient, and the members retired in alarm and confusion from the meeting.

(Attest)

S. PAX,
Secretary.

Winthrop

AMERICAN SOUVENIRS.

The Token. A Christmas and New Year's Present. S. G. Goodrich. Boston. 1828.

The Atlantic Souvenir. Carey & Lea. Philadelphia. 1828.

THE first of January has again made its annual appearance. And although there is another New Year's day for us, we have not so entirely forgotten the world as to refuse our sympathies on this occasion. We can imagine how men pause on this day to observe their competitors in the race of existence. We can understand how the hands of friends meet with a warmer press, and the pledge of affection is kindly renewed. We enter into the joy of those but a little younger than ourselves, which lights up their merry countenances, as they gaze on new toys and new books. More than all, we feel the situation of our father (we dare not call them brother) editors, who "bite their nails," and endeavour to eke out their yearly offerings of thanks and apologies; and, like them, would express our gratitude for favors past, deplore our own inertness, and promise to do better in future.

The witty, the ingenious, and the sentimental, those whose pleasure and profit it is to weave the lace and work the embroidery of literature, have taken advantage of this season of gifts, to produce various beautiful volumes to gratify the more refined taste of the age. These Souvenirs are another proof of the omnipresence of literature, and are fast occupying the place of those worthless baubles, which have too long ministered to a sickly love for mere finery. This is right. We feel no disposition to be eloquent, if we could, in praise of letters; but we cannot shut our eyes against facts. And there is doubtless more mind, more understanding, more knowledge of the way in which human nature should be trained, exhibited in the amusements of the present day, than in those of any former period. The piping and dancing between the serious acts of life, while it has lost none of its gaiety and entertainment, has become more graceful, and exercises a healthier influence. Playthings are ceasing to be mere painted toys. We go now to the book or fancy store, not to purchase trifles "light as air," but to buy wisdom and get understanding.

In this country, these volumes seem calculated to do away, in some degree, the reproach, that our beautiful and sublime scenery is wasting its beauties and sublimity on an unfeeling and tasteless nation ; whilst the legends and romantic interests connected with every mountain and valley, are left by our matter-of-fact citizens to the exaggerating tongues of tradition. Ridicule and sarcasm have at last startled the pride of our countrymen, making them anxious to rob the satire of its truth, and show, that simplicity of manners is not inconsistent with a taste to relish the beauties of nature or a genius to copy them with the pencil, and embody them in the tale or the song. Men look no longer on our rivers and mountains, only with the eyes of speculation. And whilst the important considerations of internal improvement are daily gaining more notice, the spirit of beauty has couched the blinded eyes of interest, and opened her fairy land to their gaze. Lake George has gained other notices than the geological journalist, for the creative fancy of romance has breathed over its bosom. The Connecticut no longer threads with its silver waters the hills and dales of New England unnoticed ; and recent events have turned the minds of men and learned them to wonder at the terrific phenomena, the awful grandeur of the White Hills. It has at last been found, that a heart as warm and generous, as bold and daring, beat beneath the homespun garments of our fathers as ever throbbed under the plaid of a Campbell or a Macgregor. The poetry of Neal has echoed the roar of Niagara along the Atlantic's shore, and the pencil of Fisher has caught its rainbow tints, and transferred its sparkling spray to canvass.

Another merit in these works, and one which we have already alluded to, is the preference which is given to tales of our own land. While the artist has enriched them with the portraits of nature, the poet and the story-teller have, for the most part, shown equal patriotism in their productions. The wild character of the Indian, with all its moral sublimity, and its passions heightened by a wayward nobility, have been well studied and described. The different feelings which agitated the trying times of '76 ; the struggles between a love of peace and a love of country ; the contest between a regard for man and an enthusiastic devotion to liberty, are spread before us, in the richness of our native tongue, to tune the soul to independence. The mysteries of superstition, scarcely yet dark-

ened by time, have been drawn from their gloomy chambers to startle and gratify the excited imagination. Yet all this can be hailed only as the dawning of a bright day—the lisps of our infant literature. Time must ripen our tastes. The machinery of civil and social life must be finished, and in perfect operation, before the ornaments can be well fitted on. Besides, it is in vain for the enthusiast to expect the sudden rising up of a perfect literature within a youthful nation. We are now acting the grand drama of political freedom, with the world for our audience, and to make it successful requires all our energies. It is too soon to cry, Let the moon and the stars gladden our intellectual world, for the solid foundation is but just come out of chaos.

From these remarks we may deduce the reason, why so much of our elegant literature is the work of females. Men are busied in the more solid parts of letters. They are engaged in political, scientific, and practical duties, and have little leisure to woo the Muses. This will account too for the sentiment and delicacy which distinguish our lighter works, and explain why they are pathetic, beautiful, and airy, rather than stirring, bold, and humorous. We trust that we shall not be ranked among the contemners of the sex for this suggestion. Our scale for the intellect of females is graduated as high as that for males; though its excellence is of a very different kind; necessary and equally agreeable, but softer and less bracing. It agrees with their frame—more pleasing, more finished, but less muscular and robust. It agrees with their education and duties—more calculated to please than to strengthen the mind; able to soften and polish the rough and unyielding, but unfit to command or force. Woman, as the centre of the family circle, the mother, the sister, or the wife, is a sovereign, possessing the gentle attributes of affection and persuasion. But woman, as a politician, a judge, or a divine, is as out of place, as the song and dance would be in the senate house.

To return. Notwithstanding all we have said in praise of native literature,—and its truth cannot well be contested,—are we sure that we are exulting over a real benefit to the cause of learning in this country? Will not this growing taste for elegance tend to weaken the foundation of our literature? Will it not give us the useless beauty, the evanescent perfume of the flower garden, rather than the fruits of

the orchard, the strength and grandeur of the forest? That nation, which founds its literature on fictitious and imaginative, instead of historical and philosophical works, is building a house upon the sands, which the storms of time shall utterly demolish. It is not a good omen to see every new novel and fanciful poem in the hands of all readers, whilst many a volume of truth and erudition is mouldering on the shelf, or slumbers in the mind of an author, because an intelligent public will not warm it into life. We must not look for intellectual vigor amongst a people taken up with trifles, any more than we should expect to find bodily strength in an individual who has lived upon comfits. We must not imagine that the guests will relish a substantial meal, if we hand round cakes and syllabubs before dinner. And we may be assured that, unless more attention is paid to the solid and important parts of letters, we shall acquire a taste and reputation only for tinsel productions. Unless we grow wiser, in this matter, we must look for no great works, and see our men of learning following our painters and philosophers to seek the patronage and applause of foreigners.

We placed the titles of the two best American Souvenirs at the head of this article, not for the purpose of analyzing their contents or criticising their merits, but to introduce the foregoing general remarks, which are applicable to both of them. We have room only to say further, that, with the exception of the mechanical execution of the Token, they are alike honorable to the literature of this country, and to the taste and enterprise of their intelligent publishers. Carey & Lea and Mr. Goodrich deserve the gratitude and patronage of an enlightened public, for their activity and ingenuity, for their generous outlay of capital and talents, in rivalling the beautiful English Souvenirs. No citizen need be ashamed of the literary promise of this country, and the production of her artists, so long as he is able to produce such excellent specimens of both as are contained in the Token and Atlantic Souvenir.

J. B. Fox.

The Poetry of Numbers. By a Poetaster.

WE beg pardon of our readers for delaying so long our notice of this remarkable work, and at the same time we would congratulate our "extraordinary age" on the recovery of this long-hidden treasure. This little book, which is destined to exert so great an influence on the human mind, appears clad in a most modest and unpretending garb. It seeks not to attract our attention by splendor of gilding or luxury of type; the paper is neither wire-wove nor hot-pressed, and its pages are not embellished by costly engravings, by which, in common-place books, the weary reader is refreshed, and encouraged to proceed in his heavy task of perusing their contents. Our author is also most laudably concise, which is no small merit in these voluminous times; his ideas are not diluted by a multitude of words, but are condensed into as small a compass as possible, and consequently make the most forcible impression on the understanding and the memory. As the *Principia* of Newton (a kindred spirit) was originally comprised in twelve propositions, so this wonderful invention is set forth and explained in a manner intelligible to the meanest capacity in twelve small pages. But preliminary observations are proverbially dull, so let us proceed to grapple at once with our subject.

The "*Poetry of Numbers*" is a treatise explaining a method of making Latin verse; whereby, to borrow the words of the title page, "any one of ordinary capacity may be taught to make thousands of hexameter and pentameter verses, which shall be true Latin, true verse, and good sense." By some singular freak of fortune its illustrious author is called by the harsh and unpoetical name of John Peter; but this is of little importance, for fame's silver trumpet makes all names musical. His method of making Latin verses is by arranging letters into tables, each letter occupying a square; the words are formed by combining these letters by means of any six of the nine digits; for, to continue our quotations, "great is the force of numbers in the discovery of nature's secrets; without its assistance this device had never been attained, but must have lain latent and undiscovered amongst the insolite and unacquainted secrets of art." The process may be

clearly understood by referring to the original work, which, of course, every body will buy immediately on the perusal of this article. This book will find favor in the eyes, not only of those who are amateurs in the 'gay science,' and occasionally flirt with the Muses, but also of those stern practical moralists, who despise the vain jingle of rhyme, and eschew the bootless trade of verse-making; for, to use the author's words, as his admirable ideas derive additional strength and beauty from his peculiar felicity of expression, "each of the verses thus formed are capable of a double reading, and oftentimes of a translation which may be adduced in aid of moral and correct habits;" which position he illustrates by the following pithy and original aphorism, which is freely translated from a line which the author forms from his tables, by way of example,

Sensuality leads to drunkenness, or
Habitual intoxication leads to sensuality.

For this maxim alone the Society for the Suppression of Intemperance ought to vote him a statue of gold. How skillfully is the instructive blended with the amusing; our character is improved as our understanding is perfected; taste has become the handmaid of virtue, and poetry and morality have kissed each other.

We presume that we have said enough to make every one fully appreciate the merits of this rare invention, whose sober reality is far more wonderful than Swift's imaginary machine for book-making, which Gulliver saw at Laputa. The adage, "poeta nascitur, non fit," in which ^{our} simple grandfathers believed, is here most triumphantly refuted. Now every man that can count his fingers is able to "build the lofty rhyme;" the divine *afflatus* has become the breath of our nostrils, and Pegasus stands ready saddled and bridled at every one's door. There is no need now of thumbing the leaves of a Rhyming Dictionary or a Gradus; we are not doomed to the toil of climbing up Parnassus. Our path lies smooth and plain before us, without asperities to be removed or elevations to be surmounted, and, as is beautifully said by a great poet, who it is to be regretted did not enjoy the benefit of this invention, "so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

Tables for making verses! what a blissful sound to thou-

sands of poor devils, who are at this moment plying, with weary arm, the literary oar. The fortunate author need not now have recourse to his usual methods of working himself up into a proper poetical *furor*, such as biting his nails, looking up to the ceiling, knitting his brows, scratching his head, gnawing his pen, &c. ; he may sit quietly in his elbow chair and manufacture his wares without either mental stimulus or exhaustion, and with as little fatigue as if he were taking an afternoon's nap. Any benevolent man, who has seen an unhappy wretch writhing in the throes of a poetical parturition, will bless, with tears in his eyes, the memory of the illustrious John Peter. Editors of newspapers need not now press out from their oft-squeezed brains a copy of very little verses to fill up an empty corner, for their youngest devil can now make as good lines as they ; though to be sure this might have been said of some of the ungentle craft before the invention of the tables. The poet shall no longer be known by his wan cheek and clouded brow, his face shall be wreathed into a perpetual smile, and shall glow with the ruddy hue of health and cheerfulness. But it is needless to enter into these details ; no one can presume to say where the consequences of this invention will end. A glorious poetical millennium is at hand, when our old men shall see visions and our young men shall dream dreams ; when that rare gift of numbers, as we now say, shall be every one's heritage ; when the golden key of Poetry, which unlocks all the treasures of nature and art, shall be put into every man's hand ; and when Miss Matilda's thousand and one "dear friends" shall furnish a piece of original poetry for her Album.

Apropos of Albums—for thanks to Mr. Peter, we can now speak with sufficient firmness on this most melancholy subject. If there is any lady who honors us so much as to read our poor pages, we hope she will pardon this ungallant remark ; we profess the most profound admiration for the fairer half of creation, and believe that, like kings, they can do no wrong ; but we must say, that the inventor of Albums contrived a most ingenious instrument of torture for the male sex. On this topic we are peculiarly sensitive ; we speak from dread experience ; we relate, like *Æneas*, only "*quæque miserrima vidimus*." It was once a sad thing to be on the acquaintance list of any young lady who kept a book of this kind, for sooner or later your hour came, and you heard the ominous words,

"You will confer a great favor on me by inserting a few lines from your pen"—at the same time, gilding the bitter pill by a dexterous piece of flattery, such as, "I know Mr. — by your conversation that you can write poetry," or, "It is only my particular friends that I permit to write," accompanying all this with a soft, sweet smile that no mortal could resist. You accept, of course for who ever heard of saying "no" to a lady. What is the most provoking of all is, that, notwithstanding this manœuvring, the fair creatures imagine that they are conferring a great favor on you, and that you can tag verses together with as much ease as they write a card of invitation; they seem to think that a man keeps his brains, like wine in a cask, and that all he has to do is to bottle them off when wanted. The Album is put into your hands, a finical looking book, bound in red morocco, and formidably gilt, garnished with paintings of roses, and other flowers which it would puzzle a botanist to name, with yokes of doves looking interesting with all their might, and sundry other quaint devices too numerous to mention, and filled with "sweet pretty" pieces of poetry, written in a tall, slim, Italian hand. The horrible reality of your situation breaks in upon you by degrees; you must make a quantity of lines, each of which shall have sense, as well as a rhyme, that these lines must be put together so as to *seem* to mean something, and all must be transcribed in a fair hand without scratch or blot. You sit down at length, with feelings which language cannot paint, to your melancholy task, worse than making bricks without straw, or weaving ropes out of sand.—But we must stop. Our feelings overpower us, and we weep, like Sterne, at the picture our own imagination has drawn. But, as we said before, thanks to Mr. Peter, this bitter root, so prolific of woe, is at length destroyed; we may now bid defiance to the whole generation of Albums, and we shall not now enquire whether a young lady keeps one or not, before we venture to be introduced to her.

The Polyglot Club, desirous to diffuse as widely as possible the benefits resulting from this great discovery, intend to open a poetical warehouse, and they flatter themselves, that they shall be able to furnish a sufficient quantity of that article to meet the demands of the home consumption. Brother Small-talk (who is a great mechanical genius) proposes to construct, on Mr. Peter's principles, a machine for making

English poetry, which shall be worked by a horse power. We respectfully solicit a portion of the public patronage ; our terms shall be reasonable, and all orders shall be punctually performed and with the utmost despatch. We recommend our proposals to the serious consideration of editors of papers, of managers of theatres, of drawing room poets, and young gentlemen in love. We shall endeavour to suit the peculiar taste of every one who shall honor us with his custom ; our poems shall be on any subject whatever, and written in any style, sublime or ridiculous, dignified or familiar, serious or playful, humorous or elegiac, witty or didactic, as the case may be, and in any required measure, from the majestic cadence of Milton to the easy jingle of Butler. We will engage to manufacture an epic poem, in twelve cantos, at three months' notice, and the machinery shall be found for nothing. A five act tragedy or comedy we will furnish, a month after application, with the proper number of screams, starts, exclamations, grimaces and puns, begging, at the same time, to be excused from supplying the oaths and *double-entendres*. And we will warrant our tragedies to be as laughable, and our comedies as sad, as any of the popular pieces of the day, begging pardon at the same time for the vanity of the assertion. We have no doubt that we shall accommodate ourselves to the taste of the age, for our satires shall have every excellence but wit, our epigrams shall be perfect excepting a point, and our songs shall be very beautiful but without any meaning. Such articles as are most in demand, we shall constantly keep on hand, such as odes to the Evening Star, sonnets to Inez, to Ginevra, and the Moon ; verses addressed to Miss —, Morning and Evening Thoughts, Misanthropic Musings, &c. &c. We shall also keep constantly an extensive assortment of similies, illustrations, and metaphors, some entirely new, and others a little worn. Terms, cash or approved credit. Common sense, however, will be taken in exchange.

Communications must be addressed, post paid, to the Secretary of the Polyglot Club.

Hilliard

FRIENDSHIP.

"But by friendship, I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplar faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable."

TAYLOR.

THE savage may range the woods, like the lion, alone; he may, if he choose, maintain the brutal independence of the Stoic. Even the savage, however, finds it agreeable to attach himself to some one of his tribe, with whom he may hunt and fight in company; who will manifest by his howl of joy or sorrow, his uncouth sympathy with his brother's success or misfortune. But civilized man is not at liberty to make his choice. He must associate with his fellow men, he must depend upon them; and there are certain relations toward them which he is compelled to fulfil. It is friendship that must render these inevitable relations, the source of comfort and delight.

It has sometimes been said, that friendship is narrow in its tendency and nature, and contracteth the minds that are resigned to its sweet influences. We refuse to visit with christian prodigality of love the whole family of man, and we count out the little number of those on whom the dews of our kindness shall fall. The objection loses its force, when we look at the real, instead of the romantic world. The characters of men, the circumstances of our situation, and the nature of our affections, make it impossible for us to admit the multitude to the sacred confidence of friendship. We might with equal wisdom, attempt to impregnate the salt sea with exquisite spices, as waste upon mankind at large, such delicate attachment. No philosophy, no religion expects or permits so wanton a sacrifice. The earth is full of trees, plants, and streams; nature is bountiful and fair; but it is not till men have built enclosures, and made private and peculiar, the riches, aids, and resources that before were common, that we behold gardens of fruits and beds of flowers. Moreover, the faithful friend will be the generous philanthropist. It may be, we best develope and perfect the charities of our nature, when we concentrate upon a few eminent objects, their sweetness and power.

All men of gifted intellect and fine genius must entertain a noble idea of friendship. A temperament peculiarly affectionate is not needful to give them a true conception of its purposes and duties. The force of reason alone, is sufficient to this end. They who have been accustomed to solitary meditation, to agitate in their own breast acute and bold speculations, and to cherish thoughts worth bartering for the reflections of other minds, are capable of estimating the pleasures which are shared with a kindred intelligence. Another soul, with all its divinely furnished chambers of wit and wisdom, its faculties, sensibilities, perceptions, is opened, like a new creation, to their excited curiosity. They have found one to whom they may intrust the minute results of their daily and hourly observations and thoughts; with whom they may discuss characters without danger of offence, and decide on points of taste, without incurring the reproach of vanity or dogmatism. One in whose society they may take refuge from all external trouble, as the persecuted Greek in the sanctity of his temples. They may sport with him in the hour of merry humour; they may make him the treasurer of the wealth of their understanding and their heart. He will help them to practice upon that sublime but difficult philosophy *Ἰσοθι Σέαντον*. From his researches in our little world within, we may draw that science of ourselves, so essential to our welfare.

These are some of the intellectual advantages and offices of friendship. It is the Affections that seek out the individual to whom we shall be thus closely bound, and give to the connexion its beauty and charm. These affections seem governed by laws whose principle we have not quite detected. I forbear the fruitless attempt to uncover the sacred concealment of their operation. They appear to break from the attraction of selfish interest, as seeds shoot upward in opposition to mechanical pressure. They avoid the rich and splendid; they are not always found by the side of admiration and respect. There is a sunshine of prosperity too hot and bright for their sturdy growth. They court not the regards of the great, or the popular, or the fashionable. They are not won by studied courtesy nor fair entertainment. Our praise, we are content to lavish on the crowd of claimants that knock at our door and beg it. Our reverence, we are constrained to

yield where it is due, to rank, merit, talents. But our affections, we give not thus easily.

"The hand of Douglas is his own."

We select from the crowd in which we move, an individual on whom fame, perhaps, has never smiled ; who has never been bloated with the adulation of flatterers, nor worn down with the vexations of life, nor sapped by its dissipation. One whose mind, to use a bold figure, has the fresh smell and bloom of youth ; whose feelings and perceptions however different from our own, yet acknowledge the same standard and pursue the same ideal excellence. For such an one we delight to nourish our choicest sympathies. And such intercourse necessarily tends to refine our temper. The countenance which is cold and reserved to others, here beams with genial light. The indifference which chills and the satire which afflicts the rest of our associates, is here exchanged for the most attentive kindness. Or if nature be too strong for us, if the fire be not quenched, it plays innocuous, like the lambent flame about the head of Iulus.

We have already said, that the affections manifest in some instances a "respect for persons," for which we can in no wise account. We occasionally feel for one, a sudden fondness, that almost inclines us to believe, with Socrates, that this life is all a reminiscence ; that we have been acquainted formerly in other regions of the universe ; and that we have now only renewed an old friendship, which slumbered in the soul until aroused by the presence of its pristine object. This may be fancy ; there is in earthly intimacies much that is imaginary ; yet they are lovely and blessed imaginations.

There is a single consideration, which apart from all others, might consecrate these tender alliances. I mean, the power of friendship to foster, nay to create the virtues. Friendship does not require, in order to its existence, all amiable qualities. It can subsist on a few. But it tends gradually to elicit more and brighter graces, till the fair circle is filled up. And this great work it accomplishes, partly by direct and open influence, and partly by a mysterious process which assimilates, we know not how, the characters of friends. Plato asks rightly, "*ἤδη τινα εἶδες σοφον ὅτε οὖν ἀδυνατούντα ποιησαι ἄλλον σοφον ἔπειρ αὐτος ;*"* And if such be the ability of wis-

* Knowest thou any wise man unable to make another wise in the things wherein he is wise?
The First Alcibiades.

dom alone, what may we not expect from its marriage with affection?

There are many who consort together, merely to assist each other's amusement. Men who plan and execute their sport in common, who have sung and roared at the same tables. They have no uncomfortable curiosity about the characters of their associates; they do not care to understand their dispositions and thoughts. They are content if their intercourse be undisturbed by jealousy and meanness. Into that inner sanctuary of the soul, they have never offered to look; they entertain and are entertained in an anti-chamber. These are what Plutarch terms the "*ἔιδωλα καὶ μιμήματα τῆς φιλίας*." Let them enjoy it if they can; this half-faced fellowship, this familiarity without love, this mockery of friendship. For my own part, I am willing to take society as I find it; to bow to men that bow to me, without particular fondness or respect. I am willing to lose an hour in gossip with persons whom good men hold cheap. All this I will do, out of regard to the decent conventions of polite life. But my friends I must know, and knowing I must love. There must be a daily beauty in their life that shall secure my constant attachment. I cannot stand upon the footing of ordinary acquaintance. Friendship is aristocratical—the affections which are prostituted to every suitor, I will not accept.

One thing is certain. No wise man can pretend indifference to the good-will of his neighbours. No man may whisper to his own heart, or signify to others by a lofty negligence, that he needs nothing at their hands. Human pride will turn upon this gratuitous contempt. The most triumphant satirist, whose raillery has rung long and loud against the weaknesses, the humble virtues, or the pardonable failings of his fellow-men, will meet a severe though tardy retribution. He will meet it in the averted look of the countenance which turns with kindness on all beside; in the solitude of his joys and his sorrows; in the cold salutation, where all beside are greeted with warmth, in the little space which will always be left about him, while others are pressing affectionately together. The curse of Eastern malignity is on his head; the sun warms, the breezes cool, the waters moisten him not; he is excluded from the circle of humanity and the influence of its best feelings.

P. Emerson

WHAT! WRITE A POEM?

What! write a *poem*? no, 'twill never do;
Rhymes we can match, and measure *verses* too;
 For, thanks to Heaven, an easy age is ours,
 Since rhyming Walker saved the minstrel's powers;
 Such aids as Pope and Dryden never knew,
 We'll prove them well, for Byron found them true;
 And should we find ourselves in want of rhyme,
 The little book will save a deal of time.

APOSTROPHE TO WALKER.

Thrice blest be thy pate,
 O thou who hast given
 A road to Parnassus,
 So delightfully even;
 Let us all travel thither,
 And rhyme it together,
 Till at length we be seated in the poet's third heaven;
 And there will we sing of John Walker the glorious,
 How he made the rhymes that made us victorious.

O miser must the poet be, who spends
 His hours and brains in search of rhyming ends,
 When two and three pence would procure the whole,
 And swell his page with melody and soul.
 Shades of departed bards! how would ye weep,
 To find that rhymes were selling off so cheap.
 How wondrous is the change! in days before,
 Great was the work to write even half a score
 Of lines per day; the greatest could no more;
 But now, forsooth, we scorn such vain delay,
 We can write Epics in a single day.
 That *ends* should fail us never is our care,
 With such a friend as Rhyming Dictionnaire.
 Let's try—I wish to sing the gentle breeze—
 See, Walker gives me "*these*," and "*freeze*," and "*trees*,"
 And triplets follow with a treble ease.
 Could mighty Spencer but revisit earth,
 How would he thank the gods for Walker's birth.

"My Faerie Queene," again he cries, "I'll sing,
 And deftly¹ will I tune my verses o'er;
 Four rhymes a stanza is an easy thing,
 Though I whilom did find it noyance sore
 An endless bale,² perdie, ycleped a bore;
 For certes, so it hight³ in modern days;
 Dan Walker gives me now the rhymis four—

¹ skilfully.² trouble.³ is called.

With muckle glee I'll tune again my lays,
 Withouten moil⁴ eftsoons⁵ I'll carol to the fays."

But rhyme's not all ; you surely want some mind—
 O that, my friend, I easily shall find ;
 For in this happy, book-increasing age,
 But half a thought is plenty for a page.
 But then your measure will not do, I fear ;
 Is't certain that you have a poet's ear ?
 A poet's ear ? What do you mean, my friend ?
 I count my fingers—one, two, till the end ;
 And should I chance to hobble now and then,
 I've only counted nine instead of ten.

This piece has been criticized—I mean to resent it,
 So 'faith,' like old Burnie, I'm determined "to prent it."

Richmond

DRESS.

It is a trifling and somewhat thankless task to trace the effects which the quality of a man's coat has upon his temper and behavior. One thinks it an insult to his nature to hint, that the "immortal mind" can be at all affected by the state of the covering of this poor, perishable frame, or body of ours. But the ship is guided by a very small helm. The human mind, with all its vast powers, its mighty energies, is affected by matters in themselves utterly trifling and insignificant.

Johnson says, that a man with a good coat on his back, is more respected, than he who has a shabby one. My corollary from this axiom is, that he is the happier man of the two, for the simple reason, that a man is always pleased with others in exactly the same proportion in which they are pleased with himself. When I see a crowd of people with smiling faces, collected upon any occasion, I often ask myself the question, How much of their gaiety is to be attributed to the awkward, but rarely-worn finery in which they are arrayed ?

Have we not all felt that the old coat was in harmony with study ? When arrayed in a holiday suit, are we not afraid

⁴ difficulty. ⁵ immediately.

of disturbing dusty dictionaries, and do we not shrink from our books? Nay, even the worthy Dominie Sampson, though usually far removed from all sublunary things, could not help remarking, with his usual sagacity, "that the air of the place seemed to agree marvellously with his garments; for that his coat (which, by the way, he had never worn before) looked almost as good as new." An old coat seems to be a sort of armor, which when we have girded on, we are ready to grapple with any giants in the path of learning, or to break a lance with any sturdy proposition which threatens to stop our progress.

I know not a more ludicrous sight than to see a man, whose life has been one of engrossing study or unceasing drudgery, tricked out in a fashionable dress. The whole being seems to have undergone a change. Without any miracle the "Deformed" is indeed "Transformed." The man seems to have put on a new set of ideas. His language is a curious compound of the technical phrases of his calling, and fashionable chat. He who yesterday was seen hurrying to his business, or turning over his lexicon, is now sauntering about, proud of himself, and pleased with every body he meets. All is sunshine and gayety. But soon the force of long habit returns upon him; and the next day finds him at his leger or in his library, the same secluded, moping being as before; heartily ashamed, it may be, of the vain and affected part which he has been playing.

It was a saying of no very gallant admirer of the sex, "that God had given them one face, and they had made for themselves another." I would add, that God had given them one temper, and dress another. For, methinks, the fair being who appears in the assembly, radiant with smiles, breathing nought but sweetness and gentleness, is a very different personage from her who sips her coffee in a morning dress, and scolds at her children, and quarrels with her servants.

I know that a saint or a sage, in a threadbare coat, is still the same illustrious character. I know that Plato, lecturing in the gardens of the academy in a tattered robe, or Cicero, haranguing in the forum, with his toga awry, would be listened to with as much delight as the elegant Epicurus, or the gallant and slightly lover of Cleopatra. Wise men may say, that such a trifling affair ought not to affect for a moment the state of the human mind. But poor human nature and philosophy

are at issue upon this matter, as upon many others ; and the former, making up for its weakness by cunning and activity, always contrives to elude the attack of its sturdy but less nimble antagonist.

It is curious to observe how little this subject has been noticed by writers. The reason is obvious. Every one has been eager to keep out of sight this weakness of our nature. But though it be a weakness, it is still a pardonable one. Men ought to be forgiven for wishing that this goodly frame of ours, with its fine proportions, its grace and majesty, should be arrayed in a garb worthy of the lord of earth.

How strangely prepossessed are we, at first sight, in favor of a man of fashion. It seems to us, that so fair a temple can never be the abode of any thing mean or disgusting. We think that an obscene word would soil his splendid array ; that face, now brightened by a smile of good nature, we cannot believe to have been ever furrowed by a frown, or distorted by a sneer.

But after all, what is the use of prosing about such a thing as dress ? The truth is, that we must not consider too curiously the frailties and imperfections of human nature. For we shall find a great many errors to be corrected, and among others a fondness for, and deference to outward display. He that ransacks society, spies into its abuses, will not be any the wiser for his pains ; for he will only discover what every body knew before, and what every body tacitly conceals,—and none the happier ; for these errors, whatever they may be, will never be amended. Let us then replace the veil which we have withdrawn from one of the weaknesses of our nature, and not raise any cynical complaint against so harmless a passion as the love of dress.

Chapman

NOTICES OF AMERICAN POETS, NUMBER III.

Bref, il s' en tire.

LAFONTAINE.

In short, he gets out of the scrape as well as he can.

TRANSLATION.

Conclusion.

WHEN any great public personage retires from the world, it is usual for him to send out his last dying speech and con-

essions ; particularly if said public personage finds it necessary to leave the stage in a manner rather more agreeable to the spectators than to himself. For instance, if his descendants thenceforward forever should by his exertions be allowed to make an addition to their escutcheon, running a little after the Hibernian's coat of arms ; which was two posts rampant, a beam jacent, a rope pendant, and a son of Erin at the end of it. Now as the noticer of the *American Poets* never has been, and probably never may be in danger of finishing his career in any of the above alluded to methods, he thinks it proper to state that his only reason for discontinuance is, the editors inform him that, in the opinion of those who take the trouble to think on the subject, he is entitled to more kicks than coppers for his labors.

We are very sorry for this, for there are among the five hundred American poets two or three very clever fellows, whom we should really like to see standing some chance for immortality. And after all our poring over old magazines to acquire the information ; to be prohibited the pleasure of conveying it to others, is a deprivation,——rather greater probably to the writer than to the reader.

Before commencing our sketches, we had no idea that there were so many pretenders to poetic fame as we have found. Much more were we astonished to meet with so many who may be considered as displaying no small portion of poetic ardor in their writings, and of poetic incident in their histories. There is Clifton, of an equally amiable disposition, an equally unfortunate fate with Kirk White ; and we had almost said of an equally high-toned genius. There is Linn, a distinguished preacher, and by no means a contemptible poet in his day ; who also died at an early age, and whose good fortune it was to find in Brown a faithful and beautiful recorder of his merits and his fate. And to mention no other examples, there is Paine, in whose productions may be found all the beauties, though they may be defaced by all the faults of composition. Of a rich humor, a brilliant wit, an exuberant fancy, and a condensed manner of expression, all that he needed to make the perfect poet, were greater industry, and a nicely cultivated taste. For though he labored considerably on his writings, it was on particular couplets, and in giving an epigrammatic point to detached sentences, rather than in correcting and polishing the piece as a whole.

But the dry detail of dates, and the dull recapitulation of the productions of the remaining four hundred and ninety poets, is a kind of information whose utility may be doubted as well as its interest. This among other reasons induced us to recede as soon as possible from the task we had voluntarily imposed upon ourselves. After we had formed this determination, it was necessary to communicate the important intelligence to the world; which must console itself with the promise which we here make of writing an article on College Poets in some future number of the Register,—say the two hundredth.

J. O. Sargent

FRUSTA EXLICIA.

Sunt bona? sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

"How very unpleasant and awkward a commencement is,"—sighed Lady Restless, as she flirted her fan in the middle of a long valedictory, not many years since. "Oh by no means!" exclaimed her aged maiden sister, as she caught the "*valetè puellæ*," which the poor orator was lisping forth so tenderly.—Now that's not at all singular that two sisters should not agree upon so very disagreeable a subject,—thought I,—for my own part I hate all commencements of every kind. To help the matter on, and to fill out my pages, I have prepared a journal, which I now lay before you in its appropriate livery of black—and white.

Tuesday, 27th of November,—Polyglot Register made its appearance. The idea appeared to take with some—for, clever souls, they turned round and took the book, "with a lyric-panegyric." But there were others who attacked the club without mercy, and accused us of a thousand things we never dreamt of—of copying the Etonian, because, forsooth, that *ended* with the tenth number, and we *begin* with the tenth. And after looking at the title of the pieces, they accused us of being self-sufficient and foolish.—Now, sirs, that is altogether going too far; as a club we do not, to be sure, "think small beer of ourselves," and no one who was ever at the tabernacle would blame us for that; still we profess to arrogate nothing to ourselves—what you call folly was written in a very sober mood,—there being a heavy fine

staring us in the face—take it in that mood, if you like no other. On one day of the thanksgiving recess, an inveterate card player met me, and asked me if I could tell him, what were trumps, or rather, correcting himself, if I could give him the definition of *Frusta Exlicia*.—I plead ignorance and tried to escape;—"But stop," said he, "it must have some meaning, and you"—"and I am sure it has no meaning," answered I, "or at least no meaning that any one can understand." "Oh the deuce take such tricks,"—quoth he, and turned upon his heel.

Monday, 3d of December, I wrote a note to one who *appeared* remarkably opposed to the Polyglot, inviting him to join that body. In about an hour after, the following note was handed to me. "My dear Sir—I am aware that I let drop some unguarded expressions, respecting the club—I beg you would forget them,—they were owing—owing—yes sir, they were owing to—I cannot exactly say what.—I have accepted your invitation with great pleasure, and shall hereafter remain your most obedient and obliged servant, The Vicar of Bray." Mum! thought I, so you have swallowed the bait, hook and all.—My note was an illegal one, therefore you are welcome to it.

Tuesday. Looking over the Register I found some sad mistakes—black for white, and white for black.—Pope Sixtus was obliged to attach ten pages of errata to a work containing only 170 in all. If his infallibility was so erring, you cannot expect much of us. Besides, it has been determined that all jokes shall hereafter be left to the printer's *devil*;—of course, if our text is correct it will be quite dull and sober.—About dusk this afternoon I received a poetical Essay on Intemperance as connected with the Agricultural interest; the motto appeared to be, "Farmer con rumque cano"—perhaps I read it wrong, for there was but little light—the ominous words, "For the Harvard Register," at the end of the piece, were too plain to be mistaken.—I tossed the missal into the fire—and, if I remember, it burned quickly.

Wednesday—Began to think about resuming my *Frusta*, took a dictionary for the purpose, turned over the pages from beginning to end, as I have often done before when looking for a Greek word in the English part of the lexicon, that is to say, without success. Ere long I very naturally fell asleep, and was just getting quite interested in a dream, when I was

suddenly awaked; and well might I start, for I had dropped the whole English language—"vox faucibus hæsit," thought I in Latin. I picked up the book and proceeded in my meditations—"oh what a fall was there—then U and I and all of them fell down." Soon after this, Brother Sturdy dropped in to make me a *friendly* call—much obliged to him—but out of sheer revenge I must sketch his character. He has already been described as prone to the very *interesting* practice of grumbling; though I hardly think justice was done him, for he appeared only to grumble at our meetings, whereas he grumbles at every thing, at every place, and at every season. In summer he grumbles at the heat, in winter at the cold, in spring at the mud, in fall at the wind. When conversation runs upon subjects with which he is unacquainted, he grumbles because he knows nothing; and when the topic is familiar to him, he grumbles at—he knows not what. Yet all this, I am sorry to say, in no wise distinguishes Tristram from many around him, all of whom seem to be hunting out something to complain of, as though complaining were "their being's end and aim." They persevere, with worse than blind obstinacy, in making every thing help them only to be more and more miserable. They are welcome to their gloomy feelings.—But I must return to Sturdy. He is remarkable for boasting of a long line of ancestors distinguished for military prowess. Soon after I first got acquainted with him, he discoursed a full hour upon the subject, and would have proved to my satisfaction, had I not been asleep, that some one of his progenitors had figured in every action that ever took place. In order to compare the merits of the paternal and the maternal sides, he has treasured up a great number of military expressions, a catalogue of ghastly wounds, and gotten by rote the names of all offensive and defensive weapons. In short, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and the sentry-box are nothing to him. He would out-general them in half a campaign: so skilful has his ancestral hobby made him. And were it not that war with him is rather a *grumbling* trade, he would live quite happy in the enjoyment of the thousand advantages thereof that Juvenal enumerates.

ECCENTRICS.—It is a well established historical fact, that, formerly, young men frequently emigrated to Cambridge, who, during their College life, from some odd trait or other, were distinguished by the title of Eccentrics. The race ap-

pears now to be extinct, or so degenerated as hardly to deserve the name. From history and tradition we gather the following facts respecting them. Each class seldom contained more than one of them, since, like birds of ill omen, they generally flew alone, and all of them had particular hobbies, which were often attached to their names for the sake of distinction. The most remarkable instance of eccentricity was exhibited in one Christopher Jones, as I shall call him, who was in college about the year 17— to be precise. Every thing about him was odd; his dress, his gait, his looks, his speech were all strange; but his hobby was stranger still—it was a pig;—he rode it not, for he was eccentric enough to be very merciful; yet it was his hobby. At the proper season of the year a pig was procured and introduced with no small ceremony into his classical quarters. Jones had fitted up one of his studies in what a punning classmate was wont to call ‘a piguliar style,’ and in this habitation, now occupied by such Goths as blacking-bottles, lamp-feeders, and lexicons, our young porker lived happily, until a sad day towards the end of the term, when he was sent to the butcher, and soon after placed in every tempting shape that the cookery of those times could afford, before an all-devouring, laughter-loving, and warm-hearted corps of droll Cristy’s classmates.

Barnard

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

WE have assumed for our humble essays the title of historical sketches, not because we had any design of giving a clear and connected account of our Alma Mater, but from the necessity we were under, of prefixing some title to our undertaking. We hope, therefore, that we shall not be criticised too harshly, if we sometimes wander aside from the direct path of history, in search of whatever may excite our interest or awaken our curiosity. Indeed, to give a history of Harvard without detailing any of the circumstances connected with her, would be altogether uninteresting, as it might be almost comprised in the single sentence, containing the

date of foundation, and an account of the few changes which she had undergone.

These remarks have been suggested by the difficulties we encountered in endeavouring to gather, from her musty records, some information concerning the societies which existed in this institution in ancient times ; for we had intended, in this number, to have given an account of all the different clubs and associations, which have been formed in college from its foundation to the present period. But we found that we had undertaken an Herculean task ; for we discovered that there were, in ancient times, numberless societies, of whose existence we had not before even dreamed, whose very names have long since faded away and are forgotten ; and many others, of which so little is now known, that all the information we can glean concerning them, amounts to nothing more, than that they were, but are not ; they have been, and are gone. We shall therefore content ourselves with giving a slight sketch of a few of the most important societies that yet survive the all-destroying hand of time.

Going back therefore as far only as we have any authentic accounts, we can ascend no higher than the year 1770, and although we know that there were numberless societies which had existed previous to this period, as, for instance, a society for the study of the medical science, and many others of the like kind, yet we shall pass over in silence the space of time that elapsed between the first foundation of the college and this year. It may not be amiss, however, to remark here, that there is a society still existing, the date of whose foundation is lost far back in high antiquity ; a society, in all probability, coeval with the institution itself ; a society, founded by our puritan fathers themselves, or by their immediate descendants ; a society for the promotion of religious improvement. Read this, ye who believe the tales that scoffers tell, ye who believe the scandal that was issued forth to the public, in the year —, under the specious form of a Christian Almanac, in which it was stated that there was but one religious student in Cambridge College. We should like to inquire of the person who edits that work, where he gained his information, and who was the person alluded to. In 1770, a society was formed by several undergraduates, which had for its object the improvement of its members in speaking and debating. This society has undergone many changes, and

has, at different times, received a great variety of different names, but it at length assumed that of the Fraternity of 1770, which it retained until it became amalgamated with the Akribologoumenoi in 1825. Originally we believe that no regard was paid to collegiate rank in the choice of its members; but in the course of time this grew into use, and a law was passed limiting the number of its members to the first twenty scholars in each class. It had a small library, which was joined to that of the Akribologoumenoi when the societies were united.

Following implicitly the order of our dates, we come next to speak of the Harvard Washington Corps. This association appears to have been first formed by a few public spirited individuals, and to have received its first loan of arms at that period. It still bears the motto which it at first assumed, "Tam Marti quam Mercurio." It was at this time called the Marti Mercurian Band. The chivalrous spirit which called into existence this illustrious band faded away, and the association itself fell into decline shortly after its first establishment. But in December of the year 1811, it was revived under the patronage of Governor Gerry, received a new loan of arms, and took the name of the Harvard Washington Corps, which it bears to this day. At the establishment of the Gymnasium, the corps received a third loan of arms, and was again re-organized, admitting all classes to its ranks, and is at present attached to the Gymnasium. It numbers among its officers many of the men most distinguished in the community for literary acquirements, and has undoubtedly, by the healthful exercise which it promotes, been of essential service to the university.

The next society in order, of which we have any authentic information, is the Phi Beta Kappa, and the short account which we shall give of this, we have taken the liberty to quote from a contemporary writer, who, in speaking of this association, thus remarks: "The fraternity of the *Φ. Β. Κ.* was originally chartered as a society in William and Mary's College in Virginia. From the fraternity there established, the branch in Cambridge received its charter in 1781. It was accordingly regarded as an affiliated society, and in some measure subjected to the parent institution. But upon the decay of William and Mary's College, the *Φ. Β. Κ.* connected with that institution was dissolved, and ever since that

period, the alpha of the institution has been in Cambridge. The society has been prospered, and has gained the good will of the community. Affiliated societies have been established at Yale, Dartmouth, Union, and Bowdoin Colleges; and they number among their members, many of the eminent men in our country."

E. D. Hodge

A NEW VIEW OF THE COLLEGES.

WE have seen the drawing from which the Messrs. Pendletons of Boston are about publishing a Lithographic View of the University. It was taken from the Burial Ground, and presents a much bolder and more correct picture of the various buildings than has ever before been given. As the price is to be moderate, we have no doubt that the publishers will be liberally rewarded by the students and other friends of the institution.

THE
HARVARD REGISTER.

NO. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1828.

"I wont philosophize and will be read."

BYRON.

JOURNAL OF THE POLYGLOT CLUB.—NO. III.

It is unfortunate for the poor editors of an unsuccessful periodical, that they should be compelled to come forward and bring the first tidings of their own disgrace to the public who decreed it. Yet have our malignant stars brought this shame to our door. Know, then, Reader, gentle or ungentle, as thou mournest or rejoicest in our unhappy fortune, that there is not found, no, not in New England, enough, I will not say of generosity, but of taste, to support that most inestimable publication, that pearl of Periodicals, the Harvard Register. Since the burning of the Alexandrine Library, we know of no calamity in literary history of such universal mischief, such sad presage. As the nomination of Gen. Jackson to the Presidency alarmed Mr. Jefferson's fears for the permanence of our liberties, so the discouragement of the Harvard Register has gone far to demolish all our hopes of an American Literature. The Polyglots' occupation's gone!—gone are our nascent visions of laurels and evergreen chaplets, and the fancied echoes of the trumpet of Fame! 'Jam nos premit nox, Fabulæque Manes.'

Reader, we part, but let us part in friendship. On our side, though in modest assurance we possess our souls, yet we forbear the language of reproach. Since as authors, we are to die, we would, like the Pilgrim, be laid in the chamber called Peace. Only let the public be duly grateful for our bland intentions. It has been easy since the days of Juvenal to write satires, and we Poly-

glots have at command the whole arsenal of ancient wordy warfare. We may be provoked to wield, to the sore discomfiture of Non-subscribers and Ex-subscribers, the cruel lambics, or to imprecate Minerva's curse on a purblind, thankless generation, or to forbid, in true Horatian rage,* from ever entering with us steam-boat or stage-coach, the wretch who hath slighted our work. We have but to stamp on the ground, and the delinquents will be overwhelmed in a storm of classic invective.

We do, however, altogether disclaim these projects of revenge. The existence of our Register has been, like that of Achilles, brief and glorious; and the trunk-makers can scarcely pass their fatal compliment on so small a volume. Meantime, in evidence of our entire good will toward all men, we have resolved to continue our regular journal, and exhibit the Polyglots under those trying circumstances, in which men of less philosophy would shrink from observation. One word of preamble. We deprecate the shocking error which makes the Polyglots a mere ideal consecration, that now its authorship is over, like Jedediah Cleishbotham when his tale was told, melts into thin air. Let not our benevolent Fraternity be doomed to dark annihilation, out of pure revenge for their incognito. Shall Martext, Sturdy, the loquacious Smalltalk, the solid Grimes, and all the remaining dignities of our sacred Nine, receive no better accommodations from the hospitality of the literary world, than a spare apartment in the Limbo of Vanity? Shall they be hailed with the unkind salutation,

Unreal mockery! Hence!

The powers of Gratitude and Truth forbid!

The Club assembled at the usual hour at the Tabernacle, on the evening of Jan. —. We were not ignorant of the tidings we came to hear, but then we wanted to be officially informed, as a man likes to read his friend's death in the newspaper, after he has been invited to the funeral. I looked at the chairs—they are a favourite subject of my observation—I have frequently made shrewd guesses from their position about a room, at the spirits and feelings of the company who have quitted them, and never failed to detect a family-party, by the dull, circumambient row. On this occasion, they were not curiously arranged in humble compensation for the luxurious sofa, attesting our ease of body and mind. Instead of our ordinary, semi-recumbent, antique attitudes, we were all solemn and erect. And when called to order, a measure, in this case, quite superfluous, it was with grim resolution that we heard from the President, that our publishers had refused any

* ——— Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgârit arcane, sub iisdem
Sît trabibus, fragilémque mecum
Solvat phaselum.

Hor. Car. II. Lib. III.

longer to continue the Harvard Register, alleging as their reason the deficiency of public patronage.

We bore it like Stoics. Somewhat I caught of murmurs of poetic rage that escaped the incautious Martext; and Solomon Pry was unable to repress a groan. For a moment we were still, and then with one accord engaged in animated conversation. We laughed heartily at the bad taste of mankind at large, dwelt on our own peculiar excellences, and recounted all the instances of persecuted genius from Corneille to Chatterton. Long time we were employed in the benevolent offices of mutual flattery; the hours rolled away, and we felt that it was time to decide upon our conduct for the future. We deliberated, advised, pondered—at length it was unanimously

RESOLVED, that the Polyglot Club view with disdain the insinuations that their existence is dependent upon that of the Harvard Register, and that they will continue to assemble at the Tabernacle for the purposes of literary investigation and sublime communion, though the world shall no longer be benefited by the results of their studies and intercourse.

What a pity, observed Brother Blank Etcetera, that the things which concern the glory of this generation are hid from their eyes! Here have we been employed, foreseeing the approaching wreck of colleges and corporations, in the composition of a panegyric on Cambridge and its University, which would have gone down, side by side with Isocrates and Pindar, to remotest ages. And I have in my pocket a dissertation concerning the lost books of Livy, containing information to be gained from no other sources in the world, and proposing sure means for their immediate recovery.

We were so much struck with the very just observation of Brother Blank Etcetera, that it was

RESOLVED, that we deeply sympathize with posterity in the loss they are to sustain of our unvalued communications, and we unfeignedly regret the illiberal spirit of the present age, which has rendered inevitable their suppression.

An adjournment was soon after moved.

(Attest)

S. PRY, Esq.

Secretary.

C. Emerson.

Sketches by N. P. Willis. S. G. Goodrich. Boston. 1828.

WE sit down with great pleasure to express our opinion of this little volume of poems. We are sometimes troubled by an apprehension, that we have not yet hardened our brow to the unabashed brass that belongs to our vocation. We are a little afraid we do not sit in our critical chair, with all that imperturbable ease and effrontery, that long habits of demolishing authors never fail to confer. We have modestly suspected that the veteran writers, whom we have graciously noticed in former numbers, might not give our strictures all that profound consideration which they unquestionably deserved; might even affect to despise the criticism of scholars who have hardly assumed the *toga virilis*, and like the famous Philistine champion, might presume to deride their puny and ill-appointed antagonists. It may not be immodest to suggest, that there is at least one circumstance in our situation that qualifies us for criticism,—we come to the judgment of a work with no preconceived opinions, and our mind is open to the impression, favorable or unfavorable, which it is calculated to make. But, not to insist on our admirable adaptation to the duties of criticism, when a simple bachelor of arts, just absolved from his academical allegiance, makes his appearance on the arena, he is a being, we say it boldly, whom we can fully understand, and whom we seize on as our proper prey. And though our notions of the office and of the competence of our Club to deal honor and shame are very high, Mr. Willis may rest assured of the very friendly feeling in which we offer our remarks.

Mr. Willis's poetry is eminently modern poetry. It is easy, refined, and intellectual, without involving any deep philosophy, or drawing upon very extensive treasures of knowledge. It is full of those inverse analogies that mark the poetry of the times, whereby we trace in the phenomena of nature a resemblance to the phenomena of the moral world, and in the contemplation of material beauties are continually reminded of their influence on the mind, and their share in its education. The melancholy Jaques is the great prototype of this class of observers of nature, 'who moralize the spectacle into a thousand similies,' but they have improved upon their master, and combined with his fine vein of

querulous humor no small measure of their own recent metaphysics. It is a style peculiar to authors who have been bred in cities, and been imbued with elegant letters, and in whom the love of woods, and waters, and fields, is a later passion, the result of a refined taste, rather than the native enthusiasm that glows in the breast of the all-untutored bard who seeks and adores Nature for her own perfections. We would instance, in illustration of these remarks, the "Dawn," and "Scraps from a Journal." We mention these very beautiful pieces by way of eminence, although the whole book is characterised by the peculiarity we have described.

There may be detected in these poems an agreeable strain of poetic egotism, which, though we think with Lavater, that it introduces the author to our confidence and acquaintance, and thereby connects us with him in a new relation, yet, like more vulgar egotism, grows at length to be tedious; and it is apt to prove so pleasant to the writer to dwell on his particular circumstances and character, which furnish him with exhaustless matter without the expense of laborious thought, that he is tempted to resort too often to this fertile and attractive subject. When a man speaks of himself, it is difficult to draw the line between frankness and vanity, and it is especially hard to decide to what extent a poet may be permitted to make himself his subject, in order to give his work the interest of a naked exhibition of the ideas and affections of one individual mind to another, and still avoid the bad taste of unauthorized intrusion. Mr. Coleridge has somewhere observed, that an agreeable poem, depending for its charm upon its disclosure of the character and feelings of the author, is no certain indication of poetical talent. Perhaps the genius of Lord Byron affords the most splendid exception to this rule—whose whole poetry is a mere development of himself, of his noble but abused nature, his admiration for heroism, and his sympathy with licentiousness.

Mr. Willis has been occasionally betrayed into that unhappy vagueness of thought and language which has given to the mass of modern poetry so ill a name. New poetry has had very much the same reputation in the eyes of men of taste, as new wine with the epicure, or new men with the aristocracy. We have the same world and the same humanity, that the ancient bards enjoyed and sung. But modern poets, misapprehending their office, and impatient of the

toil indispensable to the attainment of the severe excellence of Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, have sought the honor of creating for the Muse another sphere. They neglect the topics lawful to eloquence in 'prose or numerous verse,' and attempt to dignify what in its nature is humble, by making it confused and dim. They intend to wrap their notions in an intellectual mist, which shall perform for them the same kind office of exaggeration, that the fogs effect in the outward world, when they impose on our imperfect vision the most familiar objects in new and monstrous shapes. They forget that "accuracy is in every case advantageous to beauty, and just reasoning to delicacy of sentiment." They belong to that order of poets whom the ingenious satire of Aristophanes represents as feeding on clouds. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is the sole secret of their sublimity.—Into this error, we apprehend Mr. W. has sometimes fallen. In the sacrifice of Abraham, he tells us that the face of the patriarch,

Impressed with the stern majesty of grief,
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.

We must confess we are at a loss to perceive the exactness of the analogy. Again,

Oh! press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love!

There is a meaning in this and a few similar passages, but it is indistinct, and the sensations we experience in reading them are uncomfortable and perplexed. It will be indeed to be regretted, if one so capable of clear conception and vivid description, shall prefer to shroud his ideas in unnecessary obscurity.

There is a repetition of a few favorite expressions and images which, in so small a volume, should have been avoided. In almost every poem some spice is *flung* upon the wind, or some gift is *flung* upon a shrine. His pictures of female beauty remind you that they are drawn by the same pencil,—and whenever we are introduced to a new paragraph, it is in precisely the same form of a short abrupt line.

But when all the failings have been noticed, which a dili-

- gent search can expose, we owe to the author a large debt of praise. He has shown himself to possess a delicate taste, a rich imagination, a fine ear for the music of language. Moreover, he has a higher excellence, and one which has always been possessed in the greatest degree by the greatest masters of the art, a clear perception of the beauty of virtue, and of the perfect coincidence between pure affection and elegant taste. We do not greet him with the dubious compliment of Palæmon to the song of the swains,

“Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt.”

We are anxious that the pledge he has given to the public of future eminence, may be amply redeemed. We do not hesitate to say, that we think he has written better poetry than any of our American poets, Mr. Bryant alone excepted.

Mr. Willis will excuse us if, before closing this article, we suggest to him, that we have joined in the regrets we have heard expressed by those whose opinion is entitled to our respect, that one, whose writings have displayed so much poetic talent, should have allowed himself to dismiss his poems so early from his hand. Those who are greedy of present applause must always be so at a sacrifice of future fame. It is because we respect his powers, that we exhort him to be less prodigal of them. Let him leave to others the nine days' honor of filling the columns of albums and newspapers, and give himself to studies, which Horace, and Pope, and Gray would commend. We would have him estimate the talent with which he is endowed, and improve it to noble purpose. Even barbarous nations know how to appreciate their minstrels, and set apart from common and unclean pursuits those who are to embalm in immortal verse, their achievements and history. We would not fall behind their example; we would withdraw our youthful poets from the turmoil and fopperies of busy or fashionable life, to the retirement, the vigils, and labors of a holy ambition.

C. Emerson.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GREAT MEN.

O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
 Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
 Run with these false and most contrarious guests
 Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dreams
 And rack thee in their fancies.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE have all of us had occasion to observe the multitude of books, which immediately swarm out from the press, after the death of a great man, under the various titles of *Lives*, *Memoirs*, *Sketches*, *Anecdotes*, *Conversations*, &c.; and equally worthy of note is the eagerness with which these catch-penny publications, vapid though they be as a thrice-told tale, are bought up and devoured by the reading public. The interest which we always feel in the minutest concerns of greatness is sharpened by the removal of its object, and the caterers for the public palate avail themselves, with admirable dexterity, of the temporary excitement. But our feverish curiosity is not confined to the history of great men; if a person of any notoriety will make the public the confidant of the passages of his life, that good natured personage will thankfully acknowledge the compliment and feel a due sense of the honor conferred upon him. When such little men for instance, as third rate dramatists, or fourth rate composers of music, are kind enough to favor the world with a thick octavo volume of reminiscences, filled with greenroom gossip, stage chitchat, and all the stale lees of the theatre and opera house, interspersed with original anecdotes of ten thousand 'distinguished personages,' and 'highly honorable friends,' the work is published and rapidly sold on both sides of the Atlantic, praised in the reviews, quoted in the papers, and even majesty itself patronises the undertaking and graciously condescends to permit it to be laid as an offering at its feet. It requires no philosophy to know why we read the autobiography of such men as Göthe and Alfieri with so much interest, but Aristotle himself would be puzzled to tell from what sources we derive sufficient courage to wade through the interminable pages perpetrated by such gentlemen as Messrs. Kelly, Reynolds, & Company.

Perhaps no books are read by us with so much interest as

the minute lives of truly great men. Our curiosity is as voracious as the daughter of the horse leech—we wish to know every thing which distinguishes the individual of whom we are reading from all other individuals dead or living, we would be present at all his out-goings and in-comings, we would learn every thing he did, said or thought from his boyhood to the day of his death. The fashion of his dress, the tone of his voice, his hand writing, his gait, the books that he reads, are all full of interest to us. Generally speaking, we learn but little of a man when we read his life, so called. There is so much misstated from ignorance, so much softened from partiality, so much that is unintelligible from a want of knowledge of accompanying circumstances, and so much omitted which can be supplied only by conjecture, that when we have finished the book, our curiosity has been but half gratified and a painful sense of unsatisfied longing still remains. We are told where the great man was born, where educated, the books he wrote, the speeches he made, the honors he obtained, whom he married and how he died—but of the individual himself, who did all these things, how little do we know! He seems to be ever acting a part, to be studious of effect, his attitudes are all stiff and proper, his motions formal and tutored. We desire to follow him from the courthouse and the hall of legislation and behold him chatting familiarly in his arm-chair or sitting by his own fireside, when his cumbrous dignity is thrown off and his character wears an undress. We can hardly realize that great men eat, drink, sleep and talk like ourselves—our surprise is like that of the peasant, who, when he saw the king of France dining in public, exclaimed ‘*Mon Dieu! le roi mange!*’ The boy who sees the kings and queens in a play is much amazed when he is told that they are common men and women drest up for the occasion, and we are often surprised in the same way, when we look into the private life and habits of eminent men. When we peep behind the scenes, we may see the humorist who has set the world in a roar, transformed into a most gloomy visaged wretch, and the misanthrope whose very thoughts seem clad in mourning, into an amusing and witty personage, the delight of his friends and the life of the circle in which he moves. Literary history swarms with examples in point. Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, was a most jolly, laughter-loving soul, or to borrow the quaint

language of Wood, 'merry facete and juvenile.' Lord Byron, as is well known was remarkable for his powers of wit and humor, and Mrs. Radcliffe used to make herself very merry at the expense of those weakminded people, who were made unhappy by her romances. Thomson, who wrote so beautifully in praise of industry, was lazy enough to have been the hero of his own castle of Indolence. Steele, at the time he published his *Christian Hero*, was one of the greatest rakes in London.

Some characters will not bear this minute scrutiny, while others will come out from it like tried gold from the furnace, and yet to superficial observers they may seem equally amiable and equally noble. We may be at this moment doing the grossest injustice to the memory of many, on whose names a foul blot rests, because the world judged of them by their public works and writings. For aught we know, Machiavelli and Richelieu may naturally have been openhearted, and Cromwell merciful. We mean not to assert the fact, but merely its possibility. How much of the character of the great Lord Chatham do we learn from the letters he wrote to his son and his nephew. We are accustomed to consider him merely as a politician and an orator, the terror of the House of Commons, the favorite of his king, the darling of the people, baffling the intrigues of enemies foreign and domestic, and wielding the sceptre of an intellectual power such as few men have ever enjoyed. But in his letters we see nothing that reminds us of the politician, who is generally supposed to look on the dark side of human nature. They breathe the elasticity and delightful freshness of feeling of one whose life had been 'all poetry,' and they make us feel a love for his person equal to the admiration which was before excited in us by his talents and his character.

There is an odious propensity which is to be distinguished from the natural and proper curiosity which we feel respecting the private life of greatness. We mean that fondness which is but too common, for exaggerating the foibles of eminent men, and drawing aside the veil with which courtesy hides the infirmities of genius. Scandal has been busy with many great names, with men who have long slept in glory, and whose names are watchwords in the ranks of the literary republic. A passage from a letter or an anecdote preserved by the good natured officiousness of some gossiping scribber,

is sufficient to outweigh the evidence of volumes of books and years of life. It is too true that there have been many who have shamefully prostituted their high powers, and whose lives have been a melancholy illustration of their writings; but a great bad man, like a city on a hill, cannot be hidden. Posterity will esteem him rightly, and no one need fear that such a one shall not receive the justice that is due. But to upbraid a great man over his cold ashes for the faults which are the heir-looms of humanity, and which are readily excused in common men, and to rake in the dunghill of contemporary scandal, for proofs to substantiate the foul charges, with an industry which would be praiseworthy, if exerted for a good purpose, is most base, dastardly and ignoble. The man who delights to contemplate the errors of greatness, makes a tacit confession that he belongs to an inferior order of spirits, for his gratification can arise solely from his feeling, that he himself has something in common with the wisest and best of our species, and that the more imperfections he can find in the character of him whom the world calls great and good, the nearer he brings him down to his own level. He, who with a host of virtues is held up to the public hiss for a few failings, may be likened to Achilles, who, invulnerable in all other parts of his body, died from a wound in his heel.

But to return to the more direct consideration of our subject. The answer of Dr. Johnson to some one who told him that Mr. Boswell intended to write his life and publish it after his death, is well known. We have reason to be very grateful to the surly moralist that he did not put his threat in execution; for if he had, we should have sustained a serious loss. Boswell's life, is one of the most instructive and amusing books in the English language. It is perused with equal pleasure by the boy and the man, by the philosopher and by him who reads merely for the sake of reading. Its great charm is its minuteness—nothing is left to the imagination, we are familiar with the Doctor's wig and knee buckles, and should know his cane among a thousand. We would not have a line, nor a word blotted out, not even a single emphatic 'Sir.' But by a singular perversity of temper, notwithstanding the pleasure we derive from the book itself, we invariably feel a kind of contempt for its painstaking author, who stands in the same relation to his great idol, that the fly does to the amber which encloses and preserves it. We bestow but little

admiration on the man who sacrificed his independence for the sake of making an interesting book, and acknowledge with reluctance his claims to our gratitude, because he yielded to the almost irresistible temptation of introducing rather too often, the first person singular of the personal pronoun.

It is to be regretted that we know so little of the private life of many who have been illustrious by their virtues, or their talents. Every one must have observed a striking difference in this respect ; of the private life of some great men, we know much, of others, almost nothing. Milton is one of the former, so is Pope and Cowper, and more than all, Lord Byron. The personal images of these are always associated with their works ; they have so wrought themselves into their writings, that the connexion is indissoluble. We are acquainted with the whole texture of their lives ; and our conceptions of them have an essential individuality. But how little do we know of Shakspeare or Spenser. Their names are beautiful dreams, lovely sounds in our ears ; they are to us like Orpheus, Linus and Musæus. Our notion of Shakspeare is that of a handsome man in a Vandyke dress, with a peaked beard, a falling ruff, a magnificent brow, and an eye rich with eternal thoughts. Tradition tells us that he was a delightful companion, of a courteous presence and a most agreeable wit, and who that has read his plays, could have doubted it? What sacrifice would we not make to obtain a perfect knowledge of his life and character? What would be the sensations of the literary world, if by chance these words should be seen in a newspaper? 'Lately recovered, a manuscript containing the life of William Shakspeare, by Ben Johnson, comprising copies of the letters which passed between him and several distinguished contemporaries, together with many original anecdotes of eminent persons, illustrative of the history of literature and the drama during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This precious treasure will shortly be published in three volumes octavo, with copious notes.' We would give the yearly profits of the Harvard Register (which is saying a great deal) to have had space and time annihilated and to have had the privilege of drawing sack with our own editorial hands, for one night, for the great dramatist and his immortal friend. With what transport should we have gazed on his glorious face as his forthcoming fancies threw a sparkling light over his eye and lip, and have noted down the 'pellets

of wit,' which passed between them during those keen encounters which Fuller in his *Worthies of England*, so ingeniously compares to a contest between a Spanish galleon and an English man of war, in which the latter's lightness and facility of being managed were more than a match for the former's high deck and superior weight of metal. 'Sed quidquid corrigere est nefas, levius fit patientia' is a truth which may be learned from a thousand moralists besides Horace, to say nothing of experience. We have only to deplore our misfortune in knowing so little of such men, and to pray that in future whenever nature makes a great man she will create at the same time some humble friend, who shall be content to revolve a satellite around the great luminary, and to shine with the reflected light of his glory.

Stellard

A CONFESS1ON.

By your gracious patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.

SHAKESPEARE.

A CONFESS1ON! and why not, irate Reader? What is there in the idea so preposterous as to excite thy smile of derision, or so presumptuous as to stir up thy wrathful displeasure? Who has not read the 'Confessions of an Opium Eater?' Who *has* read the confessions of half the stage vagabonds of Great Britain, or the dying speeches and confessions of those patibulary gentlemen, who, according to their own accounts, have unfortunately met with the sad accident of hanging? But who ever had the good fortune to meet with the confessions of a lover of fourteen?

But why, some will ask, why speak on a subject, that even after the lapse of many years I cannot recall without exciting, at the same time, many pleasing and melancholic emotions? Ah! little do they know the human heart, who thus interrogate. Our pains, when shared by others, lose half their severity. Sympathy can make our bitterest sorrows light. My name—but soft! this requires some explanation; for as the scars that disfigure may appear even agreeable to us when the veteran points to them as honorable marks of distinction, so a name that militates against every principle of

rhythm and good taste, may sound 'euphonious and befitting when we know it has been a means of pleasure or profit to its bearer. My patronymic is Sims. My sponsorial appellation I owe to the interest I had excited in my maiden aunt, Bathsheba Sims, by courtesy, Mrs. Bathsheba Sims. She had the entire direction of our house at home, and evinced her predilection for scriptural names by insisting that I, her hopeful nephew and heir, should adopt the prenomens of Habakkuk or Jeckoniah. My father, who thought much more of neat cattle than of neat sounds, and who was much more of a connoisseur in swine than in symphonies, would have called me Lucifer to please the old lady. In this instance, however, he was induced by my propitious fate to prefix to his own name the latter mentioned of Aunt Bathsheba's choice. Thus at the baptismal fount was I watered and classed, Family, Sims—Genus, Jeckoniah.

I was born in Saugus. Reader ! imagine me overwhelmed with a tide of tender recollections. I am an admirer of the inspired bard, and can feelingly exclaim with him

Be it a weakness, it were worthy praise,
To love the play-place of our early days.

A grateful melancholy comes over me at the recollection of our village green. The village bell chimes slowly in sad accordance with my sad emotions.

"Saugus ! with all thy faults I love thee still."

My childhood glided hastily away. The revolving wheels of Time went so rapidly around, you might have fancied an opposition had been started. I reached my fourteenth year, knowing as much of this wide and wicked world as I did of Eastern Astrology ; and fearing the 'winged God' as little as a Goshawk, when an accident happened—I fell in Love ! The object of my devotion I cannot at this day mention without exciting the most pleasing, painful thoughts. She was the tallest, eldest, prettiest lass in our town-school. When this tribute meets her eye, may it not, aye, must it not, excite some emotion in her tender breast ? Will she not heave one sigh for her rejected Jeckoniah ?

Wilhelmina Weston was three years my senior. The difference of our ages, and the freedom of village intercourse, allowed us to meet frequently. She seemed to prefer my company to that of her other school-mates. In her walks

she was more frequently attended by me than by Ralph Jones, the apothecary's son, who was two year's older and a head taller than myself. Even on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, when Ralph appeared in a satin vest lined with red, and adorned with a yellow watch-guard, he received less attention than I, Jechoniah, who could boast no such attractions. I often sauntered with my beloved Wilhelmina adown the romantic glens of Saugus, which (assist me ye powers of description!) were to me a paradise indeed. Leaving the school-house on our left we turned down a charming green lane, on the corner of which was situate Mr. Jones' shop. After crossing a little foot-bridge, and threading the pervious mazes of each green dell and dingle, we seated ourselves by the side of the Saugus Mill Dam. Virgil must have had some Italian Saugus in his mind's eye when he described his charming country residence.

*Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras.*

Surely, however, our own dear Saugus was far preferable to his. Instead of the gentle murmur of the industrious bee, we heard the rapid whirling of the swift revolving water-wheel; the lively carol of the village factory girl surpassed the hoarse bass of the pruner of trees.

I confessed some time since that I was in love. 'As yet I had not told my love.' Thrice I essayed, and thrice essayed in vain. On every other subject I was rational enough, but the moment I attempted sentiment I lost sight of sense. How was I gratified by learning from Miss ——'s last novel, that the dreaded declaration might be made in writing. What a deal of stammering, stuttering, and blushing, had this welcome information saved me and my modesty. Miss Weston was to spend part of the winter with a relative in ——. I determined to address my first billet-doux to her during her absence. Never did heart-stricken youth anticipate with more rapture the return of his absent, than did I the departure of my present love. The day after Wilhelmina left Saugus I exchanged at the book-store half of my weekly allowance (lo the prodigality of love!) for a small sheet of paper, edged with blue, stamped with a Cupid, his bow and quiver, two hearts and a halter, together with many other quaint and curious devices, which the reader must ex-

cuse me for having forgotten. This sheet, when filled, was to constitute what we villagers call emphatically a love-letter; my idea of which may be best understood by a perusal of the production, which cost me two days' labour, and was as follows.

ENCHANTING WILHELMINA,

By withdrawing yourself from the attractions* of Sausages, what a crime have you committed, a robbery on the Courts of Cupid! Why immure your loveliness and talents in the country? Is the grassy mead sensible of your presence?—Do the flowers† bloom more brightly at your approach? Ah no! were they conscious they would but blush in envy of your beauty. Cease then to exult victorious over the flowrets that dare pretend rivalry to your charms. Haste to the gay scenes, the interest of which depart with yourself, to which your return will again bestow their accustomed gayety. Lovely Wilhelmina! return to those who can appreciate your talents and adore your virtues. Return, and once more cheer, by your mirth-exciting smile, the desponding heart of,

Your dejected

. JECKONIAH.

This rhotomontade, this beau-ideal of love letters, I supposed to amount to a full and explicit declaration of the state of my affections. Every post I expected an answer; but in vain! No answer came to gladden the heart of Jeckoniah. During her absence, I called at her house, and saw in the hands of one of the younger children my note—that very note that had cost me so much labour and anxiety, and from which I expected so much, was used to preserve the child's digits from the viscosity of a stick of candy. On one corner I saw, in her own neat characters, (the master always said she wrote neater joining hand than any of us,) the sentence, 'Poor lad, slightly dementate.' The last clause of this was Greek to me; from the first I understood she pitied me, and was gratified, for "pity is akin to love." But, Reader, figure to yourself my agitation when I found, on consulting my dictionary, that dementate signified crazy! She slighted me! What resolutions did I not form, before I came to my final

* Understand by these the village dancing master, Ralph Jones, and J. Sims, the author.

† Hyemis tempore sed per licentiam poeticam.

resolve, which was to put out the candle of my brief existence. After indicting an affectionate farewell to Wilhelmina, stating that her cruelty drove me to the horrid act, I pinned it very carefully inside my vest, as prudent mothers send their children to school, with their dues, on quarter day. Glowering at all I met, I rushed to Saugus Mill Dam, intent on self-destruction. Every object reminded me of her whose cruelty I was deploring. Here was the same murmuring stream, by the side of which I first learned to love. How oft had its liquid transparency reflected the image of my love. Each thought was maddening, so I plunged into Saugus Mill Dam. An instant only, and I found the rushing waves almost above my—boots. But seriously,—had it not been a very cold day, and had I not been afflicted with a severe cold, I believe I should have drowned myself. As it was, the truth suddenly flashed across my mind, that I was doing a very weak thing. If Wilhelmina love me, said my better judgment, I am about to inflict on her a terrible misfortune, which Heaven forsend! If she love me not, my death is then no sorrow to her mind. What was I to do in my despair? I magnanimously resolved to go beyond seas. By this prescription, every novel writer cures his hero of the three fashionable diseases—love, pulmonary complaints, and dyspepsia. In twenty-four hours from the time that he was standing almost knee deep in Saugus Dam, the love, person, and genius of Jeckoniah Sims were hidden in a caboose. Upon learning it was the fashion for love-lorn fugitives to sigh forth one sorrowing lament on leaving their land and love, I sent the following ditty or ballad to Wilhelmina; resolved, though in love, not to be out of fashion.

Stern love can pierce the stoutest heart,
As thick planks are by augers;
'Tis this that forces me to part
And leave my native Saugus.

It is a truth none can disown,
No lassie has so fine a
Voice and eye as are thine own,
Angelic Wilhelmina.

Farewell, sweet love—my land adieu,
Ne'er shall I meet diviner
Land or love than you, or you,
Saugus or Wilhelmina.

Let others praise gay Marblehead,
 And some, perhaps, their Paugus,
 I pray my head, when I am dead,
 May be inhumed at Saugus.

This cruel Love will stop my breath,
 'Tis not a theme to jest on,
 Believe me ever thine till death,
 Sweet Wilhelmina Weston.

A few weeks, and the ocean had been passed over, and I was to be found at the counting-house of an honorable Burgomaster of Nieuwersluis, Jan Von Slocknerschnausen by name. I sought to escape all recollection of my former love by mixing in the gayeties of Nieuwersluis! Reader, I was on the point of saying I threaded the mazes of the merry dance—but no, I did not! No merry dance had they I ween; no pirouettes I trow. But I slowly sidled in the solid shuffle. I listened attentively to the matronly vrow's eulogium on comforters and comfits. In accordance with German sensibility, I sighed as I helped her *well proportioned* daughters to their bread and butter.* Though I had as strong an antipathy to their cursed nicotiana as Royal James himself, I manfully withstood the battery of a thousand pipes. But all would not do. Comforters, sentiment, and bread and butter, all, all reminded me of Saugus and of her. From their pipes I learned that my love, though smothered, might still burn brightly. My heart was, as my employer would term it, 'a damaged article.'

Thrice I had seen the Zuyder Zee frozen over. Thrice had Von Slocknerschnausen, his vrow and daughter assisted, and to some purpose too, to swell the crowd partaking of their annual Dutch merry-making on its frozen surface. Thrice had the vernal breezes burst the icy fetters of winter. Thrice had the merchandise of the honest burgher floated down its waves. But the heart of the sorrowing clerk experienced no such oscillatory motions. Wilhelmina was still my Egeria—Saugus Mill Pond my Egeria's fount. * * *

* * * * *

It was a gay summer morning, the sun shone brightly. To

* "She had a brown loaf in her hands, and was cutting slices of bread and butter, which she distributed in a graceful and affectionate manner.—My whole soul was taken up with her air, her voice, her manner."—*Sorrows of Werter*.

none was the sun more bright, or the scene more gay, than to the travelled hero of our story. I had returned to the home of my fathers; of course all was delightful to one so willing to be delighted. The place of my nativity was as unchanged as my own mind. The 'Spirit of Improvement,' that stalking horse of modern orators, that most prominent personage in the school-boy's theme, had not intruded himself upon the sweet retirement of Saugus.

"I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And I knew the sweet strains that the *fact'ry girls* sung."

Here I vainly imagined I was to attain that fabled bliss, seldom mentioned except by novelists and poetasters, 'quiet contentment and a wedded wife.' "Vain hope!" exclaims my better judgment, and thus addresses me. "Jeckoniah, stop! here near that stream where, three years since, I saved your body from the fishes, and your soul from the"—here my better judgment happened to cough—"Stop and hearken to my pertinent queries. May not your Wilhelmina have left Saugus?—May she not reject your suit?—May she not have become another's Wilhelmina?—May she not be, literally an angel, *dead*? Alas, too sanguine Sims! will nothing stay your haste, so anti-Dutch? Go, then, but know you go to meet your doom." My Dutch dress and I, (to be lover-like and romantic in the extreme, I still sported my Nieuwersluis investments; 'who ever saw a lover sprucely dressed?') my Dutch dress and I soon reached Miss Weston's door. In an agitated voice, I inquired of the servant—"Is Wilhelm—is Miss Weston in?"—at the same time handing my card. I saw that I was not understood, but was told my name should be delivered. A moment after I heard the silvery tones of my love directing the servant to "show the gentleman in, and to take Araminta to the nursery and wash her face." But none of that tremulous emotion, which almost prevented my utterance, was perceptible in her unaffected calmness.—

Reader! (if indeed any have read thus far) Jeckoniah Sims is a man of many sorrows. He lives but for you; for his tale once ended, and he will be like one who has never been. I was before her, who was never absent from my thoughts. She, whom every tulip in Holland had imaged to my mind, was present. There stood herself, 'in all her na-

tive dignity and grace.' She had the same beaming eye. She had the same melodious voice. She had the same bewitching smile.—She, no longer my Wilhelmina, but Mrs. Ralph Jones, she had—sympathizing reader!—she had—a little family.

H. G. Smith

TRAVEL.

“ I feel my father's glen too narrow for my expanding spirit.”

MONASTERY.

THERE be few of us, in these practical days of great projects but small fortunes, who are able to quit our own ‘hearthstane,’ unless at a day's notice, and on business of the utmost moment. Few of us are idle enough; few of us are wealthy enough. The younger part of us are not obliged (almost I would that we were!) to journey from Rome to Athens for a competent education. An hour's walk will bring us to a first-rate school, and a day's ride, at most, to a ‘well-endowed and flourishing seminary.’ And though a fastidious ambition may have carried one or two all the way to Göttingen to finish their professional studies, we believe it to have been quite as often to escape the dire necessity of society for which they had no time, as in the hope of enjoying any literary advantages which could not be obtained at home.

But while the wide and general diffusion of those advantages, which were of yore confined to a few favored spots, has rendered travelling less a matter of necessity for young men, nothing can diminish, nor aught supply to them its wholesome influences. We may, indeed, find at home all the opportunities for improvement both of mind and body which can be gathered together and confined in one ‘poor, particular’ spot; but there are advantages which no one can teach us and no place contain, which nothing but going abroad into the world, and seeing strange lands, and conversing with strange men, can afford us. It is hardly too strong an expression, even in our day, that ‘home keeping youth have ever homely wits.’

If we regard travel solely as the means of shifting the

scene around us, and unfolding to our view new forms and new beauties of nature, we can have no mean idea of its improving influence. The secret sympathy of mind with matter is as constant, as it is curious. And though, in our enthusiastic admiration of the might and eternity of the power within us, we fain would pass over, as of too slight moment for man's pride to notice, the restraints and bondage of its earthly prison; yet, mighty and eternal though it be, till rest of this mortality, it will struggle a vain resistance. The dominion of sense, though short, is absolute, and the varied coloring of its fleeting things no time can erase from the mind.

“ We live not but we become
Portion of that around us.”

The awful grandeur of the piled-up mountains, the unbroken smoothness of the plain, the vast sublimity of ocean, the tranquil murmur of the stream, gliding, ‘like happiness, away,’ and whatever else of grand or beautiful our senses may discover, all are mirrored out upon our minds, and lend successively their forms and coloring to our conceptions. ’Twas not the voice alone of the captive Bonnivard which caught the grating echo of the dungeon-stone. Mind no less than body must have fresh air and pure earth for its highest—no-blest exercise. Its glorious energies must fail in him to whom these goodly elements are ‘bann’d and barr’d.’ If so intimate then be the connexion between ourselves and things around us, and it can be proved no less, it requires but little sagacity to infer that he, who would cherish to perfection the affections and faculties of his mind, should ever present to it the most imposing and interesting forms of matter. Nor will it require a greater portion of sagacity to perceive, by a parity of reasoning, that these forms of matter should be from time to time diversified. For though ‘our lines may have fallen in pleasant places,’ where nature has been profuse of her favors and lavish of her beauties, yet even at beauty, which is ever before us, we at last gaze without emotion. It is not less true at the feasts of intellect than of sense that the most savoury delicacies, by custom, lose their relish. The wonders of our own land have ceased to be wonders to us, for they are become as it were a part of our very existence. We gaze on them with an unmoved stare,

and to awaken our minds to any new emotions we must visit and view the 'wonder-works of God' in other climes. It is travel alone which can admit us into that intimate converse, that perfect communion with nature, which, while it lends wings to our imagination, allows judgment alone the power of controlling them.

But we turn from considering the influence which the mere outward face of Creation, as presented in ever-varying forms to the traveller, exerts on his mind, to that more important influence which the different tribes of his own species may exercise. Seldom or never does it come fully home to the mind of him, whose experience is confined within a few miles, or even a few hundred miles, how small and insignificant is the part which he plays in the great business of life. His own tribe or people or nation is the whole world to him, and from the condition of those in his immediate neighborhood are derived all his ideas of the nature and character and duties of man. Of the vast and complicated machinery of society he has neither knowledge nor notion. Or if occasional tidings from foreign climes shall arrest a momentary attention, he involuntarily attributes to their inhabitants a different existence and nature from what himself enjoys. Does he hear of one land whose fair flowers are never nipped by the chilling blast of winter, and where is enjoyed the delightful reality of that 'ver æternum' which would have seemed too beautiful for any thing but poetry? He thinks of it only as some fairy Utopia and of its inhabitants 'as little lower than the angels.' Or does he read of another land whose rarely-seen sun only serves to light up the perpetual snows on its thousand hills? Still less can he believe that its inhabitants can be men of like passions with himself. We can scarce form a definite conception of that which we have never seen. Our eager imagination will always, though without our bidding, run in to our aid, and supply by its false, but fair creations, our scanty knowledge. 'Tis not till we have been 'try'd and tutor'd in the world,' that we can understand it to perfection. 'Tis not till we have been abroad in other lands—have beheld the passions and affections and faculties of the mind, developed indeed in greater or less degrees in different climates and under different governments, but still worked upon by the same means and working-out the same ends—have seen the same ceaseless tides of happiness and misery, and sickness debilitating

and death destroying other people as well as our own, that we can have a just and perfect view of mankind. Then it is that we see, that though the flowers are fairer or the skies brighter in other climes, than in our own, still they are blooming and shining upon the same poor humanity—an humanity which changeth not with the latitude, but is every where the same, as the stars above us, which, though individually different, present every where the same bright page. And while we gain this wholesome knowledge of the world, we at the same time make the more difficult discovery of ourselves—of our own atomy littleness in the great mass of human existence.

Such are some of the advantages afforded to the common traveller. To the philosopher or the poet, the antiquarian or the scholar, the sick-in-body or the sick-at-heart, the peculiar benefits are obvious; but these are open to all. Even the half-witted fop who travels with no end except to gratify his inane curiosity, and into whose fashionable thoughts it has never entered, that any improvement either in his bodily or mental system is at all practicable, must still be in some measure benefited. These are advantages which, if we would, we could not resist. Our mind inhales them as our body the air around us. They require neither study nor research. As sure as we can see and hear and feel, and are possessed of the common faculties and affections of man, so sure will our travel, in whatever direction it be made, be followed by some measure of improvement. But to the judicious traveller, who goes abroad into the world at a proper age and for proper purposes and with proper preparation, the improvement is immeasurable. He, to use an old but apt and ingenious comparison, is like the river, whose stream is enlarged as it flows farther from its source, or like the spring which, traversing the rich veins of mineral, gains fresh strength and new power, as it passes.

Wentworth

DEPARTURE OF THE FAIRIES.

IN times of old, in golden days
The poet sang of elves and fays,
And fairies tripping by the moon,
Whose tender feet are hardly seen
Brushing the dew-drops from the green,
So light they skip to fairy tune.

The dance is ended ; see, they hie,
They skim along the liquid sky,
All joyful on the wing ;
And now in Sylphid robes of state,
They meet before the palace gate
And form the magic ring,

Then flit around the royal dome
Built by the art of Umbriel, gnome
Renowned in fairy land ;
Since he, sedate and thoughtful wight,
Deigned only here exert his might,
And lift his elfin wand.

But far within that palace high,
Remote from ken of vulgar eye,
Upon his ebon throne,
That sparkled with the diamond rare,
The ruby red and sapphire fair,
Was matchless Oberon.

And by his side,
In queenly pride,
Sat Zephyretta royal bride ;
Her only care
To guard the fair
And listen to the ladies' prayer.

The magic ceases ; now the band
Without the palace, give command,
And Ariel darts aside ;
Like Maia's son he wings his way,
His plumes with countless colors gay
The yielding air divide.

Low bending down
Before the throne,
He thus begins his plaintive moan :
" O, mighty king,
" Assistance bring ;
" What woes from men to spirits spring.

" In simple days of olden time,
 " No poet dared a ballad rhyme
 " Without the Sylphid's aid ;
 " That happy day, alas ! has gone ;
 " The poet sings in Attic lone,
 " No vows to fairy paid.

" The good old poets filled their shelves
 " With stories of the dapper elves ;
 " The ' Faerie Queene ' was Spencer's song :
 " But Science now the bard affects,
 " And all but prosing truth rejects,
 " With demonstration long."

Thus Ariel spake : the king with ire ;
 " By every sprite of earth and air
 " O'er whom I empire boast ;
 " Of all shall thoughtless man be reft,
 " And nothing shall be longer left,
 " Save the poor lonely ghost."

Richmond

CUI BONO ?

A dream—no more—
 An undigested grape will do as much—

To the novelty-seeking portion of our readers an apology may appear necessary before the Polyglots shall presume to lay before them another dream—and that apology should be forthcoming, were it not that looking back upon our pieces, we feel unable to place our finger upon any part of the Register as being substantial, real, unlike a dream—to apologize then would be a vast undertaking—it would be a review of all we have written—and a more dull, uninteresting, and prosing article who can imagine? To the many dreams that have figured on our pages we would now add one.

Sad was the last meeting of the club—from Sturdy to Blank all were gloomy and dejected—a reassembling, a reappearance were no longer realities to be expected—naturally enough a meeting that had within it so little attraction soon broke apart—and all the nine paced most soberly to their rooms. When seated by my fire I fell to musing upon the Register. I long puzzled myself trying to answer the question—where has been the benefit of all this writing, this cor-

recting, and this publishing? what man, woman, or child is there (with the exception of those we have condemned) that will even thank us for the work? I was yet undecided upon this important case of '*Cui Bono*?'—when I fell asleep, and soon was dreaming. Methought I assumed a spiritual form the better to escape observation—and forthwith roamed abroad to catch tidings of the Register. I first bent my way homewards—but I felt so sensibly 'the solitude of passing my own door without a welcome,' that I paused—had my body been with me I might have gotten over the difficulty much more easily—I then might have busied myself with wiping my feet, and tossing my cloak and hat about to show my indifference. 'A most strange reception' as Miss Angelina Mackintosh would say—thought I. Thinking of Miss Angelina I instantly found myself in her presence. She had just locked the entrance to her little parlour that she might pass the evening by herself—nor did my presence at all interfere with her plan—for she was of course altogether unconscious of my being near her. I was surprised, or rather amused, to observe the care with which the door and shutters of her room were fastened—nothing but her pug Pompey, her cat Cornelia, and an immaterial spirit like myself could possibly have found entrance. After examining the various articles that were most methodically arranged round the room, I turned my attention to the inmate herself—she appeared young and fascinating—the gambols of the cat distracted my attention—and when I turned again to Angelina, what a change was there—she had lost her beauty and found thirty years instead thereof—and all this was owing to her having laid aside a smart bunch of curls to make room for a pair of glasses. 'Frailty thy name is woman' thought I. She took up the Register, which I had before observed upon her table, and began to read it. I thought that from her being in private I might be able to gather her thoughts from her face—but no, she had played her part too long not to carry it from the stage. Her expression was such a compound of smiles and frowns that I despaired of being able to form any opinion of her sentiments. At all events she did not read long. Taking paper and ink she began after great preparation an epistle, which commenced as follows—"Dear cousin, I am very much pleased"—satisfied with this expression I left her room without once thinking that such is the most common way of answering a

letter, especially when you care not a farthing for your correspondent. My love for the Polyglots in this case fairly ran away with me.

My next visit was to an Attic occupied by one of the most severe critics that ever dipped pen in gall—I don't know that he could be called severe in the usual sense of the word, for his satire was so unsparingly and carelessly thrown forth, that it injured seldom except in the recoil—in short, he was severe occasionally upon others, almost invariably so upon himself. I found him very busy at his desk. After moving his pen very rapidly for some time during which his face grew more and more bright, he rose from his seat and gave way to his exultation in the following soliloquy as he thought it. “Now this Register is done up, it will be immediately condemned—no doubt of that. I will publish my remarks without the least delay—the printer advises me to do it anonymously, but I won't—I will come out boldly, or not at all—they shall see the hand that has cut them with so little partiality. Let me see the title page, something very severe might be said thereon;” he looked at the book and in a moment it was flying across the room. “As I live and expect to starve,” cried he, “I have criticised my own ‘Art of criticising’—so much for compiling—and there lies the Register untouched.” I left him and soon after was in the chamber of a poor author; with a sort of brotherly feeling I hunted round the room for the Register, and soon saw it performing real service—one number was placed over a large ink spot on his bureau—another served to cover a rent in his counterpane, and another backed by a flat-iron made a tolerable substitute for a square of glass. The ‘improver’ of the room ‘as a farmer would call him’ was busy bringing about the conclusion of a long novel, that had already cost him more than he could ever expect to see refunded as long as there was common sense in the land. It appeared that he had placed his hero in the midst of such difficulties, that, on the supposition of his having nerves and feelings like other men, it would be impossible to let him refrain from committing suicide. Well then, said the author to give it effect as he wrote it down. “Wound up to a pitch of desperation”—vide that article in Rees before I print—“Colonel Augustus paced the platform in agony, his determination was soon made—running to the fire in the mess-room he seized a coal, and then standing over the magazine he threw it upon

the powder." "There," continued the hasty author pushing back—"I have disposed of my hero—but, stop—can I lose a character that I have been so long forming? Can I afford to blow such an exemplar of every thing noble—such a lover, such a friend, to atoms? No, he must be saved—and it shall be done by a forcible antithesis—for instance, 'no explosion followed—it was a bit of Lehigh coal'—short, pithy, and saving—'faith I'll prent it.' My next visit was to a very corpulent gentleman, whose face bore clear proof of his good nature and easy disposition—he of all that I saw during my strange tour was the only one who appeared to take much interest in the oft mentioned book; seated before a cheering fire he smoked and read with evident satisfaction; what share each of these circumstances had in forming his feelings I shall not attempt to decide.

Immediately after I stood in Harry Clifton's room, where I found him executing a pigeon wing before a looking glass on the floor—he soon appeared fatigued, and throwing himself into a chair, lisped forth—"I suspect I will read a little of Register after this." What, not before? thought I, and would I have said so had my body been with me. I soon left him. 'Frailty, thy name must be Harry.' You have a pretty face, a pretty hat perhaps, but withal such a pretty idea of your own self that there is no enduring you.

After this my dream became more and more unpleasant—I saw mantua-makers' patterns, tailors' measures and the interior of trunks floating by me in awful reality—till at length I was started wide awake by the loud voice of an editor calling to his printer, 'Do not give credit to that piece from the Harvard Register.' From that moment to this I have not been able to decide whether my vision was really a dream—of course I have never felt ready to answer the '*cui bono?*' it remains as much a mystery as ever.

Barnard

LIFE IN COLLEGE.

Now from the soporific scene
I'll turn my eye as night grows later,
To view unheeded and unseen
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

Byron.

A college life is different from all others. There is something in the affection of our Alma Mater which changes the nature of her adopted sons ; and let them come from wherever they may, she soon alters them and makes it evident that they belong to the same brood. From the quaking day of his entrance to the glad hour of graduating the student is a different being. He commences a new existence under the frowns of his examination, which does not end until after four years of joy and vexation he obtains the long desired A. B.

The single-breasted coat, which envelopes the Freshman is not more unlike any fashionable habit under the sun, than is the life he is entering upon unlike all others. He lies down on his first night and instead of slumbering in happy forgetfulness, his brain is bewildered by flaming meteors in the shape of squibs, together with the whole magazine of Sophomores' roguery. He travels wearily over in visions the term he is to wait for his initiation into college ways and his *Admittatur*, which seems as long and dreary as from Dan to Beersheba. Before sunrise, the *musical* sound of the prayer bell arouses him from his slumbers, and half awake—half asleep—and nearly annihilated with the fear of being tardy he scampers off at the *first* bell for the chapel, where finding no brother student of a higher class to encourage his punctuality, he crawls back to watch the starting of some one blessed with a *crows-foot* to act as a van-guard.

But it would be tedious to tell how he gains step by step his knowledge of college customs. How many false examinations he undergoes ; of how many societies—'Airy nothings' he becomes a member ; how many times he finds his table and chairs gymnasticising and his books warming themselves comfortably by the fire ; how often after his day of *digging*, when he comes to lay his weary head to rest, he finds the cruel sheets giving him no admittance ; in a word how many *hoaxes* he experiences and how much ridicule he endures, before he becomes a true son of Harvard—before he obtains the cha-

acter of a student, which, were it not for his weekly emigrations, would destroy his identity.

Nothing less than experience can give a correct idea of the entrance, the abiding—and the departure at our venerable University. Nothing less than a degree, will open for us a real description of the generosity and recklessness which belong to college. One must stand up in the singleness of his ignorance, to understand all the mysterious feelings connected with a *dead*. One must experience all the stammering and stuttering—the unending doubtings, and guessings to understand fully the power of a mathematical *screw*.

It requires time too, to understand fully the parties and politics of College. Many are the grave discussions and entry caucusses, to determine what favoured few are to be graced with the sash and the epaulets, and march as leaders in the Martial Band. Whilst these important canvassings are going on, it behooves even the humblest and meekest to beware how he buttons his coat or stiffens himself to a perpendicular, lest he be more than suspected of aspiring to some military capacity. But the *Harvard Washington Corps* must not be passed over without further notice. Who can tell what eagerness fills it ranks on an Exhibition day? With what spirit and bounding step the glorious phalanx wheels into the College yard? with what exultation they mark their banner as it comes floating on the breeze from Holworthy? And ah! who cannot tell how this spirit expires—this exultation goes out when the clerk calls again and again for the assessments?

Often too are the qualifications for a part or admittance into some association discussed in those fire-side circles so peculiar to college, where stories and *puns* circulate instead of the goblet. The Societies themselves, moreover are peculiar and have considerable influence in begetting the eccentricities of our literary childhood. They are many and various in their designs and called by names so crooked that—in the words of Jack Lawton—they are confoundedly hard to wheel around. Some have secrets too which outdo all the Grips, Pass-Grips—Jubelos and Jubelums of Free-Masonry.

The Freshman is admitted into the lesser mysteries and mayhap, as he grows older in College he is introduced into the higher orders. The first Club of which he becomes a member is the *Euphradian*, well known as the fountain head of that eloquence which is now and ever will continue flowing

abroad to nourish and vivify the community. Next he joins the *Institute*; an association built in the true style of Yankee architecture that is in the Composite Order. When he signs the Constitution he is initiated into the *Fraternity*—the *Hermetics* and the *Akribologoumenoi*; for these ancient institutions have poured their learning, wit, reputation and all into the lap of this newly created beauty, although it is true she dates her existence from the year 1770. By and by he may arrive at the honour of being one of those who bear proudly for their seal the pudding pot and the ladle and feed on hasty pudding. It may be his good fortune too to wear the silver badge of the *Porcellians* or be dubbed a *Knight of the Square Table*. But great must be his mind—unbounded his learning—incomparable his wit—who is to be enrolled on thy dignified Catalogue—oh! thou immortal *Medical Faculty*—who hast kindled the great beacon light of science and sent thy mental missionaries into the dark places of the universe!

There were in days past, other associations to vary the monotony of a student's life. The *Deipnophagoi*—The *Π. Κ. Ρ.*—the *Navy* and the *Lazy Clubs*, oh where are they? They have gone out like the expiring life of aged friends. Their secrets have been revealed; their altars broken up—and they have gone down to oblivion.

But let us not forget to mention—that the soft notes of the *Pierian Sodality*, still at times, steal over the common at midnight; and that the *Aricnics* still strive in humble imitation. Neither let the *Glees* and *Catches* of the *Anacreontics* nor the psalmody of the *University Choir* be passed over in silence—or those patriotic and national songs which go up on the anniversary morn of our Independence in animating strains from amid the relics of a common's breakfast.

There are some other features of college life we fain would sketch but our pen confesses its weakness in the attempt. Would we could call upon the *Engine* to give out a history of the exertions of those who managed it in days of yore; or that we could contrive to make the *Delta* yield up a narrative of the sports it has witnessed. It could tell, before it took its present gallows appearance, of *Cricket*—*Base*—and *Football*; it could tell how many pedal members began the game with white, unspotted skins, but limped off at its conclusion tinged with variegated hues. It could tell moreover in these latter gymnastic days of attitudes and gambols outdoing the

mad pranks of fairy Puck and all his nimble brotherhood—or perhaps they would more naturally suggest the crazy tumbles of Don Quixote, in honour of his Dulcinea, which shocked even the delicacy of Sancho. But all these things and many others must wait for the pen of some bolder historian.

But college like mortal life must have its end. We all must leave its pleasant scenes and some of us soon. And though we shall hail with joy the hour of our departure, we shall look back on the four years spent at college, with a fond and melancholy regret. We are anxious to 'sink or swim' on the 'sea of troubles'—but we will never cease to honour, to love and to uphold this birth-place of our minds.

J. B. Fox

CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

WE presume that our readers have already learned that the Harvard Register closes with the present number, but in compliance with general custom, the Editors would here formally announce it to their subscribers, and like the manager of a theatre at the close of a season, would come forward to make their best bow, and return thanks to their friends and the public in a set speech, though we do not, like him, request a further continuance of their favors. We would beg leave at the same time to say a few words, respecting the feelings and motives with which we commenced and have conducted the work; and since our intellectual offspring is doomed to die we would 'adjust its mantle ere it falls.'

We began our undertaking with no very sanguine anticipations of success, and in closing it, we feel none of that chagrin and bitterness of spirit which results from blasted hopes and the failure of darling projects. We did not presume to direct the public taste or to sit in judgment on the times—we did not endeavor to startle by the proposal of bold theories or to delight by the graceful exposition of long-received opinions. Our aim was to conduct an humble unassuming periodical, which sympathy and a fellowship of interests would recommend to the student, which the old and the middle aged, who have not yet forgotten their college feelings, would look upon with indulgence for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and

which would be interesting to the immediate friends of the writers, whose partiality would make them blind to its defects and sharpen their perception of whatever was meritorious or praiseworthy. We have never attempted to dazzle by our eloquence or astonish by our learning; were there no other opposing reasons, we were too young and too much occupied with more important pursuits to give a decided tone and character to our work, and the reader will look in vain for any marked originality of style or conception. Still more injudicious would it have been to have attempted to imitate the excellence we could never hope to equal; it would have been absurd for striplings such as we, to have aped the dashing extravagance of Blackwood or the sober elegance and classic wit of the *New Monthly*. We hoped to obtain only a local and temporary interest and never dreamed of giving extensive and permanent fame to our boyish productions. Whatever be the opinion formed of our journal, it cannot be said of it as of Phaëton 'magnis excidit ausis;' the only charge that can be brought against us is that of being dull and common-place, and these qualities are always forgiven except they be united with arrogance and presumption. However our labors may be estimated, we hope that the sins of her children may not be visited upon our venerable Alma Mater in whose lap we are now reposing. She has long enough been forced to smart for the individual errors of her numerous offspring; we hope she may be spared in this instance. Let the penalty whatsoever it be, fall on our own heads. If we have played a losing game, we will cheerfully pay the forfeit.

Setting out with these views and feelings we have had no reason to be dissatisfied with the success with which we have met. We have enjoyed the favor of those who we presumed would smile on our labors, and we have been received with perfect indifference by the world at large, which also we expected. We have met with little encouragement and less opposition—we have not been flattered into sleek self-complacency nor stung by caustic sarcasm into the convulsive energy of madness. We regret that we have not received a more cordial support from our fellow-students and that a considerable portion of them have rendered us anything but cooperation and assistance, but college criticism is so mingled with the leaven of personality and the judgments of students are so influenced by their feelings and so warped by their prejudices, that

we have but little regarded the comparatively feeble opposition within the walls of college, especially as we had the good opinion of all those whose good opinion is valuable. The opposition from without has been too insignificant to be mentioned.

But it is high time to bring our remarks to a close and we would beg pardon of our readers for detaining them so long, but this is the last time we shall ever trouble them. We part from the public neither in sorrow nor in anger.—We do not feel the proud satisfaction of unappreciated merit, nor do we expect that posterity will do us the justice which our contemporaries deny. So limited has been the circulation of our journal and so noiseless the tenor of its way, that we are equally strangers to the pains and pleasures of authorship; our sensibility has not been wounded by neglect, nor our temper roused by opposition, as falls to the lot of more distinguished literary men. Our work will straightway be quietly laid on the shelf to sleep with its fathers and will soon pass out of the memory of men, and the productions of our unmelodious youth shall not rise up in judgment against us, to blast the reputation of our riper years. We now bid farewell to our friends, our enemies, and the public in general, wishing to each and all, all manner of prosperity and happiness. We return our cordial thanks to our friends for their kindness and good-nature and regret that our exertions have not been more gratifying to them and more creditable to us. To those who have opposed us we feel no ill will and would congratulate them, inasmuch as the offensive object will no longer meet their eyes. To the public at large we have only to say, that though wholly free from any feelings of personal mortification, we lament in common with all scholars, that spirit of literary indifference which has given a deathblow to far more ambitious projects than the *Harvard Register*.

Hilliard

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* The Pieces marked with asterisks were written by the members of the Polyglot Club.



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